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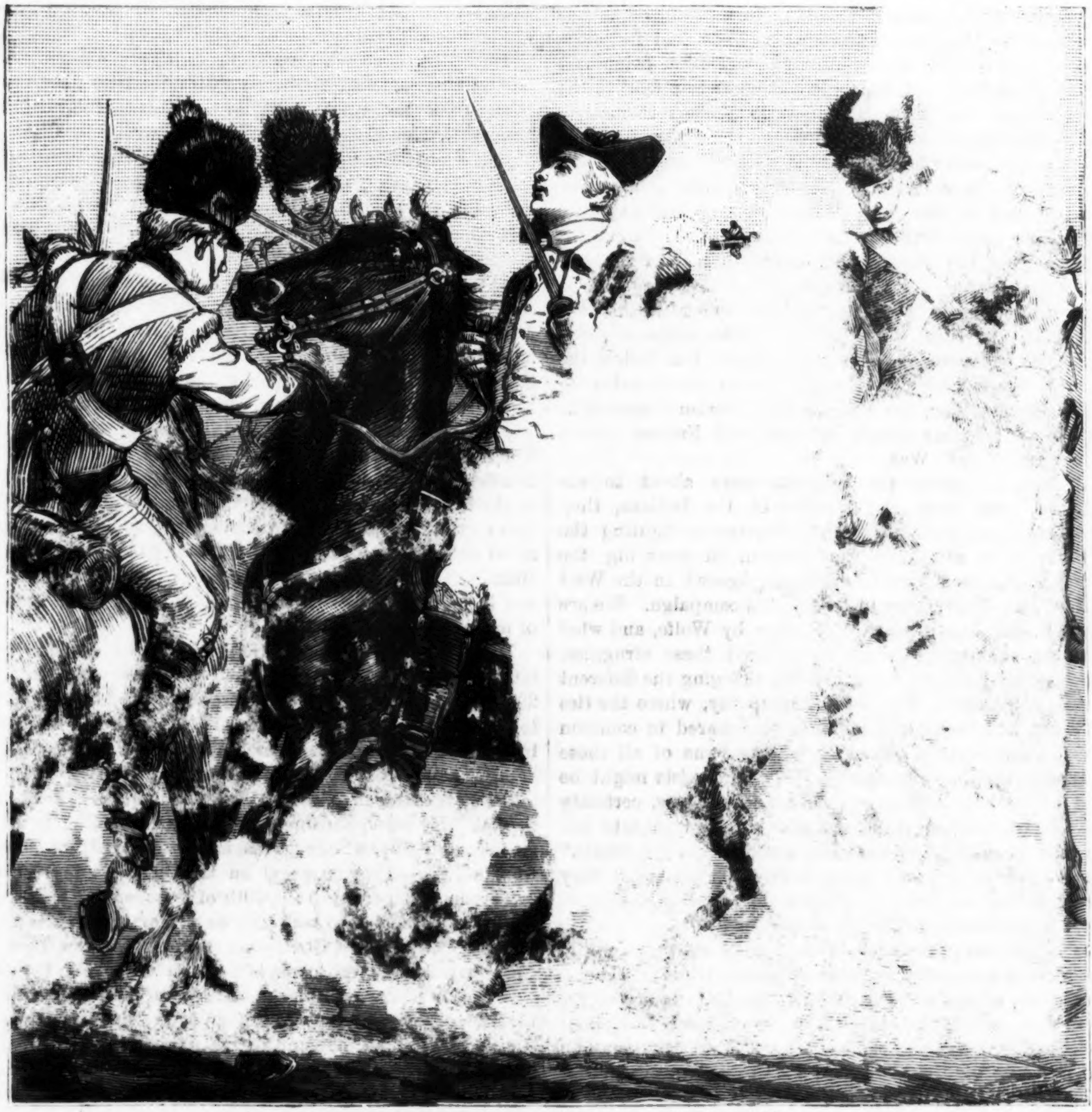
THE SIEGE OF YORKTOWN, THE SURRE[illegible] ITS CENTENNIAL.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL,

THE American, in the customary tour abroad sojourning for a while in London, as he visits St. Paul's Cathedral will find himself when under its spacious dome in close proximity with the illustrious dead who have been distinguished in the [illegible] ary [illegible] of their country. He sees [illegible] favorite, [illegible]ingwood; Wellington and [illegible] Picton, with a [illegible] number of famous, if lesser, lights who have in the [illegible] England to



THE SIEGE OF YORKTOWN.—THE DEATH OF MAJOR SCAMMEL.

dominate wherever she has attempted to plant her standard. But no name will so specially attract our countryman as that of Earl Charles Cornwallis, Lieutenant-General in the British Army, and Governor-General of India. For it was this distinguished personage who, in 1781, while second in command of the King's forces in America, found himself shut up and besieged at Yorktown, Virginia, and whose surrender virtually brought the war to a close, and secured the "Independence" of the thirteen Colonies.

It is the momentous result which lends importance to the event. Else, there could be no great cause for exultation that a force of seven or eight thousand men surrendered to an army more than double its number, having the co-operation, besides, of an effective fleet. But as the finishing-stroke of a war for freedom, which had been maintained with obstinacy on both sides for six years, the event deserves to be celebrated with an enthusiasm only second to that which marks the date of our Declaration of Independence.

England never seemed to comprehend by what principle of cohesion the colonies were held together as one solid nation. They could not understand why the difficulties which culminated at Lexington and Bunker Hill should rouse the sympathies and provoke the hostility of the inhabitants in the far-off Carolinas. They had forgotten under what circumstances America had been colonized. These English-speaking people had come to a wild shore, where their first work had been to protect themselves against the aborigines, and the common tie of a desperate and ever-present danger bound them closely together. Having also in common a strong loyalty to the mother country and to the throne, they were ready to make England's quarrels their own on all occasions. From the settlement at Jamestown in 1607 to the period of the outbreak at Boston in 1773, England had been engaged in the turbulent wars upon the continent about two-thirds of the time. In these contests the Colonies uniformly took part. These included controversies with the Dutch, the War of the Spanish Succession, known in America as Queen Anne's War, the War of the Austrian Succession, and the succeeding bloody contests with France, known as the Old French War.

Indeed, whenever the colonists were about to enjoy some rest from the inroads of the Indians, they were called to aid the mother country in fighting the Spaniards, in attacking the French, in worrying the Dutch. We remember how Putnam figured in the West Indies, and Washington in Braddock's campaign. We are familiar with the capture of Quebec by Wolfe, and what part the colonists together took in all these struggles. Unwittingly England was constantly bringing the different sections of America into a closer sympathy, where the ties of perils and hardships and calamities shared in common became indissoluble. Something else came of all these wars and battling with savages. The colonists might be said to be born soldiers; if not born soldiers, certainly born fighters, whom it did not take long to train into disciplined ranks. They were not afraid of the "redcoats." They knew by fighting along with them just what they could do and what they could not do. These hardships, these wars, these terrible privations, had not only made a race of fearless men, but also a race of men who would not submit to imposition, were it ever so trifling. Therefore when, after a series of contests in Parliament, *all* the duties of which the Americans complained had been abolished, except only a duty of three pence per pound on tea, insisted on by the King to sustain the principle of the right of taxation by the Crown, the colonists went to war because they would not admit the principle.

This war, with its full tide of preparation, opened in 1776. The British plan of operations was to crush the head and front of the rebellion by vigorous and well-directed attacks on the North, which should fill the inhabitants with dismay and give courage to the loyal friends of the Crown. The plan had at first a large measure of success. Washington was defeated on Long Island, New York and Philadelphia were captured, and Burgoyne was pursuing what appeared to be a victorious course toward Albany. His capture completely upset the plan proposed to finish the rebellion. It was found best to abandon Philadelphia, and while holding New York and its environs, England had control of no other territory from the Penobscot to the Potomac. The plan had proved a failure. Meantime France, satisfied that the Americans were capable of a persistent resistance, made their cause her own, only too glad in this way to inflict a fatal stab on her hated rival.

Completely baffled at the North, the British leaders determined on the only alternative—that of attacking the less populous South. And here we are approaching the pith of our subject, and shall endeavor to trace the movements of both sides, which, after three years of perpetual skirmishing and fighting, culminated in the siege and surrender of Yorktown.

This plan of attacking the South, thus cutting the rebellion in two, so as to weaken and ultimately destroy its power, was the favorite policy of the Home Cabinet. Lord Germaine, the King's War Minister, wrote to Clinton, March 8th, 1778: "The reduction of the Southern provinces must give the death-wound to the rebellion, notwithstanding any assistance the French may be able to give it, and if that were the case a general peace would soon follow, and this country be delivered from the most burdensome and extensive war it ever was engaged in."

The first step of this scheme was to make a permament conquest of Florida and Georgia, and then of the Carolinas, operations to begin in the Fall of 1778. It was believed that large numbers of the inhabitants would flock to the standard of the King. Further, by proper diversions in Virginia and Maryland, it was expected that all America to the south of the Susquehanna would return to its allegiance. The idea that the colonists would be ready to do this on the approach of a British army was an illusion constantly cherished by the leaders, and which seems never to have been dispelled. But the fact really is, the British had always to march through an enemy's country, and the few loyalists who joined them were often a source of more embarrassment than aid.

The plan for reducing the South was now vigorously entered upon. Savannah was captured by the enemy on the 29th of December, 1778, and Augusta in the January following. Major-General Lincoln, of Massachusetts, was sent by General Washington to defend Charleston. This called out an expedition to South Carolina, under Sir Henry Clinton, the British Commander-in-Chief at New York, in person. He besieged Lincoln, and compelled him to surrender with about four thousand troops, half of whom were militia. This occurred on the 12th of May, 1780, and from this period to the 19th of October, 1781, events were not permitted to languish on either side. Clinton, after the surrender of Charleston, returned to New York.

From this date the conspicuous figure on the British side in the Southern operations is Lord Cornwallis, then Lieutenant-General in the British army, and, as before stated, second in command of the King's forces in America, where he came at the commencement of the war. His first active service in the field was at the battle of Long Island, in 1776. At that time he was thirty-eight years old. He had already displayed superior military capacity and resources, and had the confidence of the army and the Home Government, which had led to his rapid promotions. He was, besides, a great favorite with the King. He had been in Parliament, where he voted against the taxation of the Colonies. His instructions from Clinton were of a general character. He was authorized to make such changes in the position of the troops as he should consider judicious, always with reference, however, to the security of Charleston. There appeared to be a general understanding between the two as to the policy to be pursued. The details were left to Cornwallis. It is well to bear this in mind, for in subsequent years a bitter controversy sprang up between these two generals, in relation to the campaign in the South.

In order to make the possession of Charleston more secure, Cornwallis proposed to invade North Carolina, while Clinton sent an expedition into the Chesapeake, to engage the attention of Virginia, and prevent aid from that quarter. "It may be doubted by some," writes Cornwallis to Clinton, "whether the invasion of North Carolina may be a prudent measure, but I am convinced if we do not attack that province we must give up both South Carolina and Georgia, and retire within the walls of Charleston."

Washington had, meantime, dispatched General Gates, now hailed as the hero of Saratoga, to Virginia, to the defense of the State. On the 15th of August Cornwallis met him at Camden, and inflicted upon him the most complete defeat the Americans had suffered on the open field. Unfortunate as was this result, it served at once and for ever to dispose of Gates, a fussy and wretchedly overrated man, who had become a thorn in the side of the Commander-in-Chief.

Cornwallis now decided to push on to Hillsborough, N. C., still deluded with the idea that large numbers of the inhabitants would join his standard. Clinton lent his co-operation by sending a force of over two thousand men to the Chesapeake, who were to make a diversion in favor of Cornwallis, by going toward Richmond.

Meanwhile Cornwallis, whose defeat of Gates had suddenly increased his already high reputation, and caused him to be regarded as the prospective master of the South, found himself confronted in the field by a new antagonist. It was Nathaniel Greene who now appeared to dispute his progress. Nathaniel Greene, the chosen and tried friend of Washington, and unquestionably the ablest of all his generals. After the ignominious defeat of Gates, Greene was detailed by his chief to cope with Cornwallis, flushed as he was with victory, and in the possession of a veteran army upon which he could depend.

We have not space for the details. The story of Greene's campaign and his successful efforts in thwarting the designs of the enemy are too familiar to require repetition. The first shock which Cornwallis received was in the defeat of Major Ferguson, one of his best partisan officers, whose command was completely destroyed or captured by "back woodsmen" under Williams, Shelby, Campbell and other militia colonels. This blow was so discouraging that Cornwallis quitted the State and fell back again to South Carolina. He was here reinforced by Clinton, who sent General Leslie with his troops from the Chesapeake to his assistance. To replace his force in the Chesapeake, Clinton sent Arnold with another expedition to Portsmouth, to co-operate with the army under Cornwallis. Thus far we see Clinton in full accord with his second in command.

This brings us to the month of January, 1781, when, joined by Leslie, Cornwallis once more set out for North Carolina. His force numbered about 3,400 men, rank and file. Greene, who was closely watching the enemy, could scarcely muster 1,500 Continentals and 600 militia. Cornwallis proposed to strike him and win another Camden. To his surprise he found he had to deal with a man actually his superior in strategy and in open war. While he was preparing for a further advance into the heart of the country, whither Greene was leading him, another disaster, every way unexpected, befell him. Lieutenant-colonel Tarleton had got to be the terror of the surrounding country. He was Cornwallis's favorite, and was the most brilliant cavalry raider in the British army. Greene dispatched that famous partisan leader, Morgan, to try conclusions with the British. They met at a spot now historic—the "Cowpens"—and Tarleton was defeated with the loss of nearly 800 men killed, wounded and prisoners. This was a severe blow to Cornwallis, but what could he do? Under the circumstances, he could not afford to retreat. He could not remain where he was, and consequently he determined to advance. In the last days of January he put all his troops in light marching order, burnt his baggage, and pushed forward through drenching rains to overtake both Greene and Morgan and occupy North Carolina.

Here may be said to commence the Yorktown campaign. Greene, too weak to meet the enemy in open battle, continued his retreat, followed closely by Cornwallis, until Greene crossed the River Dan into Virginia, thus putting himself absolutely out of harm's way. Cornwallis had, it would seem, accomplished his object. He had driven Greene out of North Carolina, and he really believed the time had come when the State was to be restored to the King's authority. But Greene was in no way disposed to stay on the Virginia side of the Dan. Having received some reinforcements, he suddenly recrossed the river, and instead of manœuvring, boldly offered the enemy battle at Guilford Court House. It was an obstinate contest, resulting in the retreat (not defeat) of the American troops. The British loss was so great that they were unable to pursue. In fact, their victory amounted in effect to a defeat, and Greene's retreat to a victory. For Cornwallis shortly after was obliged to retreat from the interior of the State to the seacoast, in order to recruit and refit his exhausted and diminished force, leaving Greene practically master of the situation.

Thus ended Cornwallis's Southern campaign, and the attempt to hold Georgia and the Carolinas.

Cornwallis now changed his plans, and decided to move directly into Virginia, unite with the King's forces there, and renew operations with the Chesapeake as his base. Clinton never approved this move. "Had you intimated the probability of your intention," he wrote to Cornwallis, "I should certainly have endeavored to stop you, as I did then as well as now consider such a move likely to be dangerous to our interest in the Southern Colonies."

The controversy was continued with acrimony, but Cornwallis was the favorite at the Court, and had the moral support of the Home Government.

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In the year 1776 there was stationed on duty at Metz as an officer in the French army, a youth of noble birth and large fortune, and allied to one of the first families of the Court. He was nineteen years of age. It happened just then, for a marvel, that there was no war in actual progress between France and England. In fact, the Duke of Gloucester, brother of King George III., was on a visit to Metz, and a dinner had been given to him by the commandant of that fortress. Many officers were present, and among them the youth just named. Dispatches had just

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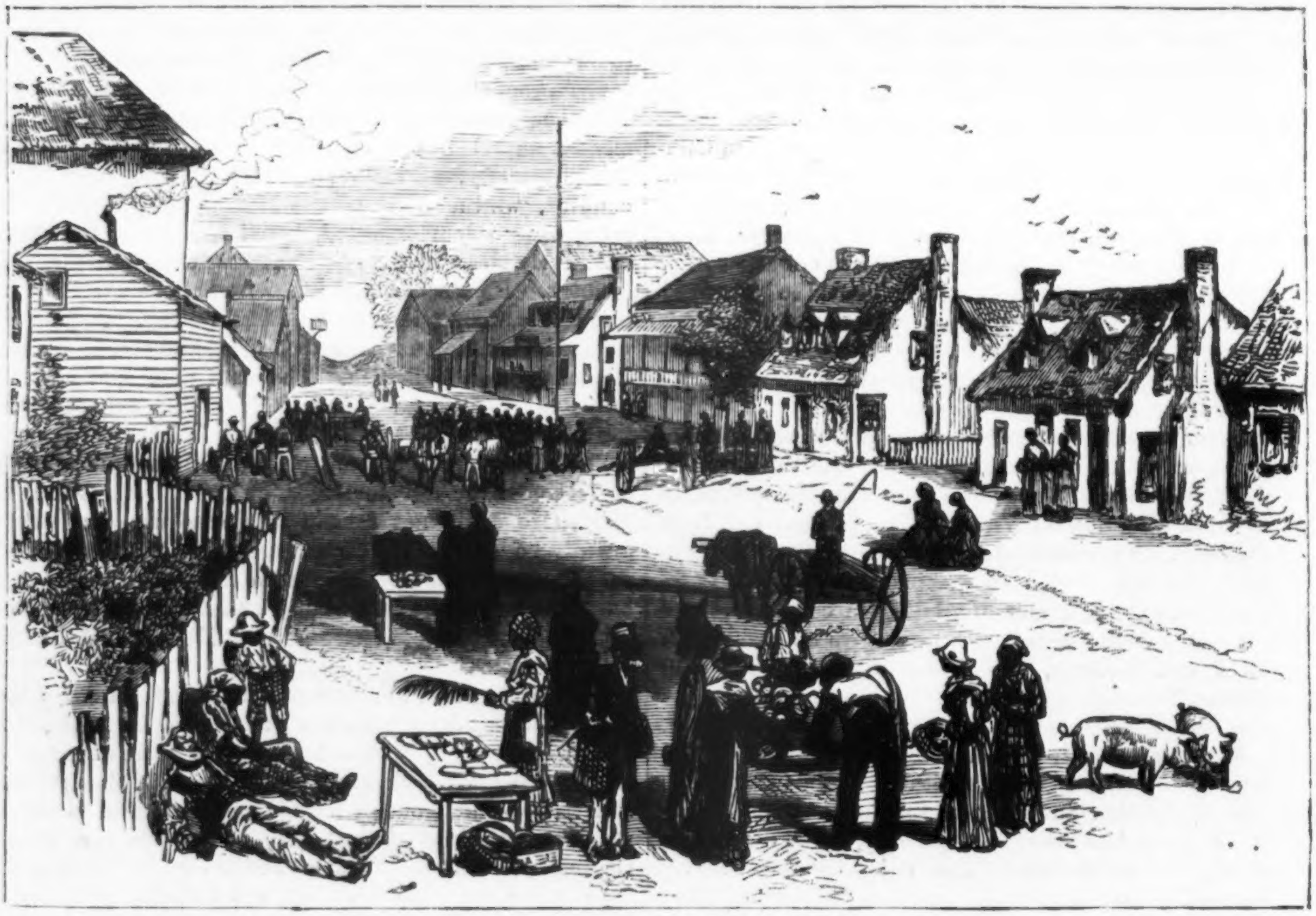
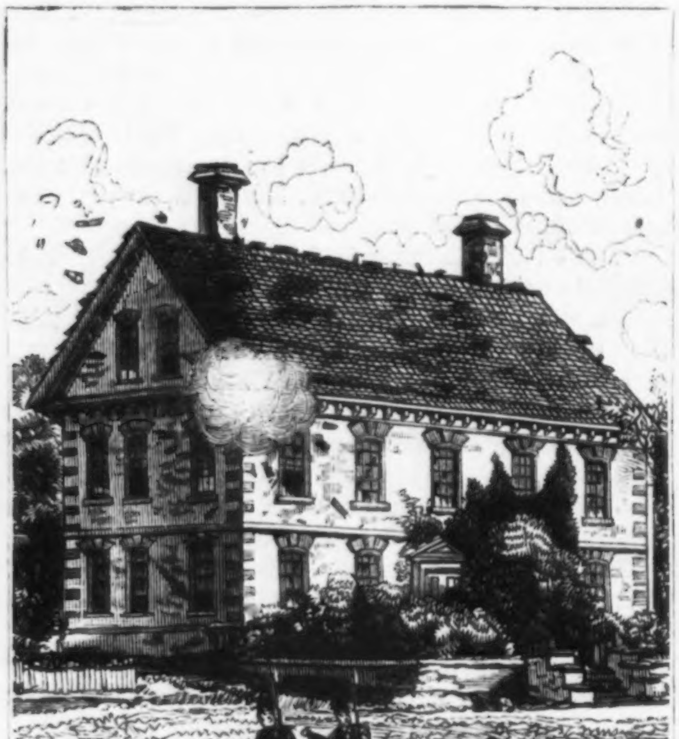


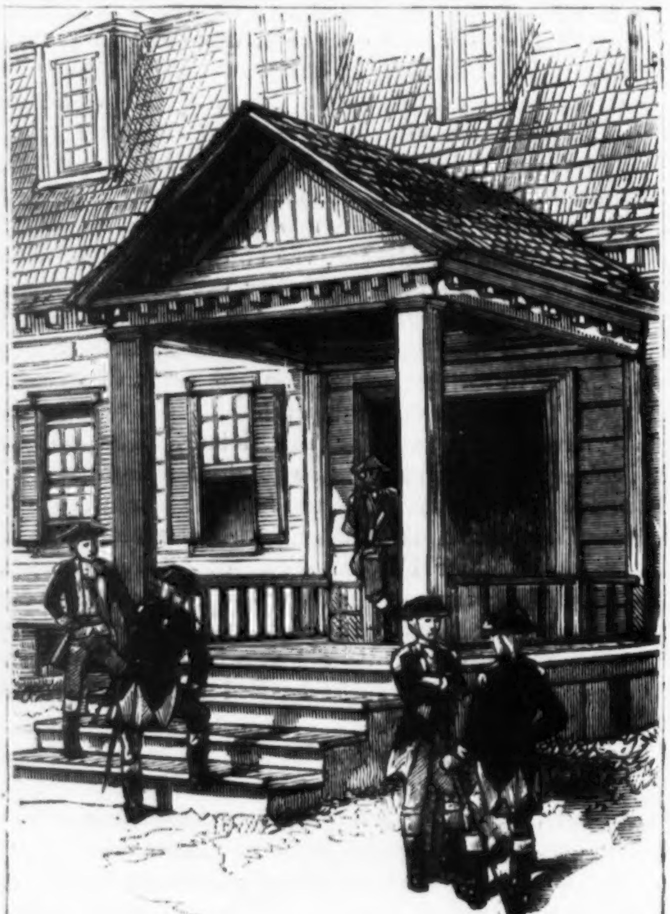
A STREET IN THE YORKTOWN OF TO-DAY

been received by the Duke from England which became the subject of conversation, for they related to American affairs, the recent declaration of independence, the resistance of the colonists, and the strong measures adopted by the Ministry to crush the rebellion.

The youth listened with interest to the conversation, and



NELSON HOUSE UNDER FIRE.



PORCH OF THE MOORE HOUSE.

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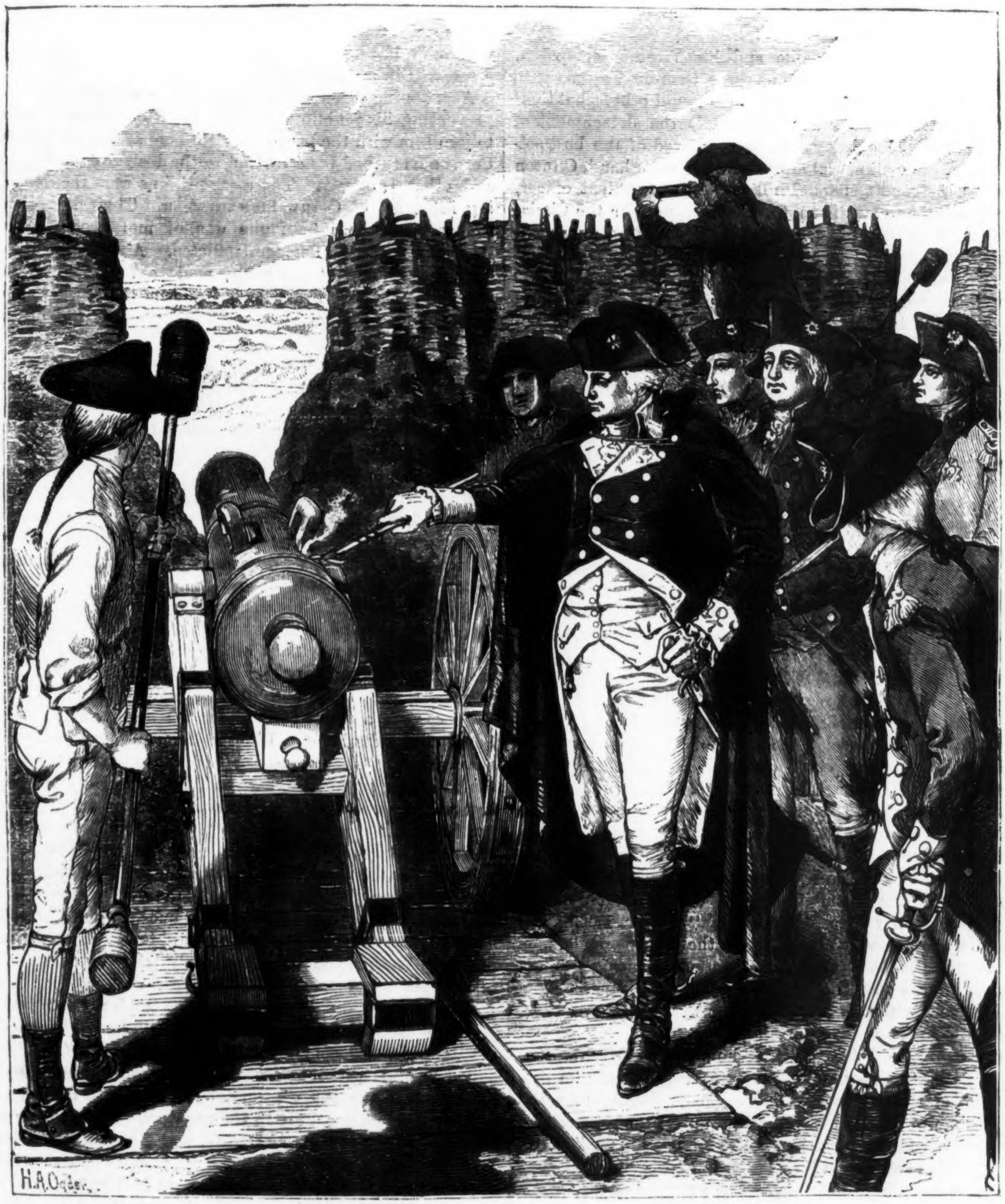
prolonged it by asking questions of the Duke. His curiosity was deeply excited by what he heard, and the idea of a people fighting for liberty had a strong influence upon his imagination. The cause seemed to him just and noble from the representations of the Duke himself, and before he left the table the thought came into his head that he would go to America and offer his services to a people who were struggling for freedom and independence.

This youth was the Marquis de Lafayette.

How the French Government prohibited his departure, how he escaped in disguise and sailed for America, how he tendered his services to Congress as a volunteer without pay, and received a commission as major-general in the army of the United States, is a story familiar to every American.

It was this "boy," as Cornwallis was accustomed to call him, whom that famous general found for his antagonist when he commenced on his Virginia campaign, and whom he proposed to deal with in a summary manner. The "boy" was then four-and-twenty, and might already be termed a veteran soldier. He was wounded at Brandywine in 1777; he was with the army in that terrible Winter at Valley Forge; he participated in the fierce fight at Monmouth, and did effective service in Rhode



GENERAL WASHINGTON FIRING THE FIRST GUN AT THE BRITISH WORKS, OCT. 9TH, 1781.

Island. He returned to France in 1777 (France now became our ally), and obtained the first French reinforcements for America under Rochambeau.

In 1780 he was placed at the head of Washington's select body of troops, known as the corps of light infantry, and in 1781 he was given an independent command in Virginia, under the general orders of Greene, with Cornwallis for his opponent. This command he held till the investment of Yorktown.

To return to Cornwallis and his Virginia campaign, Major-General Baron Steuben was then in Virginia with General Muhlenberg Weeden, Nelson and others, but their forces were untrained militia, while the detachment of 1,200 men under Lafayette was composed of the best soldiers of the continental army. On the other hand, Clinton had dispatched General Phillips, a most excellent officer, with another expedition to take command in the Chesapeake, whose force, combined with Arnold's, numbered over 3,000 men.

While in Baltimore Lafayette had borrowed £2,000 from the merchants, with which to buy linen, shoes and hats for his soldiers, who had marched from the North in Winter clothing. The ladies of the city gave a ball in honor of the young French general, and offered to make up the shirts and blouses for his soldiers. His famous corps was composed of three veteran light infantry battalions, under Colonel Vose, of Massachusetts, Lieutenant-Colonel Gimat, a French officer, and Lieutenant-Colonel Barber, of New Jersey. Its conduct during the campaign fully sustained its high reputation. By forced marches Lafayette reached Richmond, Virginia, a few hours in advance of Phillips, who was pushing for the same spot. The latter was obliged to retreat and form a junction with Cornwallis at Petersburg on the 20th of May. At this juncture Lafayette received orders from General Greene to halt and take the command of Virginia, and to embody in his army the Pennsylvania troops and all the Virginia drafts. Major-General Steuben in the meantime was doing his best to organize regiments for the Virginia line from recruits enlisted for eighteen months, while General Wayne was daily expected with the Pennsylvanians, now put by Greene under Lafayette's orders. But all these troops united would still have been unable to resist the progress of the enemy, and Lafayette applied in every direction for more men and supplies. He wrote to Jefferson, the retiring Governor, and to Nelson, the new Governor, to Morgan, at Winchester, and to Weedon, at Fredericksburg, and to others to exert themselves in this emergency.

"Our regular force," he wrote, "is near 1,500; our militia are not very strong upon the returns, and much weaker in the field. With such an unpromising outlook nothing but a weak defensive could be attempted."

Lafayette's first impulse was to risk something, but he reflected in time.

"Were I to fight a battle," he wrote to Washington, May 24th, "I should be cut to pieces, the militia dispersed, and the arms lost. Were I to decline fighting, the country would think itself given up. I am, therefore, determined to skirmish, but not to engage too far."

This plan he followed to the end, and by it saved himself, his army and the State. The progress of Cornwallis had now become alarming. He moved from Petersburg in pursuit of Lafayette, on the 24th of May. "The 'boy' cannot escape me," he exclaimed on one occasion. He crossed the James from Meads to Westover, twenty-five miles below Richmond, occupying three days in the movement. On the 27th he was at White Oak swamp; on the 28th he was at Batton's Bridge, on the Chickahominy. The night before Lafayette had encamped on the same stream at Winstone's Bridge, twenty miles west. On the 29th Cornwallis had reached Newcastle, on the Pamunky, and on the 30th Hanover Court House.

Large quantities of tobacco were destroyed on the march. Cornwallis encamped on the 1st of June at Hanover Junction, and threw forward Tarleton and Simcoe to ascertain Lafayette's position. But Lafayette was not to be overtaken. Once Tarleton came up with him at the Mattapony and made the famous Light Infantry "stand to arms"; but he was twenty miles in advance of the main army, and in no position to fight.

Abandoning the idea of coming up with Lafayette and preventing his junction with Wayne, who was on his way to join him with the long-expected Pennsylvanian troops, Cornwallis turned his attention to the destruction of stores and other property. These expeditions were the damaging incidents of Cornwallis's invasion. Their depressing influence on the inhabitants was of more consequence than the material damage inflicted. About this time Tarleton, in one of his raids, made a forced march to Charlottesvile, and nearly surprised the entire assembly, seizing some of its members, and all but capturing Jefferson himself.

At last, on the 10th of June, Lafayette effected a junction with Wayne's forces, which gave him a reinforcement of 1,000 good soldiers under a gallant leader, and he proceeded at once to march with all speed toward the enemy. This reinforcement came none too soon, for Cornwallis had already organized an expedition under Tarleton to destroy all the stores and tobacco between the James River and the Dan, including provisions or corn collected in any quantity at private houses. Receiving the information of Lafayette's reinforcement by Wayne, Cornwallis countermanded his orders.

During this first three weeks of the Virginia campaign the immediate and obvious results were almost wholly in favor of the enemy. They had gone where they pleased, and destroyed much public and private property. The names of Cornwallis and of his raiders, Tarleton and Simcoe, were a terror throughout the State, but nobody thought of submission. Her public men, however, were now aroused. They could see little hope except through the interposition of Congress and the presence of Washington himself in Virginia. Strong letters of appeal were written to carry out this plan. "Let General Washington be immediately sent to Virginia with 2,000 or 3,000 good troops," was the demand of Richard Henry Lee. Jefferson urged the same plan of action. So did every Virginian whose name was supposed to be of consequence. John Cadwalader, of Maryland, was very pressing in endeavoring to persuade Washington to immediately take the command in Virginia in person.

What course did Washington take under the strong pressure brought to bear on him? Did he fall back on the doctrine of local allegiance and hasten to defend his native Virginia without regard to the cause of the united colonists? Quite the contrary. He replied to these impassioned appeals calmly in the negative. He could not alter his then plan of operations, and Virginia must be content. But Greene—might not that astute and skillful general quit South Carolina and hasten to Virginia's aid? That, also, was impracticable. In the warmth of his feelings Greene wrote touchingly to Jefferson. "I feel for the sufferings of Virginia," he said, "and though I have not had it in my power to join the army, I hope your Legislature are convinced that I have left nothing unattempted in my power to afford you all possible protection."

"The darkest hour is just before the day." At the time when Virginia was trembling with apprehension of the further raids and ravages by Cornwallis, that general, on the 15th of June, broke camp, and commenced a retrograde march to Richmond. What a favorable turn for affairs in Virginia! As this course was taken by Cornwallis neither through fear nor compulsion, as by the superiority of his forces he still could be said to command the situation, why did he now retire to the Chesapeake? There were many reasons for his action. Lafayette's force was a continually increasing one, and raids by detachments from the main body of the army of Cornwallis were no longer safe. He had destroyed all the stores and magazines and provisions he could, but not as much as he had counted on. He had spread a terror through the country, but to what effect? He was bitterly disappointed in finding no loyal element ready to support the King's authority when established. He concluded, therefore, during the intense heat of Summer, to march to the coast, await instructions, and arrange plans with the Commander-in-Chief at New York.

When Cornwallis commenced his retrograde movement Lafayette also turned and followed; we cannot say pursued, for he could not afford to come up with him. But he could watch and skirmish, keeping about twenty miles in the enemy's rear. The moral effect of these operations on the country was as if Cornwallis was actually retreating, and the joy of the people was great. Once Cornwallis halted, and was about to make a sudden countermarch on Lafayette, who had ventured nearer to him than usual. The alarm was given, and the troops stood to their arms for several hours, but Cornwallis changed his mind and pursued his course.

We have alluded to the difference of opinion between Cornwallis and his chief, Sir Henry Clinton, touching the former's operations in Virginia. Cornwallis now expected reinforcements from New York, but Clinton was threatened by Washington, and felt obliged to send for a portion of the troops previously sent to the Chesapeake. Cornwallis promptly obeyed the order, and to embark the troops he retired to Portsmouth by crossing the James River. This movement was the occasion of an attempt on the part of Cornwallis to bring on an attack by Lafayette, in which all the former's forces should be employed. He practiced the ruse of appearing to have already crossed the James with his main body, leaving the impression that only the rear guard of the British remained. The plan was partially successful. Lafayette for the time was misled. A general action was nearly precipitated, but Lafayette, having certain suspicions, undertook a personal observation at the river's bank, and discovered the truth. A retreat was ordered and effected with considerable loss. The troops, however, behaved admirably. This is called the battle of Spring Mill.

There was now a pause in the Virginia campaign. Lafayette had encamped on Malvern Hill, considered one of the healthiest and best-watered spots in the State. The State north of the James was at rest, for Tarleton had been driven back by Wayne and Morgan from an attempted raid in a crippled condition. Suddenly comes a change over the situation! Instead of any part of Cornwallis's forces being sent to New York, Clinton decided to yield to the arguments of his second in command, and allow the troops to remain in Virginia. He had about seven thousand men, rank and file. With these Clinton directed him to fortify Old Point Comfort, where Fortress Monroe now stands, and in addition, if it appeared necessary for the better security of the Point, he was to occupy Yorktown also. A survey of the Point was ordered, and it was found wholly unfit and inadequate for a naval station. This was represented to Clinton. Then, following what he considered the spirit of his instructions, and not waiting to hear from Clinton, Cornwallis moved up to Yorktown and began to fortify it in connection with Gloucester. Clinton made at the time no objections, and there Cornwallis remained. But Clinton, in the subsequent controversy, insisted that Cornwallis violated his orders in going to Yorktown, claiming that he was to occupy it only on condition he held Old Point Comfort also, in which case he could have escaped on the arrival of the French fleet by crossing to Portsmouth.

No particular significance was attached to the movement more than to any previous one of the enemy. It had been taken simply for convenience, and in the interest of the navy and the health of the command.

The whole situation can be briefly stated. Washington, with his French allies under Rochambeau, making together an efficient service, ready to attack Clinton in New York; Lafayette in front of Cornwallis at Yorktown, but with an inferior force; and Greene manœuvring against Lord Rawdon in the South, determined to protect Georgia and the Carolinas. The French had eight ships of the line to protect Newport, their headquarters, and the English also eight ships to cover New York. Let us see how, out of these positions, came the conclusion to make Yorktown the scene of definite operations.

To do this we must go back a little in the history of events.

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Late in the month of May, 1781, while Cornwallis was attempting to lay hold of the "smooth-faced" Lafayette, there was a company of boys playing ball in the little village of Windham, near Wethersfield, in the State of Connecticut. One of these boys was the father of the writer of this article.* He was at that time nearly thirteen years old. Suddenly one of the group exclaimed, "Look there! look there!" All looked, and saw in the distance a small cavalcade approaching. Almost at the same instant another boy shouted, "Look there!" pointing in the opposite direction, where was seen still another cavalcade in motion toward the same point. These two approached within a few hundred feet of each other and halted. An officer from one side galloped forward, exchanged salutes with the other company, then, after a moment's conference, they proceeded to join the party which had remained meantime stationary. The chief of this party was Washington, and this the meeting of Washington and Rochambeau, who were to hold a previously arranged conference at Wethersfield. Rochambeau had come from Newport, Rhode Island, and Washington from New Windsor, on the Hudson, above West Point.

The company thus united passed slowly through the place, Washington, with head uncovered, bowing to the inhabitants, who were quickly collecting, for the news spread like wildfire that the Commander-in-Chief was there in person. All eyes were strained to be certain which was he. "Which is Washington?—which is Washington?" exclaimed an old woman in the hearing of the boy we have named. "That one," answered her neighbor, pointing him out; "the one who has got some manners!"

Washington and Rochambeau had their conference at Wethersfield. On this occasion they agreed upon a plan which had to be dependent on circumstances. The object was, of course, to strike the enemy at the weakest point; but what was that point? Washington was anxious to make a combined attack on New York in conjunction with

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* Captain Richard Kimball, a nephew of Gov. Sam. Huntington, President of the Continental Congress.

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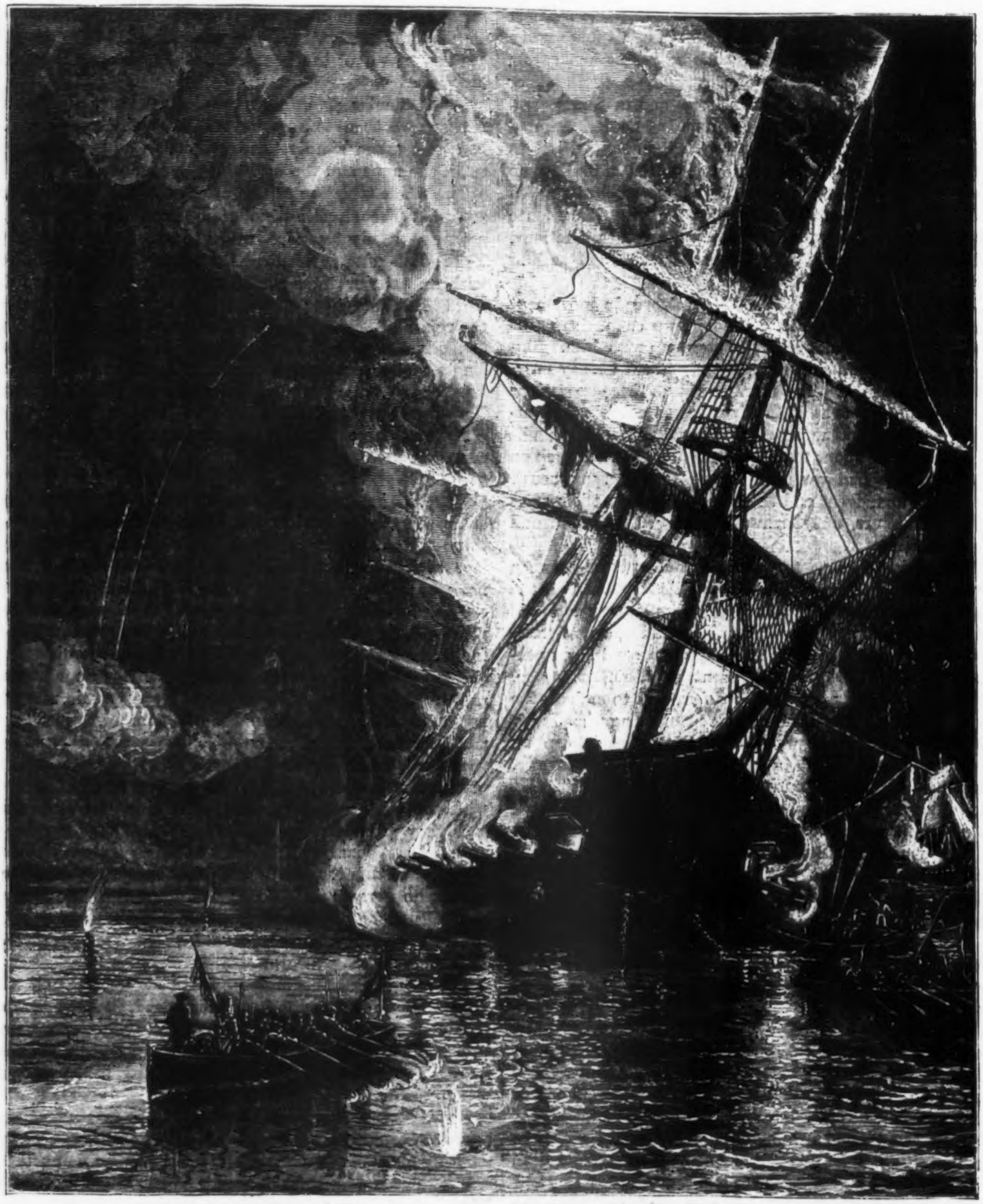
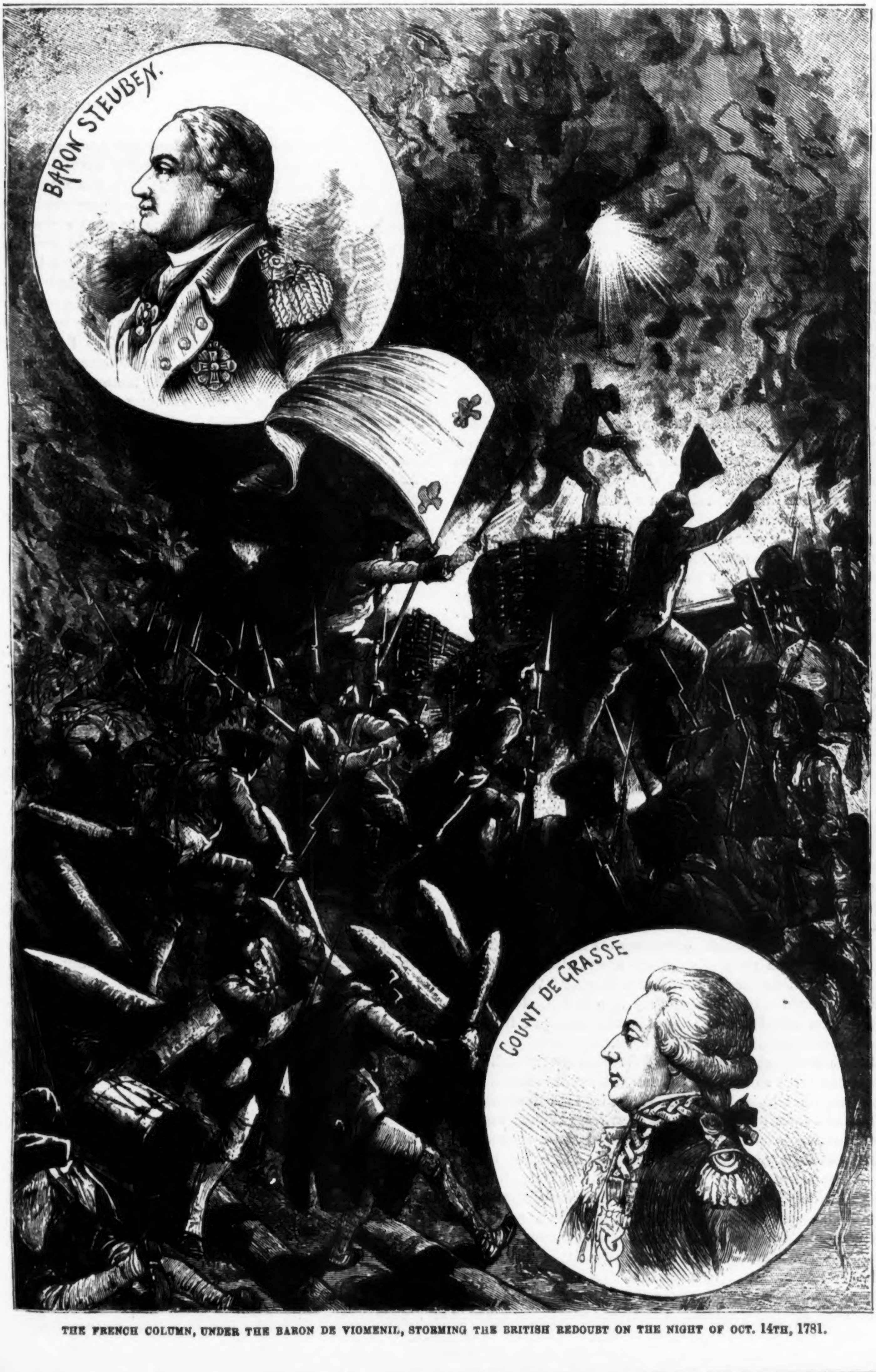
the French army. The British were certainly then weaker at New York than at any time during the war. This would relieve the pressure on Greene and Lafayette. There entered into the discussion the possibility of a French naval superiority on the American coast which might lead to a general movement southward. Whatever the contingencies might prove to be, it was decided that the French troops should join the Americans on the Hudson as soon as practicable, and be ready to move on New York whenever circumstances favored such action. This junction was effected only in the first week of July. "Man proposes and God disposes." Intelligence before this had reached Rochambeau that France was about to send a powerful fleet to the West Indies under the Count de Grasse, to protect her own and Spanish interests in those islands. He had written, and so had Luzerne, the French Minister at Philadelphia, to De Grasse to come to New York in aid of operations there. Rochambeau suggested that De Grasse should "enter the Chesapeake on his way, as there might be an opportunity of striking an important stroke there, and then proceed immediately to New York and be ready to co-operate with the allied armies in an attack on that city."



DESTRUCTION OF THE BRITISH FRIGATE "SHARON," OF FORTY-FOUR GUNS, IN YORK RIVER, BY THE FIRE FROM THE AMERICAN BATTERIES.

During the month of July, and into August, Washington,


BARON STEUBEN.
COUNT DE GRASSE

THE FRENCH COLUMN, UNDER THE BARON DE VIOMENIL, STORMING THE BRITISH REDOUBT ON THE NIGHT OF OCT. 14TH, 1781.

jointly with the French forces, was preparing, indeed commencing, active movements against New York, which thoroughly alarmed Clinton, when on the 14th of August word came to Rochambeau from De Grasse that he was about to sail for the Chesapeake direct, with a view of undertaking or facilitating operations in that quarter rather than at New York, and that he hoped the troops would be ready on his arrival for immediate activity, as he must return to the West Indies by the middle of October. There has been a good deal of speculation on this decision of De Grasse, but he certainly explains it clearly enough in a subsequent letter to Rochambeau, where he states he had to decide for himself what point to sail to, and that the tenor of the letters from Rochambeau, Luzerne and Washington inclined him to head for Virginia. Had he found no enemy there he could have gone to New York. Cornwallis, however, had remained in the Chesapeake, and De Grasse came exactly in time. The allied forces around New York had now to push for the same point with all possible expedition.

While the march from New York to Virginia was the only proper movement, both in a political and military point of view, there were judicious men who looked on it with foreboding. To give up a cherished plan of a campaign, to quit a vicinity held by the enemy in force, and to march four hundred miles on a contingency of meeting at just such a time a co-operating fleet, whose movements must also be governed by contingencies, required an exercise of judgment, and a firmness of purpose, and an energy of execution of which Washington was capable.

The march decided upon, the enemy must be misled with reference to its object as long as possible. The movement began on the 19th of August, and was conducted under the disguise of an attempt on New York from the Jersey side. The direction of the march appeared like an attempt on Staten Island. Everything practicable was done to mislead Clinton as to the real destination of the army, which now appeared to be the lower end of that island, the possession of which Clinton understood would facilitate Washington in co-operating with the expected French fleet. Washington broke camp at Dobb's Ferry on the morning of the 19th of August, and the allied army prepared to cross the Hudson at King's Ferry, above that point. Washington and his Continentals taking the river road, and the French the route further to the right, by way of Northcastle, Pine's Bridge and Crompond. The former crossed on the 20th and 21st, but the latter were not all over until the 26th. The united forces consisted of 6,000 men, of which 4,000 were French and 2,000 Americans. The remainder of the army, about 4,000 all told, were left under General Heath to guard West Point and the Highlands. Troops were also stationed at Saratoga and on the Mohawk, to protect the northern frontier against possible incursions from Canada.

The allied forces proceeded to Princeton by three different routes, so as to mislead Clinton, who still believed the objective point to be Sandy Hook. The true destination had been kept a profound secret even from the officers of the army, who could only conjecture that some extraordinary movement was on foot. Arrived at Princeton, there was no longer any reason for concealment, and the troops, in excellent spirits, marched rapidly forward. Washington and Rochambeau hastened to Philadelphia in advance of the army, leaving Lincoln and Viomenil in command of the respective wings. They were received "with the universal acclamations of the citizens." Robert Morris, the great Finance Minister, to whom the country was indebted for the means of transportation and supplies, and, indeed, for every sort of material aid, on this occasion was among the first to welcome the Commander-in-Chief. On that day Morris entertained Washington, Rochambeau, Chastellux, Knox, Moultin, and others at dinner. Toasts were drank to the United States, to the Kings of France and Spain, and to the speedy arrival of De Grasse. There was a general illumination in the evening. The reception to the troops, who passed through afterward, was equally hearty. The French army came a day behind the Americans. It is recorded that the Continentals marched with slow and solemn step to the drum and fife, while in the rear came a long line of wagons, with their tents, provisions and baggage. It was a matter of marvel to what a pitch of severe discipline hardships and privations had brought these men. They knew nothing of the ways and habits of cities. To them the inhabitants of Philadelphia appeared to be gay and prosperous, and without a care. No wonder that they grumbled at times about their back pay, but there was no flinching from duty. The French, in marching through what was then the American capital, created a great sensation. In special honor to Congress and the French Minister, who was present, they passed in review in parade dress, with Rochambeau at their head. It was a grand, gala time. That finished, the troops pushed on to join the American wing.

At the end of fifteen days they approached the Chesapeake. Would there be good news? Had De Grasse arrived? At Philadelphia no tidings of him had reached Washington, though he confidently expected them.

Now, in connection with the mention of the French fleet comes the question to every mind, What was England doing, who already claimed supremacy on the sea? How happened it that De Grasse was permitted to come quietly to the Chesapeake? It is true England just then had her hands full to look out for the French and Spaniards, and also the Dutch, and sustain the "American War." But Rodney and Hood were in the West Indies with a fleet equal, perhaps, to that of De Grasse, with whom they had already skirmished. A chapter of accidents, we may say blunders, gave to the French Admiral this position. Rodney had warned the English admiral at New York of the expected descent of De Grasse on the coast, promising in such event to send every assistance in his power. Graves, who was then in command, instead of waiting at New York and keeping vessels on the lookout, sailed off on a cruise to the eastward. A second dispatch, containing exact intelligence of De Grasse, was sent by Rodney to Graves. The ship, a sloop-of-war, reached New York, and finding that Graves was away, the commander sailed in search of him. On the cruise he was pursued by three American privateers, compelled to run his ship ashore and sink his dispatches.

Meantime Rodney had sent Hood with a fleet in pursuit of De Grasse. On the 25th of August, Hood reached the Chesapeake. There were no signs of the enemy there. Neither was there any word from Graves. So Hood proceeded on to New York, where he found Graves, just in from his cruise, and who was profoundly ignorant of what was going on.

Just at that crisis news came that De Barras had sailed from Newport with the French fleet. Every effort was made to prevent his junction with De Grasse. It was too late. De Grasse had entered the Chesapeake five days after Hood left, and had already landed three thousand men, under General Saint-Simon, to join Lafayette. But the English admiral gallantly determined to attack him. De Grasse slipped his cables and stood out to sea for more room. He had 24 ships of the line, carrying 1,700 guns and 19,000 seamen. Against these Graves could only bring 19 ships of the line, with 1,400 guns and 13,000 seamen. The action, which lasted over two hours, was not decisive, but it resulted in the English admiral returning to New York with several of his ships badly damaged.

On the 5th of September Washington received the intelligence that De Grasse was in the Chesapeake. It is agreed on all sides that on this occasion his usual calmness of demeanor forsook him. One of the French officers stated that his face entirely changed from its ordinary aspect, generally so grave and cold, and expressed the lively emotion of a vivacious child whose every wish had been fulfilled. It was now that, with a mind relieved, Washington, while *en route*, paid a visit to his home at Mount Vernon, where he had not permitted himself to go since the commencement of the war, a period of six years. Here he entertained his companions, and received Rochambeau and his officers. He remained three days at Mount Vernon, and on the 14th of September reached Lafayette's headquarters, at Williamsburg, in advance of the army. General Saint-Simon gave a sumptuous entertainment in the evening, mutual congratulations were exchanged, and joy reigned throughout the camps. On the 27th orders were given to march on the following day. Everybody well understood that the final struggle was at hand.

Here we stop for a moment, although the troops are hurrying forward, to survey the situation. It has its romantic side, and that is the side from which we may regard it.

In a small fenced corner in the New World were exploding the fierce passions and resentments of centuries of the past. In all these centuries there had been no sincere peace between England and France. We read of the "thirty years' peace" reaching from 1733. But really it was a state of suppressed war, which is often less tolerable than war itself. During all these years England's King had written himself "King of Great Britain, France and Ireland." An innocuous declaration, doubtless, but nevertheless a standing insult and menace to the Frenchman. England had but lately wrested Canada from the French, and there were those present in the trenches before Yorktown who had taken a part in the fight on both sides, and who now were fighting together.

This is one side of the romance. The other presents a brave and determined people struggling literally for liberty, who for six years, without assistance, had maintained the contest against the strongest nation of the world.

The enmity of the French to England proved to be America's opportunity. We do not intimate that our allies were not inspired by a genuine sympathy for our cause—at least after they had landed in the country; but Governments are not expected to sympathize. France made a fearful reprisal, and settled many a long score with her old enemy when she was able to permanently wrest from England her most valuable possession.

Thus were gathered before Yorktown for defense and attack English and Germans, Americans and French. The allied army was composed of the Continentals, the militia, and the French auxiliaries. The Americans constituted the right wing, with Lincoln in command, and Lafayette and Steuben as division commanders. The French made up the left wing. Lafayette's command included the select troops of the army—the famous corps of Light Infantry. Muhlenberg commanded the first brigade and Hogan the second. The three battalions of the first were commanded by Colonel Vose, of Massachusetts, Lieutenant-Colonel Gimat, Lafayette's aides, and Lieutenant-Colonel Barber, of New Jersey. Those of the second, by Lieutenant-Colonel Huntington, of Connecticut; Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Hamilton, of New York; and Lieutenant-Colonel Laurens, Washington's aide, of South Carolina. In this brigade was Hogan's old Canadian regiment, two hundred and fifty strong. Steuben's division included the brigades under Generals Wayne and Giot, in which Colonels Butler and Stewart had commands, together with Lieutenant-Colonel Gaskins, Colonel Adams, and Major Roxburgh. In Lincoln's old division we have the first and second New York regiments, under Colonels Vanschaick and Vancortland, commanded by General James Clinton, with Colonel Olney's Rhode Island regiment, and two New Jersey regiments, under Colonels Dayton and Ogden. The artillery brigade was under General Knox. It included Lamb's second artillery and some companies from Proctor's fourth regiment, with sappers and miners and artificers. There were also two companies of Delaware recruits, and about 100 dragoons, under Colonel Moylan. All told, the Continentals mustered 5,500 men, and a finer body of soldiers and a nobler set of officers were never assembled.

The militia all came from Virginia, and numbered over 3,000. They were commanded by General Nelson, the Governor of the State, and Generals Weedon, Lawson and Stevens. Colonel Lewis brought in a fine corps of riflemen, and Lieutenant-Colonel Debney commanded the Virginia State regiment.

The French had seven regiments of infantry, a corps of 600 artillery, and a legion of horse and foot, also 600, making in all about 7,500 men — a splendid body of troops, under Lieutenant-General Count de Rochambeau, a brave and skillful commander of large military reputation. There were besides four major-generals — the Baron de Viomenil, the Count de Viomenil, the Chevalier de Chastellux, and the Marquis de Saint-Simon, with Brigadier M. de Choisy. The several regiments had names in honor of some special service or special event, after the custom of the French army. Their colonels were already distinguished in the service. A brilliant staff attended the general officers.

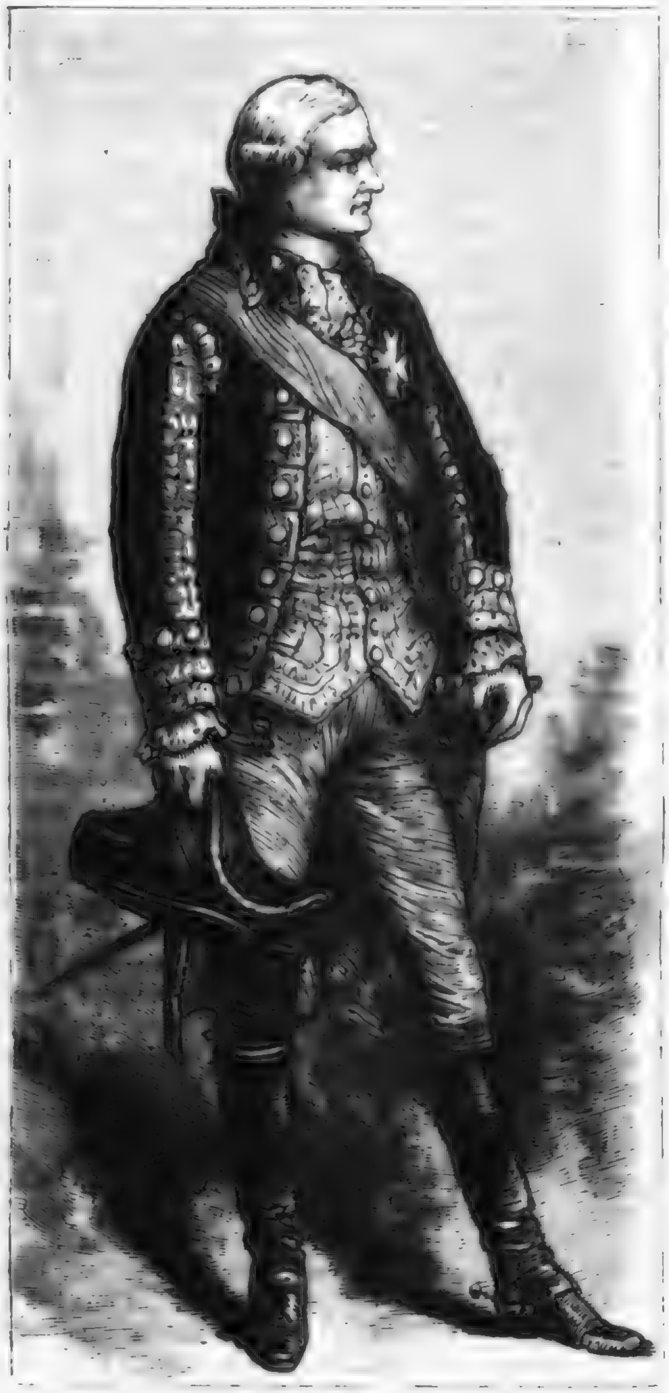
The British force at Yorktown was composed of officers and men no less distinguished in military fame than their opponents. It had been taken from the *élite* of the English army; but their numbers were now terribly reduced. They included a German and Hessian regiment and a detachment of yagers. The superior officers had been fearfully thinned. In fact, Cornwallis had but one brigadier remaining—General O'Hara—and but two colonels, twelve lieutenant-colonels and twelve majors in the force!

Here were cooped in behind the works at Yorktown about 7,500 men to resist the attack of the besiegers, numbering over 16,000. There were several hundred marines on both sides, which we do not take into account.

On the 29th of September the investment of the place was completed. This was accomplished by the Americans crossing the "marshes," leaving its left on their borders, and its right on the York River. By four o'clock in the afternoon this desirable movement was completed. The next morning it was discovered that Cornwallis had abandoned his outer position during the night, and had returned with his guns to the immediate defenses of Yorktown. The movement has always been pronounced unmilitary, but Cornwallis was the best judge of his own situation. Besides, he had been assured by Clinton of the sailing, "in a few days," of a large fleet with 5,000 men, and he confidently relied on relief from that quarter.

An unhappy circumstance occurred in this connection. The brave Lieutenant-Colonel Scammell, of New Hampshire, with two or three attendants, rode leisurely toward the abandoned positions, when he was surrounded and captured by some of Tarleton's men, and after he surrendered, was shot by one of them in the back. He was sent into the American lines, at Washington's request, and

XUM



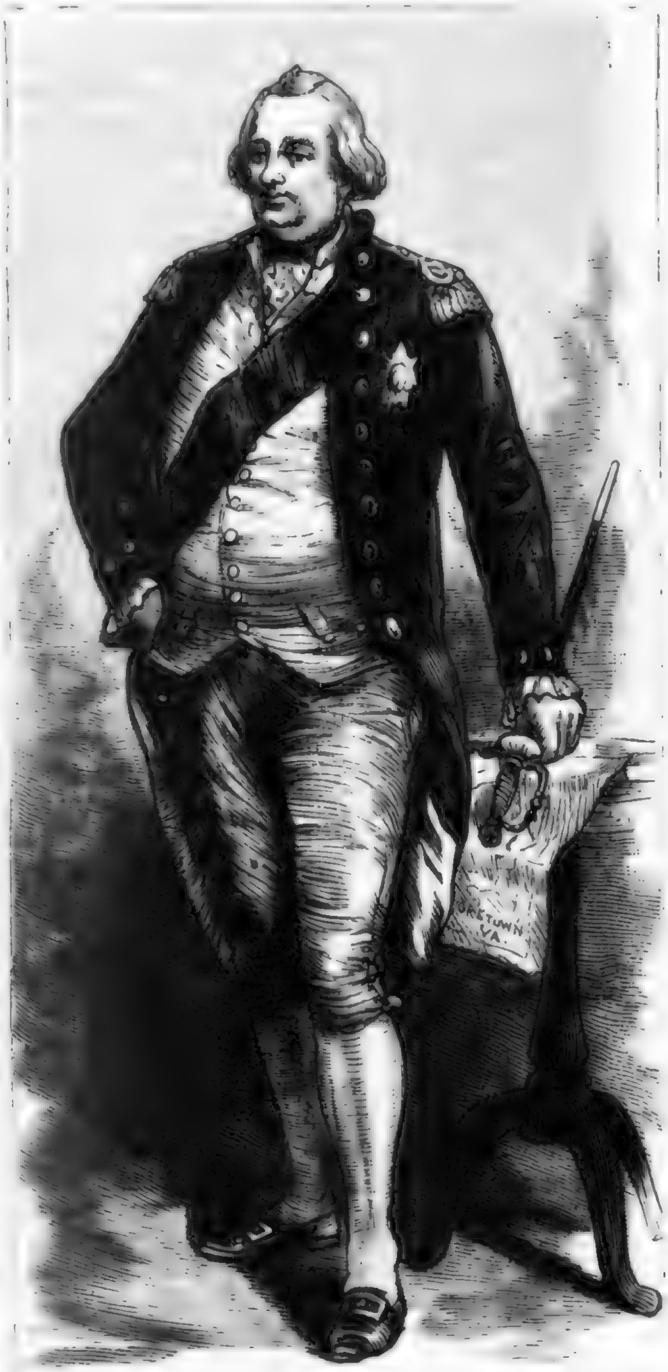
ROCHAMBEAU.

survived but a few days. This event increased the feeling against Tarleton to such a degree, that when Yorktown surrendered he asked for a special guard for his protection. No notice was taken of the request.

The first week in October was devoted to siege preparations. The siege-pieces were at the James River, and their transportation and putting in place was a slow and tedious process. Washington displayed a ceaseless activity. At times he was in the saddle the entire night. Meanwhile the besieged were preparing to take advantage of the delay by making a "grand forage." It was to be their last excursion, and it was made in force. Simcoe's "rangers" and Tarleton's "legion" acted as the covering body.

It was on this occasion that the Duke de Louzun met a woman in the doorway of her house, who told him that Tarleton had just left, and was eager to shake hands with him. "I have come," said Louzun, "on purpose to gratify him." A charge was made, and a hand-to-hand contest followed. Tarleton and his horse were thrown to the ground by the plunge of a wounded steed, and he narrowly escaped capture.

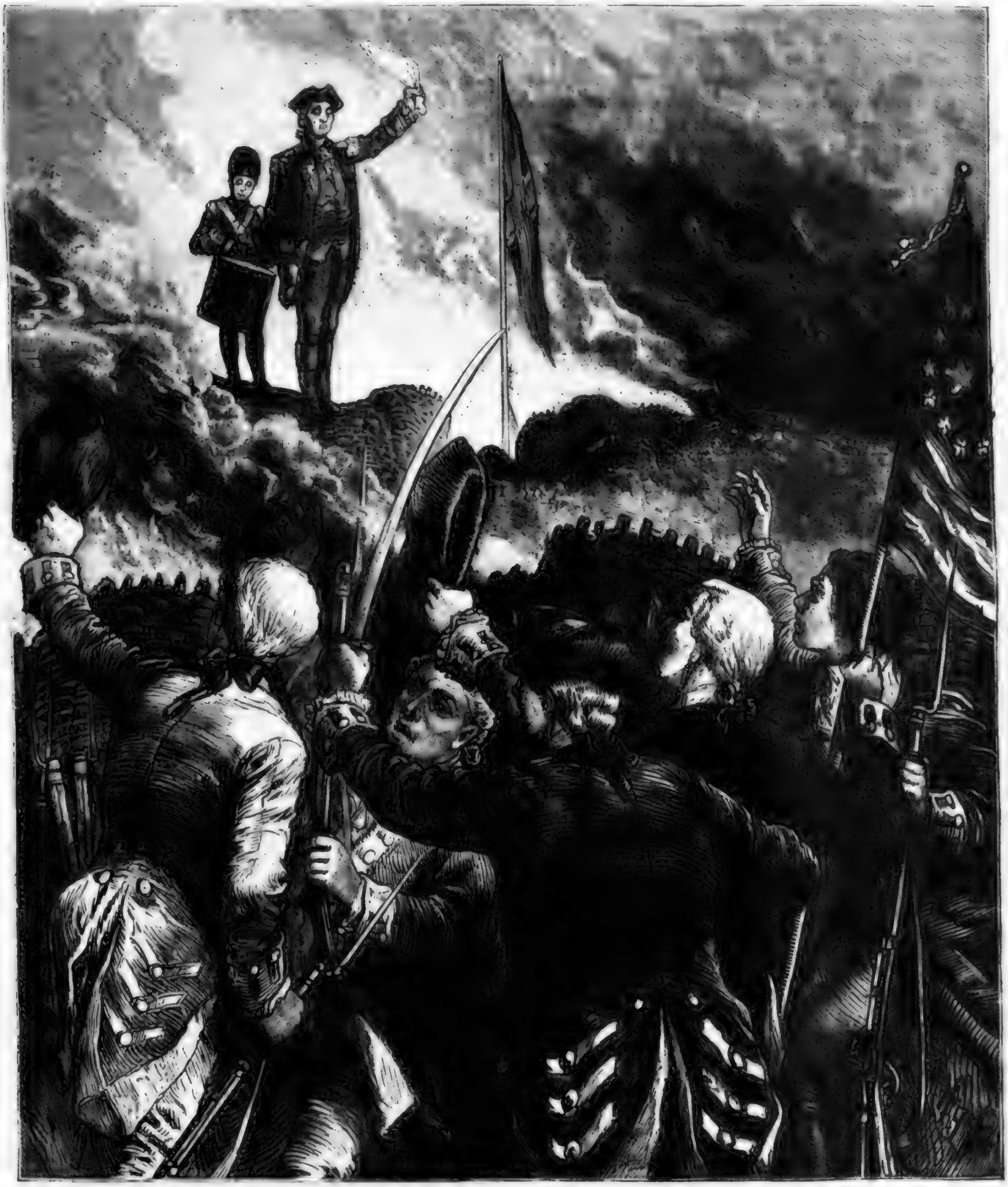
That first week of October was a memorable one. Everywhere were visible the signs of preparation. These were pushed with alacrity, and on the evening of October 6th everything was ready, and the work began. Four thousand three hundred men, French and Americans, marched that night to the ground designated. Fifteen hundred were to do the digging, and twenty-eight hundred to stand ready to repel an attack. The enemy, it seems, were entirely ignorant of what was going on till the morning's light displayed the first parallel nearly completed. The first troops to occupy the trenches on the forenoon of the 7th were Lafayette's Light Infantry. By the afternoon of the 9th a sufficient number of batteries had been erected to open the bombardment of Yorktown. The first fire was from the French, at three o'clock, followed by the Americans at five o'clock. It is well authenticated that the first shot was by Washington himself. On the 10th two new batteries opened, which had a destructive effect on the enemy's shipping in the river. By the 11th fifty-two pieces were playing from the allied batteries, and the enemy's fire, at no time very strong, was nearly silenced



CORNWALLIS.

On the night of the 11th the second parallel was opened, which, when completed, would bring the allies *within storming distance of the enemy.*

The work went on for two days with but small loss, when it was found necessary to extend it to the river's bank. Here was a serious obstacle, for two strong outer redoubts, Nos. 9 and 10, had first to be taken. An assault was at once determined on. It was the turning-point—in fact, the end of the contest, and virtually of the war!



THE BRITISH DRUMMER BEATING A PARLEY FOR THE SUSPENSION OF HOSTILITIES, ON THE MORNING OF OCT. 17TH, 1781.

The night of the 14th of October was selected for the attack. The French were to take redoubt No. 9 and the Americans the redoubt No. 10. Hamilton was field-officer of the day; but Lafayette had assigned Gimat, his aide, to the command of the storming-party. Hamilton protested, and wrote strongly to Washington, who decided in his favor. At the appointed signal, Hamilton advanced on "No. 10," his troops under perfect discipline. As they approached the work, they charged furiously, without waiting for the sappers to clear the abattis. The forlorn hope of twenty men was led by John Mansfield, of the Fourth Connecticut. He received a bayonet-wound. Captain Stephen Olney, of Rhode Island, who was among the first in attack, was seriously wounded. Hamilton himself was conspicuous at the front. The American loss was but nine killed and twenty-five wounded. The forbearance of the Americans should never be forgotten. Arnold's brutal conduct at New London and Scammell's fate were fresh in every mind.

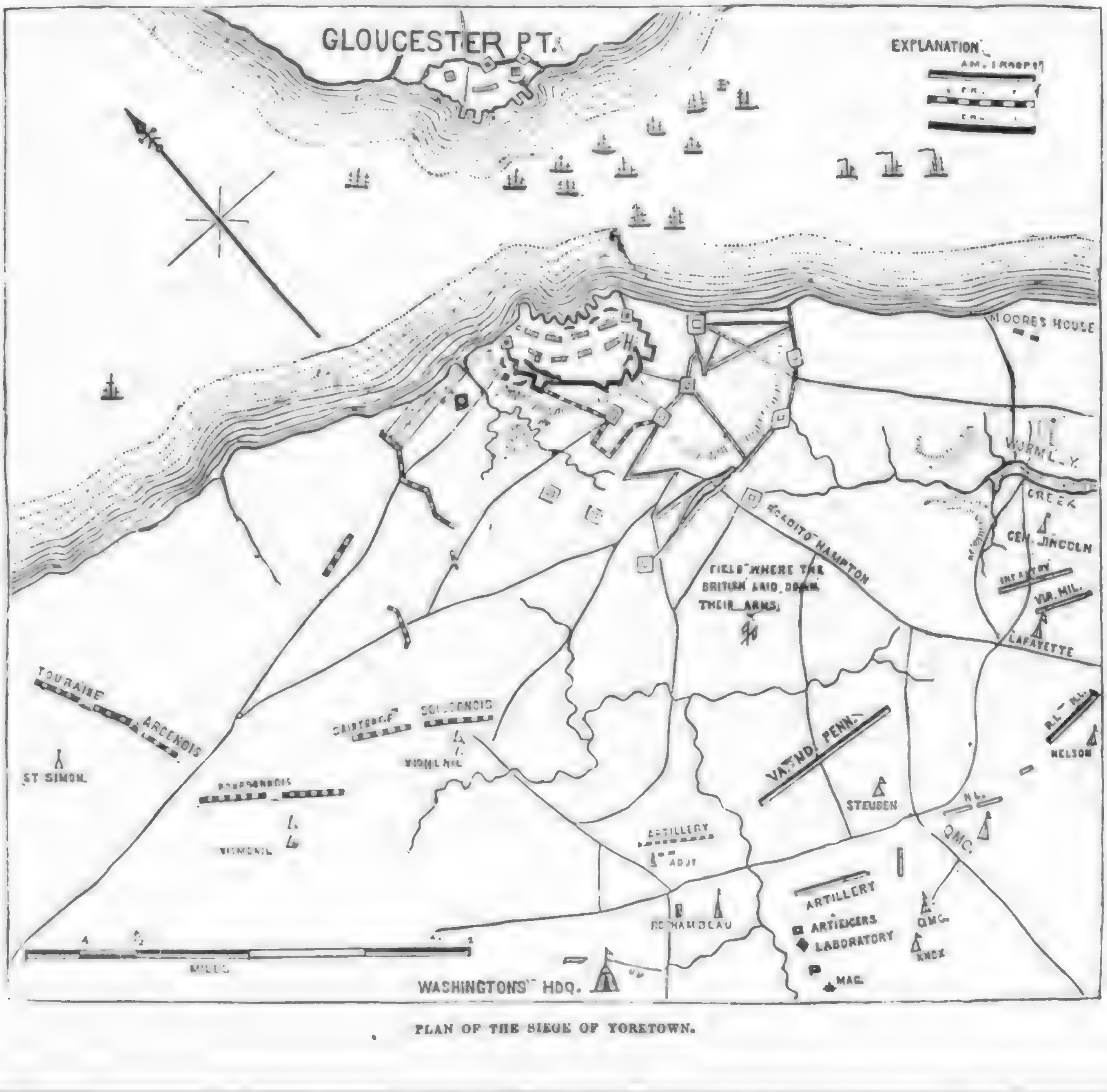
The French were equally fortunate in the capture of redoubt No. 9, but it occupied a longer time and involved a greater loss of men. Unlike the Americans, they waited for the pioneers to cut a passage through the abattis, and lost several men meanwhile; but the obstruction cleared away, they rushed gallantly forward and soon captured the work.

It had been a matter of pleasant questioning between the French officers and Lafayette whether his boasted Light Infantry would come up to the mark when the redoubt was to be assaulted, and it is related that the latter sent a message by an officer to the Baron Viomenil. "Ask him," so it ran, "if he is in need of assistance. Tell him I am in my redoubt, and find out if he is in his." The good-natured reply came, "Not in yet, but shall be in five minutes."

On the night of the 15th, Cornwallis made a dashing sortie at the second parallel. No practical result could come from it, and none did come; and it was made, doubtless, to prove that all was done that could be done by the English leader. The next night he attempted to escape with his army, by transferring his troops to the opposite side at Gloucester Point, with the design of breaking through the besiegers and pushing rapidly to New York. It was really a hopeless effort, which the elements prevented being put into execution. A storm arose at midnight and stopped his operations. "We at that time could not fire a single gun," reports Cornwallis. "I therefore proposed to capitulate."

At ten o'clock next morning, October 17th, a drummer in red mounted the enemy's left parapet and began to beat a parley. He could readily be seen, and the cannonading stopped. An officer appeared waving a white handkerchief. He was met by an American officer, and conducted blindfolded to the rear of our lines. Cornwallis had sent to Washington a message proposing a cessation of hostilities for twenty-four hours, and joint commissioners to arrange terms of surrender. Washington replied that he preferred that Cornwallis should make his proposals in writing, for which he would suspend action for two hours. Cornwallis assented, and sent in conditions which were entirely inadmissible. The flag returned with an ultimatum from Washington, who had the same reasons for dispatch that Cornwallis had for delay—to wit, the possible arrival at any moment of an English fleet with reinforcements. Washington demanded the surrender of Cornwallis on the basis of the Charleston capitulation in 1780, when Lincoln surrendered to Clinton, and to this Cornwallis yielded.

This brings us to the night of the 17th. On the 18th


GLOUCESTER PT.
EXPLANATION
AM. TROOPS
FR.
EN.
MOORES HOUSE
WORMLEY
CREEK
GEN. LINCOLN
INFANTRY
VIR. MIL.
LAFAYETTE
TO HAMPTON
FIELD WHERE THE BRITISH LAID DOWN THEIR ARMS.
TOURAINE
ARGENOIS
ST SIMON
GATINOIS
SOISSONNOIS
VIOMENIL
BOURBONNOIS
VIOMENIL
R.I. MIL.
NELSON
VA. & MD. PENN.
STEUBEN
ARTILLERY
ADJT
QMC.
ROCHAMBEAU
ARTILLERY
ARTIFICERS
LABORATORY
QMC.
KNOX
MAG.
WASHINGTONS' HDQ.
MILES
4
½
2

PLAN OF THE SIEGE OF YORKTOWN.

the commissioners met and settled the details. There were many anecdotes current, authentic and semi-authentic, connected with their conference. "Withdraw your Continentals," Ross is reported to have said, "and we will hold the place if it rains Frenchmen a year." This piece of pleasantry yielded to something more serious when Ross reached the article that the English were to march out with colors cased, and playing either an English or a German tune.

"This is a harsh article," said Ross to Laurens.

"Which article?" answered the latter.

"The troops shall march out with colors cased, and beating a British or German march."

"Yes, sir," said Laurens, with a touch of *sang froid*, "it is a harsh article."

"Then," said Ross, "if that is your opinion, why is it here?"

Whereupon Laurens, who had been made prisoner at Charleston with Lincoln's army, proceeded to remind Ross that the Americans on that occasion had made a brave defense, but were ungallantly refused any honors of surrender other than to march out with colors cased and drums *not* beating a British or a German march.

"But," rejoined Ross, "my Lord Cornwallis did not command at Charleston."

"There, sir," said Laurens, "you extort another observation; it is not the individual that is here considered, it is the nation. This remains an article, or I cease to be a commissioner."

And it did remain.

About eleven o'clock on the morning of the 19th of October, 1781, the articles were signed "in the trenches." At noon our troops occupied Yorktown. At two o'clock the army of Cornwallis marched out, grounded their arms, and marched back. The British were in new uniforms, and made an imposing appearance. They marched to the tune, "The World Turned Upside Down." The French and American armies were drawn up in fine array. The French, in brilliant uniforms, made a splendid spectacle. All eyes were turned on the Continentals, their dilapidated uniforms displaying to advantage the soldierly bearing and look of severe practiced discipline which every man exhibited.

Cornwallis did not appear. He pleaded indisposition, and detailed General O'Hara to surrender his sword. Washington referred him to General Lincoln, who immediately returned it with words of compliment, and this completed the capitulation.

The joy throughout the country it is impossible to describe. It was for a time delirious. Congress got the news in Philadelphia early on the morning of the 24th. Lieutenant-Colonel Tilghman, one of Washington's aides, had ridden express to carry it. He reached Philadelphia in the night, galloped madly up to the house of Thomas McKean, then President of Congress, and began knocking and kicking against the door with all his might, shouting out the news at the top of his voice. "What is the matter with you, my friend?" demanded McKean, thrusting his head out of the window. Tilghman was too much exhausted to reply, but a watchman near by now took up the refrain. "Past three o'clock," he shouted, "AND CORNWALLIS IS TAKEN!"

THE Russian method of serving tea is a pleasant variation from the usual way. A slice of lemon and about a teaspoonful of lemon juice is added to each cup; no milk is used, but sugar to suit the taste. By many the lemon is considered a great addition, giving a delightful flavor.

THE CORSICAN WAKE.

AMONG the old Corsican customs which are fast dying out, but which still linger in the remote valleys of Niolo and Vico, is the *vócero*, or funeral chant, improvised by women at funerals over the bodies of the dead. Nothing illustrates the ferocious temper and savage passions of the race better than these *vóceri*, many of which have been written down and preserved. Most of them are songs of vengeance and imprecation, mingled with hyperbolical laments and utterances of extravagant grief, poured forth by wives and sisters by the side of murdered husbands and brothers. The women who sing them seem to have lost all milk of human kindness, and to have exchanged the virtues of their sex for Spartan fortitude and the rage of furies.

While we read their turbid lines we are carried in imagination to one of the cheerless houses of Bastelica or Bocognano, overshadowed by its mournful chestnut-tree, on which the blood of the murdered man is yet red. The *gridata*, or wake, is assembled in a dark room. On the wooden board, called *tola*, the corpse lies stretched; and round it are women vailed in the blue-black mantle of Corsican costume, moaning and rocking themselves upon their chairs. The *pasto* or *conforto*, food supplied for mourners, stands upon a side-table, and round the room are men with savage eyes and bristling beards, armed to the teeth, keen for vengeance. The dead man's musket and pocket-pistol lie beside him, and his bloody shirt is hung up at his head. Suddenly the silence, hitherto only disturbed by suppressed groans and muttered curses, is broken by a sharp cry. A woman rises; it is the sister of the dead man; she seizes his shirt, and holding it aloft with Mænad gestures and frantic screams, gives rhythmic utterance to her grief and rage.

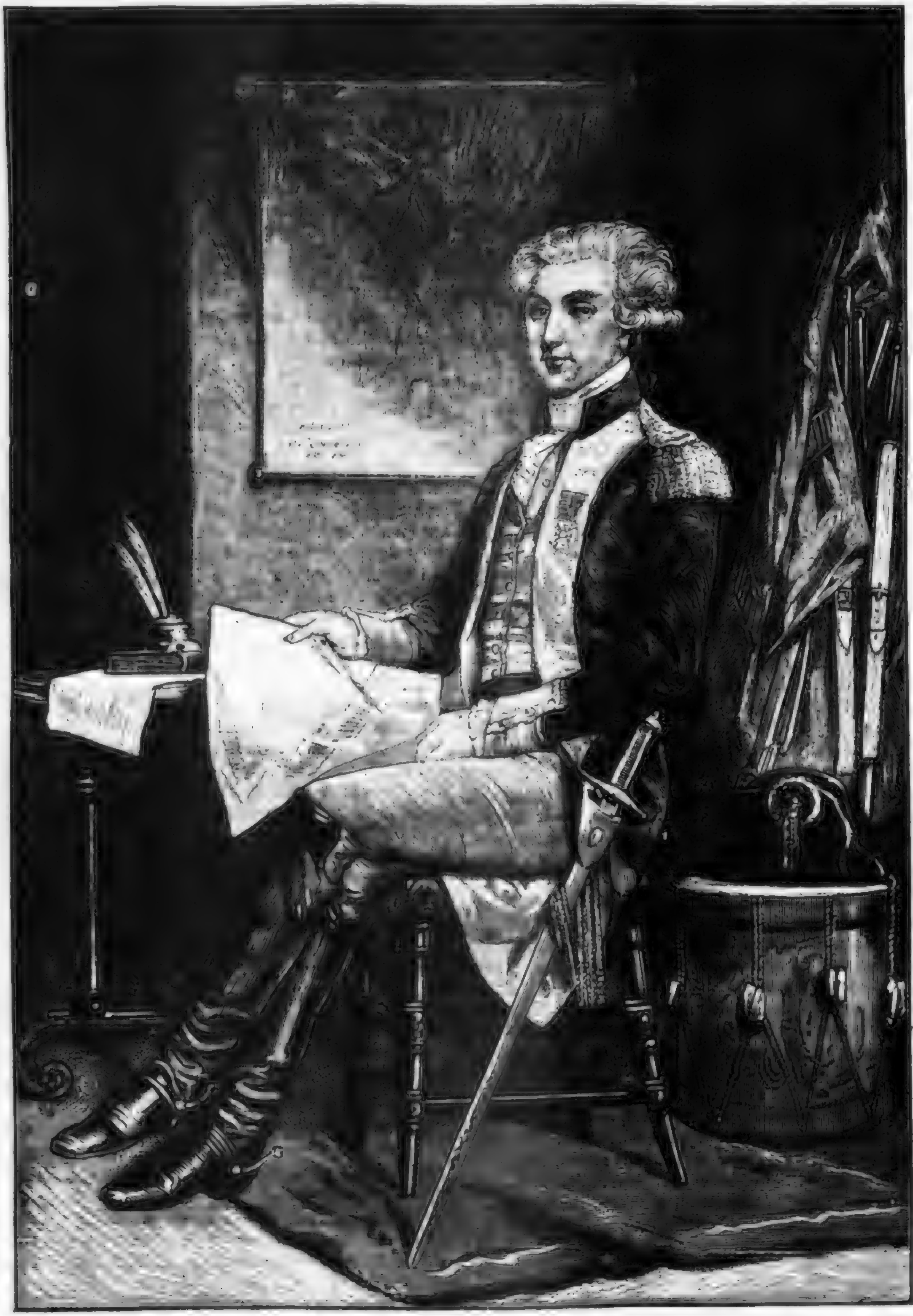
"I was spinning, when I heard a great rage; it was a gunshot, which went into my heart, and seemed a voice that cried, 'Run, thy brother is dying.' I ran into the room above; I took the blow into my breast; I said, 'Now he is dead, there is nothing to give me comfort.' Who will undertake thy vengeance? When I show thy shirt, who will vow to let his beard grow till the murderer is slain? Who is there left to do it? A mother near her death? A sister? Of all our race there is only left a woman, without kin, poor, orphan, and a girl. Yet, oh, my brother! never fear! for thy vengeance thy sister is enough!

"'Ma per fà la to ƀindetta,
Sta siguru, basta anch ella!'"

Give me the pistol; I will shoulder the gun; I will away to the hills. My brother, heart of thy sister, thou shalt be avenged!"

TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.—The distinction is very simple. In a tragedy the plot turns on a murder; in a comedy it turns on a marriage. The question in a comedy is whether the marriage will take place or not, and in a tragedy whether the murder will be accomplished or not. There will be a marriage, there will be a murder; this is the first act. There will be no marriage or murder; this is the second act. A new incident happens, a new manner of killing or marrying; that is the third act. An obstacle arises which prevents the killing or marrying; this is the fourth act. This must finish, and so in the fifth act the murder or marriage is arranged or accomplished, because everything must have an end.

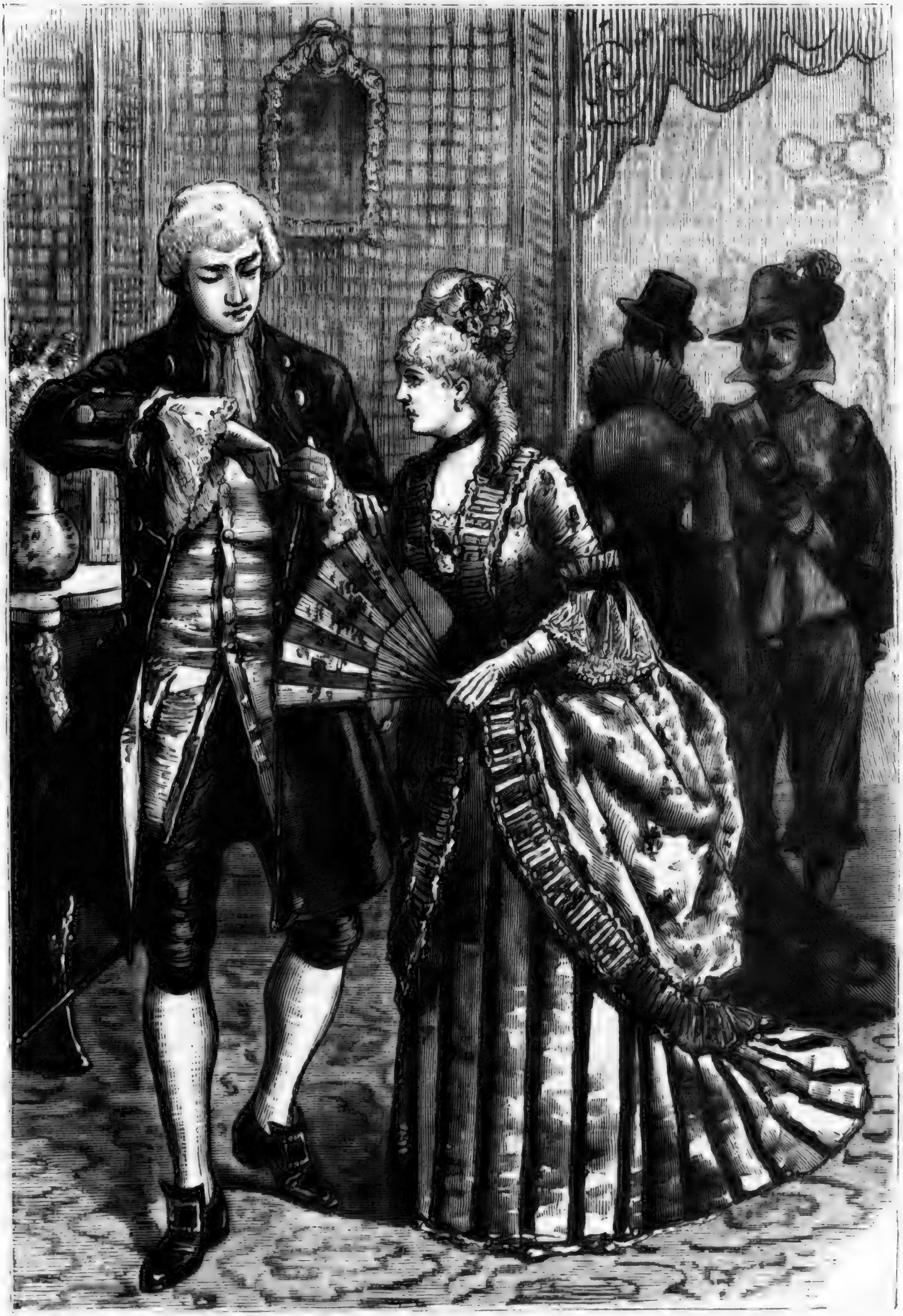
PROSPERITY seems to be scarcely safe unless it is mixed with a little adversity.



Lafayette

THE SIEGE OF YORKTOWN.—THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.—SEE FRONT PAGE.

XUM



HER GRANDMOTHER'S BROCADE.—"HE DREW FORTH FROM ITS CONCEALED POSITION BENEATH THE LINING A LONG, THICK, TIME-YELLOWED PAPER."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

WILLIE AWA'.

THE night is adrear, and my fireside lone:
Why comes not my Willie! oh, where is he gone?
The shadows are deep'ning anent the gray wall,
And big tears, like raindrops, are 'ginning to fall.

Sad, sad was the morning that gied my young love
This shadow, this longing that time can't remove;
It taketh the music frae out the bird's song,
Till the hours of day grow twice the day long.

His fond words of passion a soul might ensnare,
As Spring's bonnie blossoms he twined in my hair;
I dreamed nae of change, oh! why should we part?
His rose in my bosom—the thorns in my heart!

HER GRANDMOTHER'S BROCADE.

BY M. T. CALDOR.

CHAPTER I.

"OH, MAMMA!" The words were commonplace enough, but not the tone of voice—the manner of delivery. The scene was a small and rather shabbily furnished room, made still more dismal and forlorn by the cold, gray light stintily furnished to it through narrow windows from a sullen sky.

The listener, a woman a little past middle life, was dressed in widow's weeds that, also a little rusty, matched appropriately the sad worn face, the wistful, dreary eyes.

She was sitting with her hands clasped over the work, which had fallen away from her listless needle, staring off hopelessly toward the frowning sky.

The opening door and "Oh, mamma!" wrought a transformation almost as magical as the fairy surprises of the stage. It was like pouring into the previous silence the delicious melody of wildwood songsters, such as sing their mad joy to the flowers and the sun from very exuberance of bliss. It was like sweeping off the dismal clouds of that gray March sky and letting down the golden glow and blue glory of a smiling June upon the shivering earth.

So fresh and glad and full of cheery hope and youthful energy was the musical voice—so sunny and brightening was the gay smile, the kindling glance of the blue eyes—the shabby, forlorn room really seemed to brighten as she stepped into it.

Mrs. Orton smiled before she sighed—an unusual circumstance in her case.

"Why, Florry, what is it?" she said. "You bring a whiff of fresh air as invigorating as a sea-breeze in August. What have you seen, or heard, or imagined? If it is anything cheery, I was never more in need of it than now."

The girl had been quickly but noiselessly removing her out-of-door wraps, hanging them away in the little wardrobe that stood in one corner of the room. She came now and sank down softly upon the ottoman before her mother, and crossed her arms upon the latter's lap.

"You have been growing dismal, darling mamma, while I have been away. That is very wrong of you. I have disposed of the work, and I am promised some more. That is something, isn't it? And I'm glad to have it—for I am a little ashamed of my enthusiasm about the other. Mamma, I met Mrs. Yerrington at the store, and she was very kind. And—she gave me an invitation to a party at her house—an invitation for Ross and myself."

"A party! Oh, Florence, what will you wear? My poor darling, I am afraid it is impossible," sighed the mother.

"Oh, but that is the best of it. To think I can have the treat once more with no cruel debt to poison all its sweet. Don't look so grieved, darlingest mother. It's all beautiful—the whole of it—trust me it is. I am well enough to dance before you this minute."

"I think you must be a little wild, child. Will you wear that threadbare serge? No, no. I can't consent to that—you who ought to shine in silk and satin. It will be wiser for you to stay at home."

The girl caught up the thin, trembling hands and kissed them fondly.

"Oh, unbeliever, didn't I say it was all right? It is to be an old folks' party. The antique costumes are the only admissible ones. And now isn't the old attic-trunk going to be fairy godmother to this Cinderella? Don't you know grandmother's famous brocade? Shan't I be *au fait* in those dear little quaint sleeves, and that elegantly wrought bodice? I'll warrant there won't be its equal there. And Ross can wear grandfather's faded velvet ruffles, knee-buckles and all. If the occasion were fitted especially to our needs it couldn't be more feasible."

The mother drew a long, slow sigh of relief.

"I really believe it will be practicable."

The daughter kissed her again and again, and then went whirling lightly around the room.

"It will be a grand affair. There is no question of that. The Yerringtons make success assured always. Oh, how refreshing it will be to enjoy a party once more!"

"Now you betray how much you have felt the deprivation, Florence," said the mother, watching her with wistful eyes, into which the tears would brim despite her best efforts. "Darling, I am afraid you have hidden away a good many sorrows from your mother."

"What a fertile imagination somebody always has!" chided the daughter. "But you may make sure that I shall have a treat of unalloyed pleasure now. So, no dismal forebodings, please. I am like a silly child having its holiday."

Mrs. Orton looked at her through brimming tears; but she suddenly smiled with a look of new bravery, and catching up a letter which all the while had lain in her lap, hidden by the neglected work, she slipped it into her pocket, murmuring, under her breath:

"No; she shall have nothing to alloy her pleasure. I can hide it a little longer that Ross has lost his situation."

"And now may I take the key and bring forth the hidden treasures?" asked Florence. "You know I have always been so proud of these sole relics of the ancient grandeur of our house. You used to tell the story over my pillow, and talk me into strange visions of courtly scenes. How thankful I am we resisted the old dealer's paltry offer for the 'old duds,' as he chose to call them. They were worn at the famous Lafayette ball. Dear, dear! if they could only talk, what stories they could tell! Ah, here is Ross. Oh, Ross, such fine doings as are before us!"

And she ran gayly toward the slender youth of eighteen years, who came slowly and dejectedly into the apartment at that moment.

"Fine doings, Florry? I can't call them so," began he, in answer.

But his mother suddenly swooped forward and seized his hat.

"Let me take your hat, Ross. The band wants stitching." And she gave him a swift look of warning and laid her finger on her lip before she said, carelessly: "Florry is planning a famous treat, and we are politely requested not to mar her enjoyment by any idle forebodings or dismal stories. Don't you see? Now, tell him all about it, Florry."

The fair young girl was nothing loath, and presently the contents of the dusty attic chest were transferred to the family room, and the brother and sister were laughing over the quaint old garments, and admiring their richness with all the light-heartedness of buoyant youth.

The mother sat quietly watching them, with a far-off, dreamy look in her eyes.

"How many times I have heard my grandmother tell the story!" she said, slowly. "It was a memorable occasion, and the Dillinghams were among the first of the gentry in the country to be called upon in getting up the ball. But it was the beginning also of their sorrows. I can see her now shaking her head drearily while she said it. From that hour their fortunes were on the decline. It was at this ball, in that very dress, Florry, that she gave my grandfather her betrothal vow."

"Ah!" said the girl, holding out the still lovely and dainty blue-and-silver brocade, "do you suppose the consciousness will thrill through me when I wear it? Somebody ought to propose to me. Who knows, Ross, but somebody *will?* Mamma, what shall I answer?"

But her mother's eyes were riveted upon the garments, and she went on, dreamily:

"How choicely they were kept. Grandmother would touch them as softly as if they were living things. It does almost seem as if the senseless cloth must creep and quiver with the knowledge that those self-same garments are to go together to another ball."

"Of course they will. To be sure they do!" laughed Florry. "Dear me, Ross, I believe they already bewitch me. I seem to be effervescing over with some secret cause of glee. If they began the misfortune of our race, who knows but now they will change the spell, and herald the dawn of better things? It's a long lane that has no turning; and ours has been rather long now, hasn't it? Do I look anything like grandmother, I wonder? This ought to be rather becoming to me."

"She was a famous belle, and in those days that meant something more dangerous than the present article. There was a bitter feud came out of that night between the Dillinghams and another aristocratic family—what was the name?—oh, I remember. It was a Captain Percival, who persecuted her with mad attentions, and she gave him his refusal there that night, and fairly maddened him with the show of her preference for your grandfather. The hot young men came to blows. There was a challenge, too, but it was some way prevented from execution. Percival swore a bitter revenge, and grandmother sometimes thought he was the indirect cause of the gathering misfortunes that overtook my grandfather. But that could scarcely be, for the sorest of all was his uncle's death, which came that next day."

"Oh, yes," said Ross, "I remember that. It is told over so piteously in the old diary. His uncle brought him up as an adopted son, and always promised the great fortune to him. But he died, and it was all swallowed up in gifts to a distant relative by the old will—the only one to be found."

"The property is almost all intact now. It is worth several millions," said Mrs. Orton, dismally. "I never told you who possessed it, because I feared it might awaken bitter and envious thoughts in you."

"I think I have guessed, mamma," observed Florence, calmly. "I saw you looking at young Mr. Fitzgerald when he rode by the other day. But surely he is not to blame. It is unkind to feel any resentment. But what weird thoughts all this strange talk has conjured up! I am not sure but I shall feel like grandmother's ghost when I take this old brocade to another party."

"Young Fitzgerald is going, I'd wager a farm if I had one!" cried Ross, suddenly. "I heard him talking with Alfred Thorne about some famous old costume, which Thorne was warning him against wearing."

"Let him go," said Florence, a roseate flush stealing into her cheeks. "I shall be there in grandmother's brocade, as well dressed as himself, and you as fine a cavalier in grandfather's costume—the one that won grandmother's favor. Let him come!"

CHAPTER II.

THE Yerringtons presented to their guests a welcome variation of the usual party view. There were wreathing flowers and brilliant lights and fair women, but it was something novel to exchange the stereotyped black-coated gentlemen for the stately cavaliers who were filling the rooms, and adding new grace to the picturesque scene.

From her station at the head of the long drawing-room, the stately hostess smiled in gracious satisfaction upon each newcomer.

Two young men, one of them attired in an unmistakably genuine costume of "ye olden time," lingered a moment after the formal greeting.

"My dear Mrs. Yerrington, you have made a decided hit. See what scarcely repressed glee is shining on every face," said this latter gentleman. "As for myself, I am quite carried out of my studied nonchalance. Do you perceive the air 'to the manor born' of this suit of mine? My good aunt is horrified at me for dragging it forth from the cobwebs. But do you know that this dress danced at Lafayette's ball?"

"What! Captain Percival's suit! Didn't I hear——"

"Oh, yes; of course you did. And so has everybody else. A sort of curse has mysteriously hung over the garments, and nobody has ever dared to disturb them till my unsparing hand dragged them forth. Are they not fresh and handsome? And just think of the consciousness that goes with them! Could any hired costume take their place? Don't be surprised if you hear me talking treasonably, for these fine garments have Tory proclivities."

"That Captain Percival had a wild reputation. He was an unquiet, restless fellow. He left some fierce anathema against whoever touched that suit."

"I dare say. Ah——"

The youth paused abruptly, and, while the gay carelessness dropped away from his voice, asked, eagerly:

"Pray, can you tell me who are those two just crossing the archway? The lady's dress is very quaint and rich. I verily believe it belongs to the genuine past, like my own. And what a sweet face she has!"

Mrs. Yerrington gave one swift look, and a glance of sudden earnestness swept across her face.

"Wait here," said she, "till they come up to speak with me, and I will introduce you. It is odd enough."

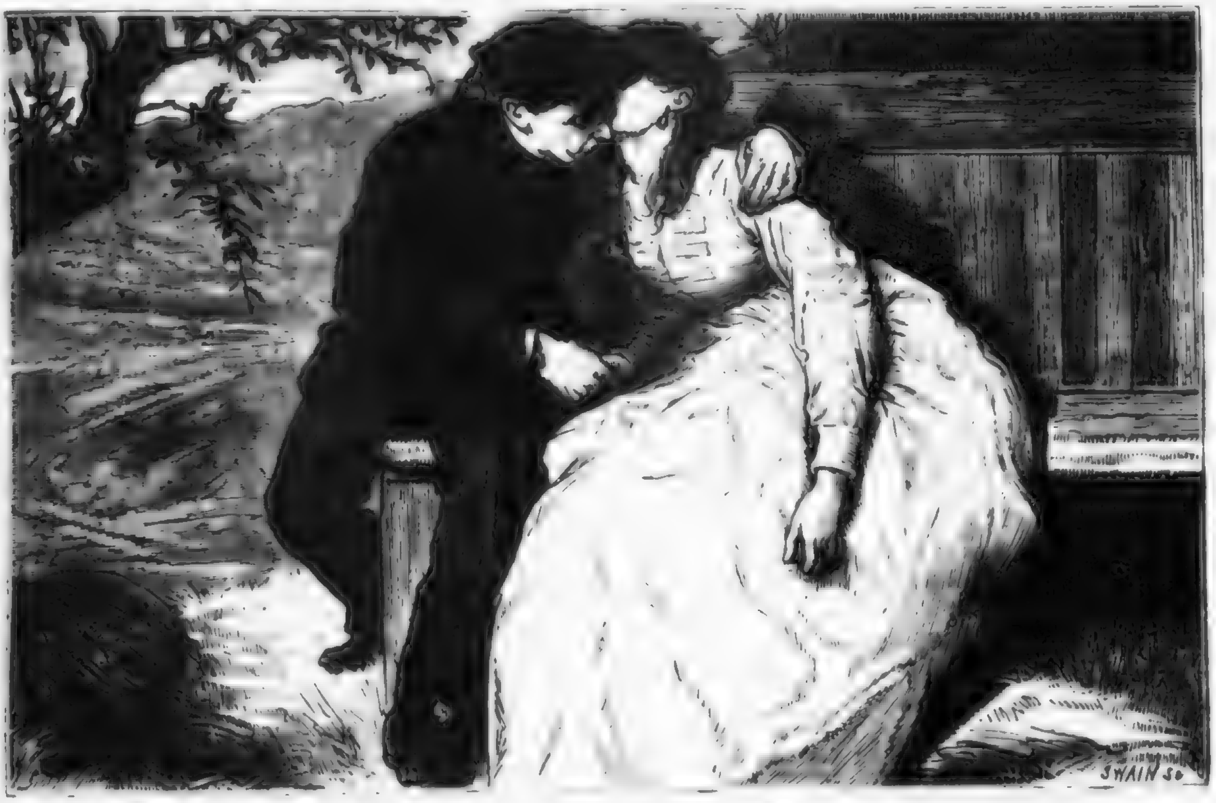
"What is odd?" he asked. "What a sphinx look you have put on. Who are they?"

"I dare say you have never heard of them; but it is rather singular, certainly. My dear Dick, your dress proposed to that very dress the young lady wears on the night of the famous Lafayette ball. It was her grandmother's, and—but here they come. Ah, Florry dear, I am right glad to see you. How famously you two become the old costumes! Here has Mr. Fitzgerald been boasting of his as a genuine article. You must allow me to present him to you, and take down his conceit as soon as you please by proving that yours also danced at the Lafayette ball. Mr. Fitzgerald—Miss Orton; Mr. Ross Orton."

Mr. Fitzgerald asked himself the next moment if his imagination was at fault, or if there really was one single defiant glance shot toward him from under those long brown eyelashes.

Nevertheless, the next moment he had offered her his arm.

"Pray, Miss Orton, don't be cruel enough to refuse the dress the honor, even if the wearer has no claim. Let me take you to the promenade."



WILLIE AWA'.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 658.

She stood a moment hesitating about her reply, as it was evident to him. Once she lifted the shyly drooping eyelid and searched his face over, with a cold, proud light in the soft dark eye. Then she smiled and blushed charmingly, and stammered:

"I beg your pardon for keeping you waiting. I think the dress bewitches me. I forgot myself and you, and was thinking—— Certainly I will walk with you. Ross, dear, May Somers is over by the window. Bring her, and follow us."

"Have you heard anything about our dresses?" he asked, eagerly.

"I know about mine, of course. It was my great-grandmother's, and was at the ball, as Mrs. Yerrington said."

"But—well, it was odd enough. She told me just now that, at the famous ball, this dress of mine proposed to—why, of course, then—to your great-grandmother."

He expected to see a show of girlish coquetry possibly, but certainly a merry smile of amusement instead. The light touch of the little hand on his arm fell suddenly away. The soft, deep eyes dilated half with horror, the rosy mouth quivered into a ring of tremulous astonishment.

"It is the dress of—Captain Percival!"

She spoke slowly, in tones of awe.

"Why, yes. I took a fancy to it. My friend Hal told me about it; that my aunt—his mother—wouldn't let him touch it, for fear of some malediction that had been handed down from generation to generation. The story piqued my desire, and I insisted on wearing it. And as the penalty falls only upon the sacrilegious wearer, she could not prevent me from trying it. I hope—I sincerely hope, it is not going to prejudice you against me."

"It certainly ought not," returned Florence, slowly; "but—but it is very strange and uncanny."

And a light shiver ran through the slender frame.

"Tell me the whole story—for, of course, there is a story," he said, eagerly.

"I don't know the whole—only that you—no, I don't mean you—I beg your pardon; I believe I am half bewitched by wearing this costume of grandmother's; but your—dress—was refused that night by my dress."

She paused, but not to laugh, as he expected, so he checked his merry smile and said, gravely:

"Go on, please—there is more than that, of course, for that alone might be a very common circumstance then—and now."

"And you—the dress—Captain Percival, I mean—swore a dreadful oath of vengeance."

"What a bad man! His reputation is none of the best, and I don't wonder. But it did no harm, I trust," he said, eagerly, "to you—I mean to your grandmother. See, I am mixed up, too, and a bit bewitched ——"

Her smile was very faint.

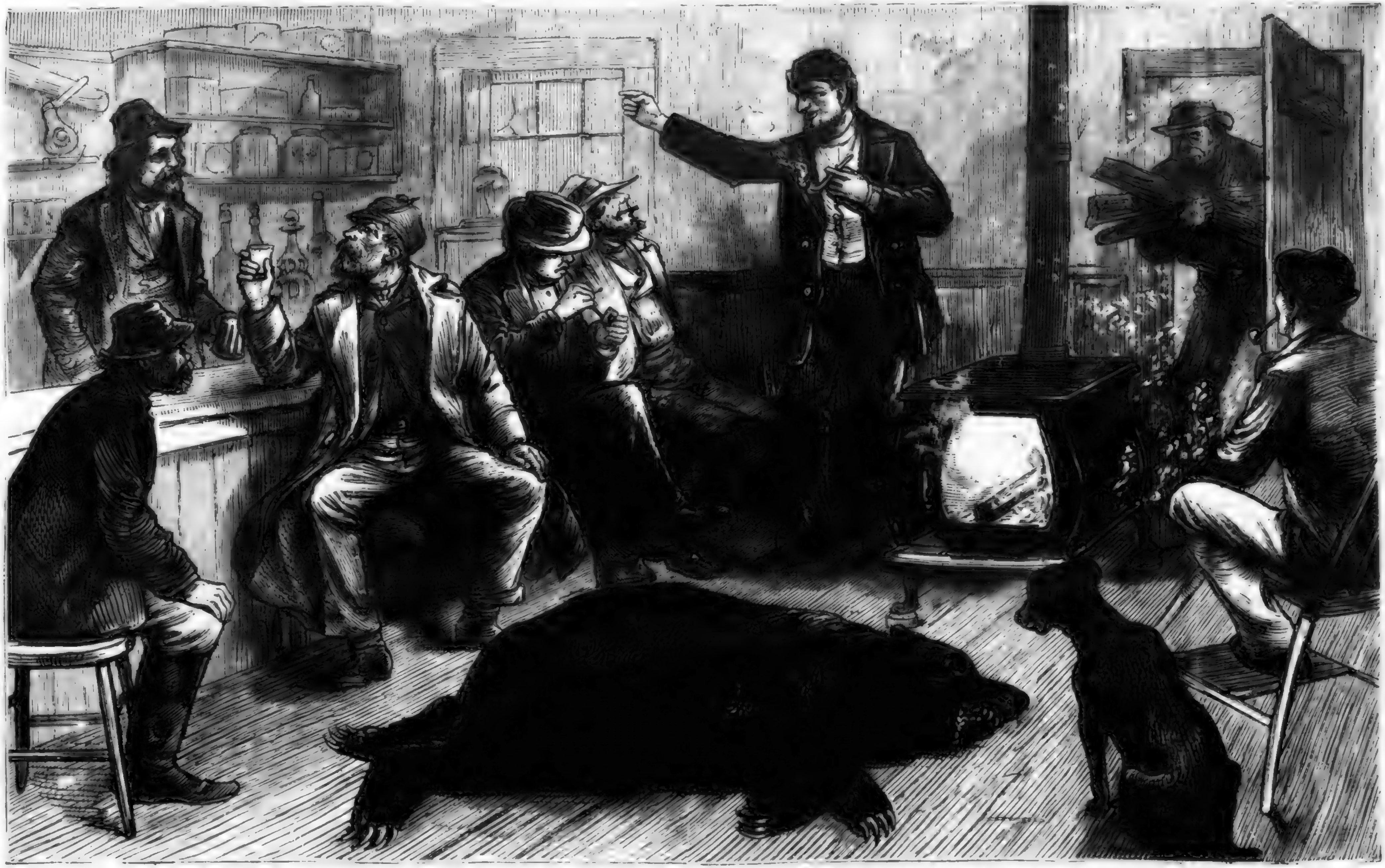
"I hope it was not his fault. But it has been the family superstition that misfortune came from that hour. She married my grandfather, but their fortunes declined steadily, and those who were once honored and prosperous died in obscurity and deprivation."

Her voice faltered in accent, and was very low, but its tones were sweetly melodious to the listening ear.

"I have half a mind to slip away and find another dress," he said, eagerly; "and I certainly shall, unless you promise not to identify it with the wearer. I am sure *I* am not your enemy."

Upon this Florence looked up with her own sunny smile, and answered:

"I am sure also that you never meant to be."



BEAR-HUNTING.—SCENE IN THE BACKWOODS TAVERN.—"QUICK" ENTERTAINING HIS HUNTING COMPANIONS.—SEE PAGE 663.

There was a hidden meaning of emphasis that puzzled him; but he let it pass.

"What strange happenings there are in this life of ours! What do you imagine they would have said or thought, could they have been told that these two dresses would meet again so many years after?"

"The *three* dresses," said Florence. "Ross is wearing grandfather's—the one that *also* proposed, and was *not* rejected."

And this time she smiled archly, looking so charmingly ingenuous that young Fitzgerald cried out, eagerly:

"I wonder will your brother change with me? I am sure I should be more comfortable in that one. I am decidedly out of conceit with this."

As he spoke he thrust his hand carelessly into an inner pocket, as was a habit of his when annoyed or embarrassed. A sharp crackle followed the movement.

"Why," said he, quickly, "there is a paper here. Do you think it can be the written declaration? Come with me into this alcove, and we will see. You have the right, if anyone has, to investigate."

In another moment they were safe from the observation of the careless crowd.

And then, not without considerable difficulty, he drew forth, from its concealed position beneath the lining of the pocket, a long, thick, time-yellowed paper, with a red seal on the outside, still unbroken.

"Why," said young Fitzgerald, his eyes sparkling with interest, "this is getting romantic. It is evidently a solemn document. Are there any missing wills in your family?" And he turned his smiling glance toward her, to find a pale, wrapt face confronting the paper fiercely.

A few lines were scrawled across the back. He bent down hastily to read them, and started back.

"Why, the villain, indeed! Hear what is written:

"'John Dillingham has asked me to take this document to his lawyer. He gave it to me to-night when I went into his room to vent my rage at his nephew. He was afraid of his valet's carelessness, and he knew that I lodged in the next suite to the lawyer. (Later.) Fate has played a strong card into my hand. Dillingham is found dead in his bed the next morning. The will gives the property to Paul, no doubt. Let him get it if he can. Ah, ha! my revenge comes sooner than I thought.'

Miss Orton, what do you make of that?"

She was flushing rosy-red now. How her eyes shone!

"I comprehend it all," she said, proudly. "It was the will that should have given my grandfather his rightful fortune. Two generations, and wellnigh a third, have died in trouble and sorrow for lack of it. He had, indeed, a terrible revenge."

"Dillingham—John Dillingham," spoke Fitzgerald, slowly. "Why, it was he who left the large estate to *my* grandmother!"

"Yes; what a way we have wandered back among grandmothers and grandfathers!" she returned, with an odd laugh. "Pray, let us come down to realities. I think they are dancing without!"

"Your name is Orton?" repeated he, most discourteously ignoring her intimation of a wish to return to the throng without.

"My mother was the only child of Ross Dillingham. Pray, what will my brother Ross think has become of me?" she answered, hastily.

It was his turn to flush and stammer.

"Wait, please. Let me understand a little more clearly. This is a very important paper, and must be cared for. There was a fate, indeed, that ordered these costumes forth from their hiding-places. Tell me, is it I who am now keeping your family out of their rightful fortune? Heaven hear me swear to you that all this is a new revelation—I never knew of your existence. But I think I was drawn toward you the first moment my eyes fell upon your face, and that was not to-night. I saw you, a week ago, down by the river, and I fished out your parasol for you. I dare say you have forgotten it, but I have dreamed about you ever since."

She stood with downcast eyes, blushing and trembling.

"You were too kind and gallant to be so easily forgotten. I—I recognized you to-night."

"Believe me, the will shall be righted as far as such things may be," he said, earnestly. "What a fortunate thing that I should be the one to find it—I who have usurped your rights in such utter ignorance! It was the hand of a kind Providence that led me to resist my aunt's entreaties so perversely; to insist upon wearing this odious suit to-night. Miss Florence, there must be some distant relationship, and I am a lonely fellow without father or mother, sister or brother. Do you think your mother could be prevailed upon to have pity upon me and to take me in?"

Florence stood there blushing and smiling, not at all ungraciously. Suddenly she looked up with a dazzling smile.

"Oh, that delicious music! and it is so long since I have waltzed. Mightn't we put all this away and enjoy the ball while it lasts?"

"To be sure we may, and will. And in spite of—the clothes—may I have the honor?"

And the next minute they were whirling gracefully into the circling waltzers.

Mrs. Yerrington watched them a moment, and smiled and thought: "What a blessed solution of a cruel fate if it should happen as I dared to hope! And it really looks as if it might."

Later, young Fitzgerald brought a staid old judge to introduce to Miss Orton.

"He was my guardian, and is still my judge, you know," he explained. "I have been telling him of our discovery. We shall come to see your mother to-morrow. It may be a perplexing business, but it must be settled satisfactorily somehow. That is certainly a charming costume, Miss Florence; you are positively dazzling in it. Is it rude of me to beg for another waltz while the judge talks to your brother?"

"It does not strike me that way," replied she, gayly. "I am very happy to-night—that ought to help me to be bright as well as the costume."

"You must dislike to cast a look upon mine," he said, ruefully.

"On the contrary, I think it both handsome and becoming."

"Ah, Miss Florence, the judge and I have talked ourselves into a perfect snarl. I am half impelled to a bold move. Would you be very angry with me if I spoke out something that has dawned upon me as the most charming method of cutting the Gordian knot?"

"Not if you meant kindly, surely."

"If it were not for this odious dress," he murmured.

"But the poor dress is not to blame. The wicked wearer was the enemy, and he has moldered away into dust. Believe me, I am too happy to-night to hold even an angry thought of him."

"Then, Miss Florence, might we not halve the property? I suppose justly my claim would count for half, since my father doubled it. Might not your mother and Ross take one half, and the other be left for you and—me?"

He could see only the tip of a rosy ear; a confused, undistinguishable murmur was all he could hear.

"I know it is very sudden—but the circumstances are peculiar, and I should not be more certain if I had known you a dozen years, if only you will try to—to—don't think me ridiculous—but——"

A little silvery ripple of laughter stole over the snowy handkerchief that was held closely to her lips.

"It *is* a little ridiculous—and I'm thinking about the dress again. I said I ought to have a proposal, but——"

"This is one, certainly; but the poor costume has been refused before. After all, I pity the costume, Miss Florence; it wasn't to blame for his shabby behavior."

"If it was, the present wearer has more than atoned," she said, eagerly, and then stopped abruptly, and was rosier than ever.

"You mean——"

"I don't know what I mean. But I don't wish to be unkind."

"And you will let me propose this happy solution to-morrow to your mother? Just think, then, all this wrong-doing will be of no account to those who are left. What is past is past, and cannot be undone. Besides, it was none of our doing. But, besides making me the happiest of men, this will settle everything so beautifully—if only you can——"

There was no chance for anything more, for Mrs. Yerrington came sweeping up.

"My dear young people, have the old costumes wrought any spell? You certainly look bewitched."

"A very potent one, my dear Mrs. Yerrington," returned the young man, eagerly. "Heaven bless you for ever for giving us this old-costume ball. I have discovered for the first time what a usurper of others' rights I have unconsciously been. Moreover, I have——"

"Discovered the rights themselves," echoed Florence. "Believe me, it is a silken peace I have made with mine enemy, Mrs. Yerrington."

"Drawn through a—ring?" she retorted, archly, expecting a merry repartee.

Instead, two meekly conscious faces confronted her. Then hers changed to earnestness.

"Give me credit for good wishes. It would be the most delightful consummation possible. I know you both, and can pronounce you worthy of each other. But it is the swiftest result one could ever dream of seeing. Truly, I think there is some enchantment abroad to-night."

"It is her grandmother's brocade," laughed Fitzgerald. "Heaven bless it, and keep it another hundred years."

BEAR-HUNTING.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE HIGH KNOB BEAR REGION.

THE region thus designated is among the mountains of Northeastern Pennsylvania, and although but little more than half a day's ride from New York, is almost as much of a wilderness as it was when, a century ago, the red man and the wild beast contested titles to its forests, jungles, and mountain fastnesses.

The Erie Railway touches the borders of the section, and sets the visitor down at a picturesque station twelve miles from the heart of the wild domain. From thence a wagon-road leads up into the mountains—a road whose physical structure is such that when we were on the way out the artist was led to remark that if the observant poet who, once upon a time, had sung of Jordan's being a hard road to travel, had ever struck this corner of the footstool his muse would have waked to living song in an entirely different strain. We found a guide, philosopher and friend in the genial host of the large, but cozy, hotel at the station, and he drove us to the hills, and plied his whip lustily, despite the steep "pitches," deep ruts and branches of trees that projected over the road, threatening to impale us at every turn, or slapped our faces and emptied their burdens of snow into our laps.

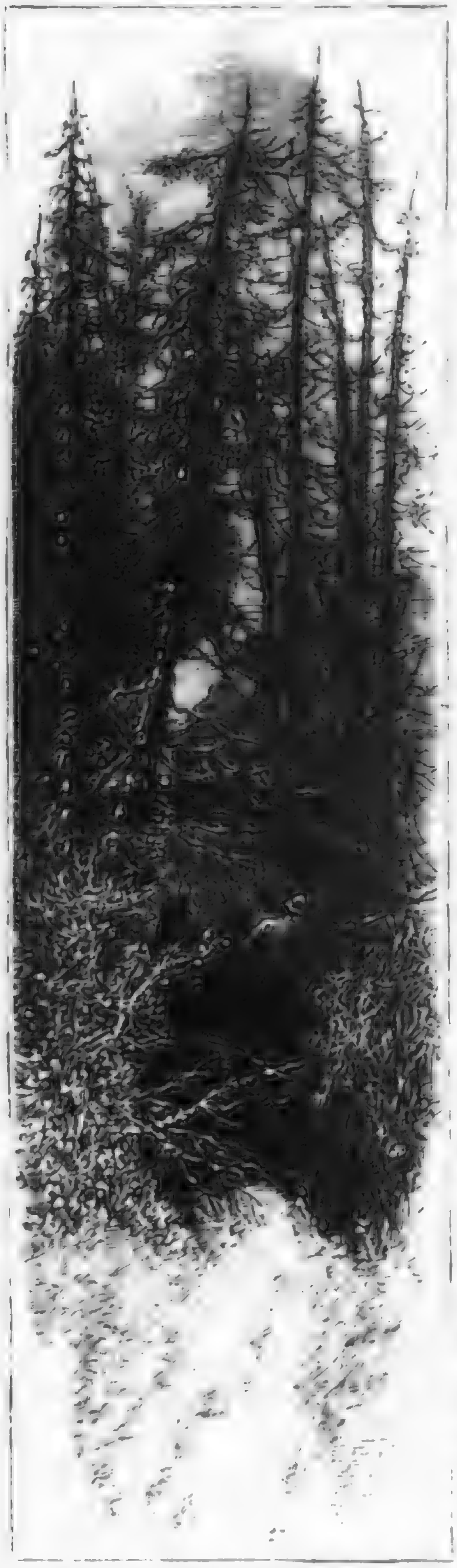
Of all our experiences among the hunters of this region, the most exciting was the trapping for and final thrilling capture of a huge bear that had long defied the skill of Quick, the most famous of all the trappers—one who had lived in the woods for over fifty years, and boasts of killing his hundreds of bear. A group of well-known hunters was collected in the barroom of the backwoods tavern, which had stood in the shadow of the great High Knob Mountain and sheltered sportsmen for time out of mind, and the contumacy of this "cute" bear was under discussion. The hunters had been listening to the story of one of their number, who, with a companion, had tracked a bear ten miles that day, and had finally brought it down. The carcass of the animal was stretched on the barroom floor, and after all interest in it and the story of its capture had ceased, the backwoodsmen took up the subject of the bear that was giving Quick so much trouble.

"There don't seem to be no use o' tryin' to git that ole varmint," said Quick, a tall, straight, gaunt, but wiry man of sixty, clad in well-worn corduroy, with a round hunting-cap resting above his small, half-shut eyes. His nose was sharp and straight, and of a hue that envious woodsmen declared was due to the fact that a certain strict statute, familiar to the State of Maine was unknown in the country. "F'r three mornin's I've foun' the bait all eat off 'n my traps, an' this mornin' I foller'd th' b'ar clean to the top o' th' Knob, but never got a chance to p'int my gun. I'm tellin' y', boys, su'thin's got t' be did, 'r th' first thing *we* know th' black cuss 'll be a-trappin' f'r us, he will. He's a big un, an' a smart un, he is, but I'll fix a trap 't 'll git him t'night, 'r I'll quit these woods an' go over in Jersey an' starve, I will. W-a-a-l, y-a-a-s!"

"That b'ar 's sassy's th' one 't father tells 'bout 't played it on to Jake Benson down nigh Hemlock Swamp, in Rocky Hill country, a good w'le ago," said a pale-faced, wild-eyed young hunter, called Jonas, who belongs to a family of bear-slayers. "Jake h'd trapped f'r the b'ar a week, an' he couldn't ketch 't—no more 'n a hen k'd ketch a weasel. One day he made up his mind 't h'd fasten a gun t' th' trap some way, so 's 't 'd go off when th' trap were teched, and sock a ball some'r in th' b'ar. My dad says he hopes he'll faint on a run'way when he sees the buck a-comin' if that ole b'ar didn't come a tearin' out 'n the swamp jes' 's Jake were a fixin' th' gun t' th' trap, an' makes Jacob shin up a little chestnut saplin' 't were nigh. Night were comin' on, and cold were no name f'r 't. Th' b'ar kep' Benson in that tree 'bout three hours, 'n every little w'ile he'd shake the saplin' so 's Jake had t' dig his toe-nails in t' keep from fallin' out. Th' b'ar eat up all th' bait 't Jake 'd fetched out, an' at las' went off inter th' swamps jes' in time f'r Benson t' get down 'n save hisself from freezin'. I s'pose he were th' maddest b'ar trapper 't ever loafed 'roun' Rocky Hill, 'n nex' day he took five dogs 'n' started out arter that b'ar. He foller'd him clean back o' th' Pocono, more 'n forty miles, and got up to him jes' in time t' see a couple o' bushw'ackers from th' Lehigh a-peelin' off his hide. They wouldn't give Jake a smell o' th' carcass, an' he came home a durn sight madder 'n he were w'n he went out. So, Quick, 'f y'r goin' t' try 'n come 't over your b'ar any ways like Jake did over his'n, mebbe y' hadn't better."

Quick did not join in the laugh that greeted Jonas's application of his father's story.

"W-a-a-l, y-a-a-s, Jonas," he drawled, "mebbe I'd better not, 'n then ag'in mebbe I'd better. Jake Benson 'n me ain't sim'ler, we ain't, neither be we i-dentick'l'. Him a-comin' 't over a b'ar, 'n me a-comin' 't over a b'ar, ain't six o' one 'n half a dozent o' t'other,'tain't. W'en I go out to come 't over a b'ar, I come 't over him, I do; 'n 'f any darned hunters wants t' git that b'ar 'way from me, they mus' lick me'n my dogs, they mus'. An' they won't find me a b'ar a-foolin' with 'em. An' they know 't they do, don't they? W-a-a-l, y-a-a-s!"



BEAR-HUNTING.—THE DRIVE FROM THE STATION UP THE MOUNTAIN.

If there had been any possibility for a little unpleasantness between the two hunters it was quickly forgotten in the more important business of responding to an inquiry as to what the party "would have," and the subsequent having of it. After which the artist put a conundrum that set another discussion going.

"See here, Jonas," said he; "suppose that bear had shaken Jake Benson out of the tree, would he have eaten him?"

"W-a-a-l, I d' no," said Jonas, cautiously. "He'd 'a clawed him up all he know'd how, certain. They's consid'able differ'nce of opinion 'bout b'ars eatin' human men."

"A b'ar won't eat a man no more 'n I will," put in a burly hunter, who sat off in one corner of the room.

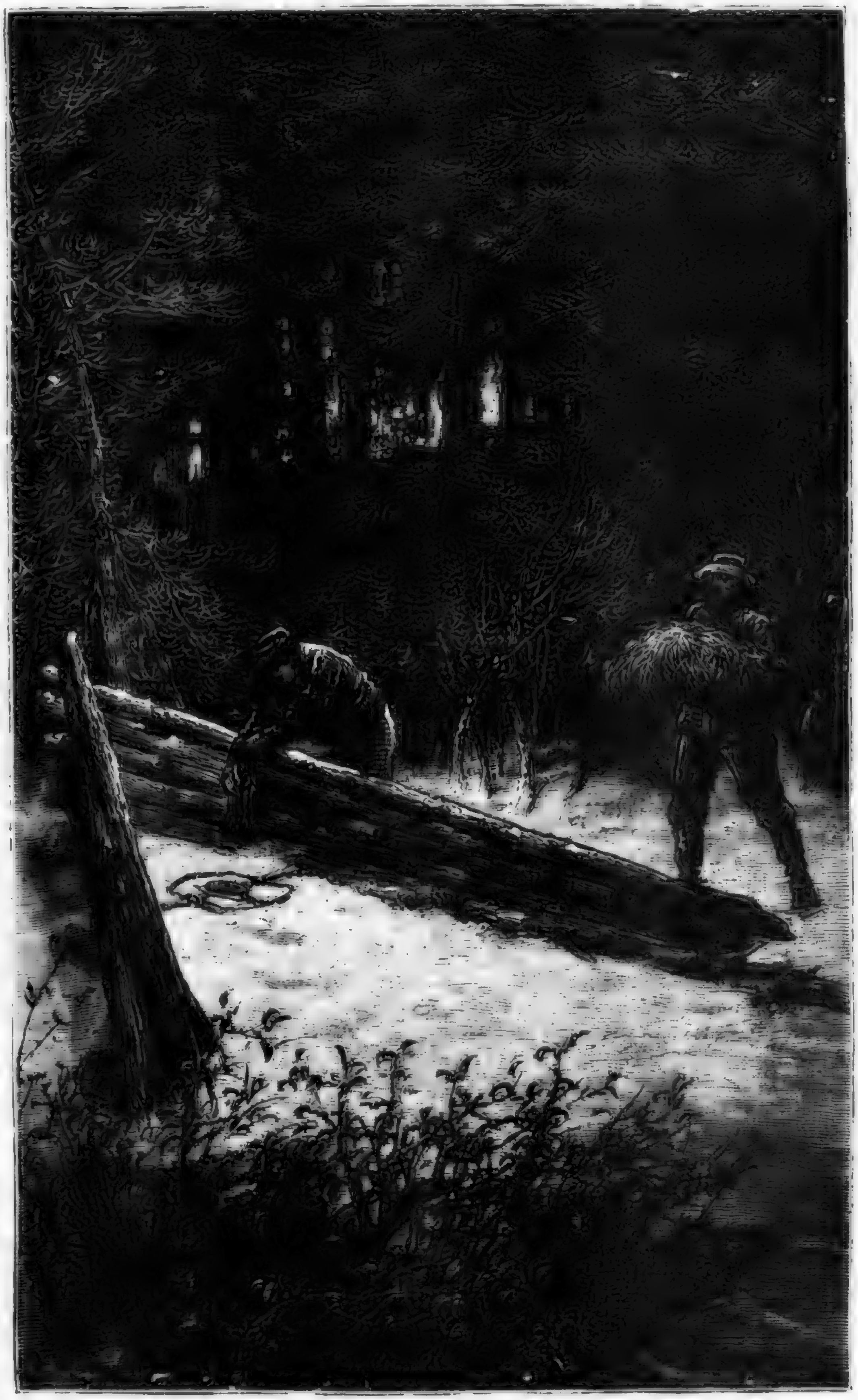
"They won't, hay?" a gray-headed hunter shouted, in a squeaky voice. "Wall, I know they will, now. Did any o' you fellows ever know Sam Mack, which usety hunt an trap on the headwaters o' the Big Bushkill? You as did know him knows likewise th't he turned up missin' one Winter, an' some folks said as how he'd runned away with some money th't b'longed to a pard o' his'n. Twa'n't so. A b'ar got outside o' Sam, jest as true as I'm h'yer. I tell you how I knows it. Sam usety wear a buckskin suit, th't had two big brass buttons on it, nigh the throat—round, flat ones, as big as half a dollar. The Winter th't he quit camp I were huntin' down nigh where he usety lay. 'Twa'n't but three or four days a'ter he were missed. One day I had a tussle with a big she b'ar close to where Sam's camp were, an' I tumbled her bad. When I were cleanin' th't b'ar I seed sump'n bright layin' in her abdomyen, an' I hope to split if 'twa'n't them two brass buttons th't Sam weared in his shirt. The b'ar' d been hungry, ye see, an' tackl'd Sam when he were 'sleep, an' got the bes' of him 'fore he k'd git his bearin's, an' gobbled him, rags, buttons an' all. Th' buttons wouldn't digest, an' there they was."

BEAR-HUNTING.—CARRYING DEAD GAME TO THE CABIN IN THE WOODS.

And so for an hour or two these hunters recounted the adventures of themselves and others in the woods with bears, deer, catamounts, etc., pausing only long enough to respond to invitations to sample the contents of the backwoods bar—invitations so frequent that if the Governors of the two Carolinas had been there, neither of them would have had occasion to complain to the other of the unusual lapse of time between refreshments. From behind the bar the landlord, himself a hunter, added his experiences among the swamps and on the "barrens." When the hunters had dropped out one by one to go their several ways, the artist expressed his decided belief that there had been more bear and the like killed and wounded in that barroom, in an hour or two, than had ever peopled the region from the beginning.

Three-quarters of a mile from the tavern, at the foot of a lofty hemlock-covered mountain, from which a sombre shadow was already creeping over the surroundings, deepening the solitude, is Quick's cabin. We there met him for the purpose of accompanying him to where he was to set his traps. In a bare room, which was evidently the trapper's parlor, kitchen and dining-room combined, we found him standing over a huge cooking-stove, stirring a "pork-stew" in an iron kettle. A chair or two, a table and a bench, made up the furniture of the room, and firewood was scattered about the floor. Guns and hunting accoutrements occupied prominent positions. On the bench, in front of the stove, was the young hunter, Jonas, who had joined the veteran trapper.

"Thought I'd take a bite o' su'thin' 'fore I started," said Quick. "Y' didn't think t' put a drop o' snake pizen from th' tavern in y'r pocket, y' didn't, did y'?"



BEAR-HUNTING.—THE HUNTERS SETTING THEIR TRAPS.

Fortunately that important part of a bear-hunter's outfit had not been forgotten. The hunters tested it, and shortly afterward we were on the way.

The tramp of six miles was through long stretches of woods; up and down high ridges, thick with "scrub-oak"; now and then across the corner of a tangled thicket of laurel, with bottom of treacherous bog and quagmire; and along the very base of rocky ledges. At every turn the hunters pointed out a locality or landmark that reminded them of adventures past. To our right, most of the way out, a great dome of hill loomed up against the sky, like a barrier to all communication with the country beyond. This was the High Knob, the highest elevation in Northeastern Pennsylvania. On the southern base of this great hill the hunters stopped, and announced that there the trap was to be set. It was at the outskirts of one of those expansive jungles of hemlock and laurel for which the region is noted.

With their hunting-axes the hunters proceeded to fell a number of saplings. These were trimmed closely of branches and cut in lengths of about ten feet. By laying these "sticks" one upon another at one end, and leaving the outer end six feet or so apart, a triangular "pen" was

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formed, about three feet high, resembling a section of rail-fence. Then a larger tree—eight inches in diameter—was cut down; its branches were lopped off to within a few inches of the trunk. From a hollow tree the old hunter brought forth a heavy steel trap, with a strong chain, six feet in length, attached to it. One end of this chain was fastened to the small end of the tree last felled, which was laid flat on the ground at the entrance of the pen. The trap was placed in the inclosure, near the closed end. To press down the stiff spring which held the ponderous jaws of the trap together, so that they could be laid open and secured in that position by the "catch," required all the strength of the trapper. When set, the jaws of the trap lay flat on the ground, one on one side and one on the other, between them being the paw, a touch upon which is sufficient to disturb the spring and send the jaws together like a vise. These preparations required an hour or more; then Quick took the large piece of meat he had carried to be used for bait, and said:

"I've bin trappin' round here f'r this ole b'ar with a unkiver'd trap till I'm gettin' mad, I be. He's a smart critter, but I'll try him with a trap he can't see, 'n let him take th' chances on 't. 'F he gits 'way with this trap 'n that log, then I'll quit, I will."

Jonas had collected from some place near by an armful of dead leaves and moss. These were covered carefully over the trap, and the meat was placed on the snow just beyond it, so that if any animal entered the inclosure it would be obliged to step in the trap before it could reach the meat. This done, all was declared in readiness, and we returned to the tavern to await the issue of the last effort to "claw the b'ar."

By sunrise next morning we were on our way with the old trapper to the "kivered trap." When we neared the spot where it was set, Quick's experienced eye saw that something had been going on about it.

"Ketched, b' Jove!" he exclaimed, and hurried on to the trap.

We could see nothing that indicated that the bear was caught; and when we came up and noticed that trap, log, chain and all were missing, the artist said:

"*I* should say that the bear had walked away with your whole business."

"W-a-a-l, y-a-a-s," said our companion. "But he ain't walked fur, he ain't. We'll fin' him fas' down here a piece, an' I'll tumble him. H'lo, Jonas! he's ketch'd, the foxy critter is!"

"Bully for the foxy critter!" shouted Jonas, who had come over to see the result.

The snow was tramped down about the pen, and a broad trail led off down toward the swamp. Blood was freely mingled with the snow along the trail. We followed it for a quarter of a mile, and instead of entering the swamp it skirted the edge of it. A hundred yards further on Quick stopped and exclaimed:

"Is thar anybody here 't 'il put a ball through me? That b'ar's busted the chain, 'n walked off with my trap, 's sartin 's lead, he has!"

True enough, there lay the jagged tree-trunk, with three feet of the chain still attached to it. The log was held by one of the projections fast to the curled root of a laurel. An examination revealed the fact that there had been a fracture in one of the links of the chain, which had parted at the strain upon it when the log was caught in the root. The bear had escaped, bearing on one fore-paw the heavy iron trap.

"I'll foller that b'ar, I will, 'f he takes me clean t' Texas!" and Quick started off with rapid strides in the direction the bear had gone.

It had followed the swamp but a short distance, and then struck off into the woods, gradually working toward the Knob, and then led up the mountain by a zigzag course. When the bear reached the summit of the Knob it had taken an eastward direction, and emerged in sight of the low country, crossing our trail of the night before. Then it took a course to the left, and half a mile further on entered the swamp.

We followed the hunters into the jungle. With their experience in their favor, they made good progress through the tangled depths. We floundered and fought our way behind them. Suddenly, when we had penetrated the swamp a long distance, a sound resembling a snort, an angry growl and a subdued roar combined, broke on our ears from somewhere not far ahead. Immediately the voice of the old trapper was heard, raised to its loudest pitch.

"Ketched at last, you cunnin' cuss!"

Peering through the laurels, we saw an open space in the swamp, not more than fifty feet in advance of us. A larger growth of timber surrounded it than characterized the general configuration of the swamp. The space was thirty or forty feet wide, and about the same in length. On the further edge of it an immense bear stood erect on his haunches in the snow. Both massive paws were raised aloft, and on one the heavy trap was fastened by its vise-like grip. It looked like a weapon held in readiness to be hurled at an advancing foe. The bear's great jaws were wide open, and from their flaming depths masses of foam fell in large flecks upon the beast's shaggy breast. His eyes glared fiercely, and every motion warned his pursuers that he was wrought to the very height of fury. Quick and Jonas stood on the side nearest us, like gladiators ready for the fray. The situation did not remain long unchanged. The old hunter's rifle came mechanically to his shoulder. For an instant the polished barrel flashed back the rays of the sun. Then a sharp report rang out upon the Winter air, and leaped from hill to hill. The bear dropped with a dull thud to the ground.

"Plum through the beater!" exclaimed Quick, as he sprang into the opening, knife in hand, to cut the throat of the prostrate bear. As he stooped down, the tenacious brute sprang to his feet, and rushed upon the hunter. Instantly both men were upon the bear. We crouched spellbound where we had stopped. Knives glittered in the sunlight. We saw the bear, with the blood streaming from the quickly inflicted wounds and dyeing his black coat with crimson streaks, rise up three times against his foes, and rush upon them in a savage frenzy that it seemed must carry them down before it. Once he hurled Jonas to the snow, and we held our breath as his enormous paw was raised to deal the blow that nothing could have withstood; but the ax of the other hunter fell with irresistible force on the mad brute's skull, and the bear tottered and went down beneath it.

Jonas was on his feet in a second, and both his and Quick's long-bladed hunting-knives were buried almost simultaneously in the animal's heart. The men stepped aside. The bear once more arose upright, made two faltering steps toward them, struggled for a moment to maintain his poise, and then fell heavily to the ground, and was dead.

"Y'orter comed in an' had a piece o' this," said the old trapper, wiping his face, as we crept out into the opening. The clothing of both men was riddled and torn, and blood flowed from various wounds in their flesh. "'F I'd 'a' put th' ball half a inch lower, Jonas, I'd a sp'ilt all the fun. Gi' me a h'ist o' that apple-juice." And Quick sat down on the carcass of the bear, and took a long pull at the flask.

"'Twere a good rassel w'ile 't lasted," said Jonas. "That's the last trap he'll ever steal."

The bear was the largest one that had been killed in the region in many a year. Its size did not prevent the hunters suspending it by its feet from a strong pole, however, and "toting" it into the tavern. The success of the trapper in capturing the bear that had defied him so long was celebrated late into the night, and under the influence of the rather ardent backwoods tipple, many a fight with bears and catamounts and wounded deer was fought over again.

This was our last day in the woods, and the next evening we dined in New York on steaks cut from the bear that was "ketched 't last," and told the story of its capture to a group of wondering friends.

OSMAN PASHA, OF PLEVNA.

By Oscanyan.

Perhaps no one has achieved in modern times such a renown for himself, or taken the whole civilized world by surprise, as has Osman Pasha, of Plevna fame.

His military career has been designated as something wonderful, and his deeds of valor have been extolled to the skies by correspondents and the journals of the day. Indeed, his acts were of such a marvelous nature as to create the suspicion that their author could not be an Oriental, and at one time was reported to be no less a personage than an ex-Confederate officer in the Turkish service.

Even those against whom he was fighting acknowledged him to be a hero of extraordinary ability; and General Skobeloff himself admitted that Osman Pasha, whom he had vanquished, was the greatest general living, though such an enthusiastic admiration might be likened to the bragging of the youth who declared that his daddy could lick the whole creation, and he himself could lick his daddy!

We are also told that the Emperor himself evinced unbounded admiration for Osman Pasha. After his surrender, His Majesty sent his own carriage to convey him to his presence, for he was wounded; when they met, His Majesty shook hands with him cordially, and informed him that, in consideration of his admirable defense and brave conduct at Plevna, he had ordered his sword to be returned to him, with the right to wear the same.

His Majesty's staff and general officers hurrahed and lionized him, and we dare say, had Osman lived in Homeric times, he would ere this have undoubtedly been apotheosized.

Whether these extraordinary attentions and adulations are merited, or only the spontaneous effusions of a momentary enthusiasm, a brief sketch of the hero must, nevertheless, be a matter of general interest.

Osman Pasha, Ghazzy, the most distinguished for ability and efficiency of the Turkish generals, the most invincible defender of Plevna, is not an American, nor even a European, as has been at one time reported, but a thoroughbred Turk, the son of a backwoodsman, if you please, being born at Amassia, a country town in Asia Minor.

Amassia is situated on the river Iris, now called Yeshil-Yrmak, some fifty miles south of Samsoun, on the Black Sea. It is renowned for having been the birthplace of Mithridates the Great, and Strabo the geographer. Its classic reputation has been revived in modern times for having, in 1832, again given birth to a fresh hero.

If my memory serves me right, I think it was in the Summer of '49 that Réouf Bey, the son of Rifaat Pasha, the late President of the Council of State, and the writer had returned from the Porte to the house on the Bosphorus. We there found, as usual, quite a number of visitors awaiting the Bey's arrival.

It is a custom in Turkey, sanctioned by usage, that persons desiring to have a private interview with a functionary to repair to his private residence. Accordingly, more business is transacted at home than at the Porte.

Among the guests who had assembled in the sitting-room of Réouf Bey there was an elderly personage, quite patriarchal in appearance, habited in long robes—no longer in vogue—and displaying a flowing beard indicative of bygone days. He proved to be the father of our hero, Osman Bey. He said:

"My son," pointing to a spruce-looking and quite an intelligent youth of about seventeen or eighteen years old, "having finished his studies at the *Mekteb-Idadiyeh* (Normal School), is now desirous of entering the Military School in Pera. But as it requires distinguished influence to secure the admission of a candidate, I came here all the way from Amassia to solicit favor of Pasha Effendi, your father, and, I trust, the son will not withhold a kind word in behalf of the young man."

Of course, he was assured that his wishes, which were laudable in purpose, would be gratified, etc.; and after the exchange of the usual civilities, Réouf Bey and most of the company repaired to the sideboard.

The sideboard is quite an institution in Constantinople. They labor under the impression that the use of spirituous liquors serves to create an appetite. Accordingly, they resort to them some time before dinner. It is customary, therefore, to place the necessary *racky*, or Turkish brandy, on the side-table, ready for use, with various small plates of condiments, or what the Germans term *delicatessen*, of which the company partake.

Some indulge in this hygienic luxury with logical purpose, arguing that, if one glass of *racky* is capable of creating an appetite, two or three will surely be more efficacious; and others carry this argumentation to such an extent that, by the time the dinner is served, they are no longer in a condition to appreciate its benefits.

Our friend from Amassia seeing the joviality of his surroundings, and apprehensive lest his abstinence should be misconstrued into austerity, volunteered to join the crowd. So, approaching the table, he affably inquired into the nature of the beverage they were indulging in. One of the company facetiously remarked that it was an item of civilization of which rural gentlemen knew nothing. This innuendo piqued the pride of our guest, and thereupon he promptly retorted by saying:

"You are mistaken, my friend. We country fellows are as prone to civilization as any of you gentlemen. I will convince you of it instantly:

So saying, he seized a goblet, and filling it half full with racky, as white as water, was about to drink it, when his interlocutor interrupted him by saying:

"You had better be careful, my friend, what you are about, for though the liquid has an innocent appearance, yet it is capable of producing such mischief as you never dreamed of; and on rural gentlemen it is specially effective. So I advise you to dilute it with water."

This bravado sealed the old gentleman's fate at once, for, without stopping even to reply, he carried the goblet to his mouth with an air of defiance, and gulped its contents entire, much to the surprise and amazement of all.

In an instant, however, the predicted effect was realized; for we saw the participant instantly clasp his left hand to his mouth, while his right hand, in which was the empty goblet, was extended in search of something, which we

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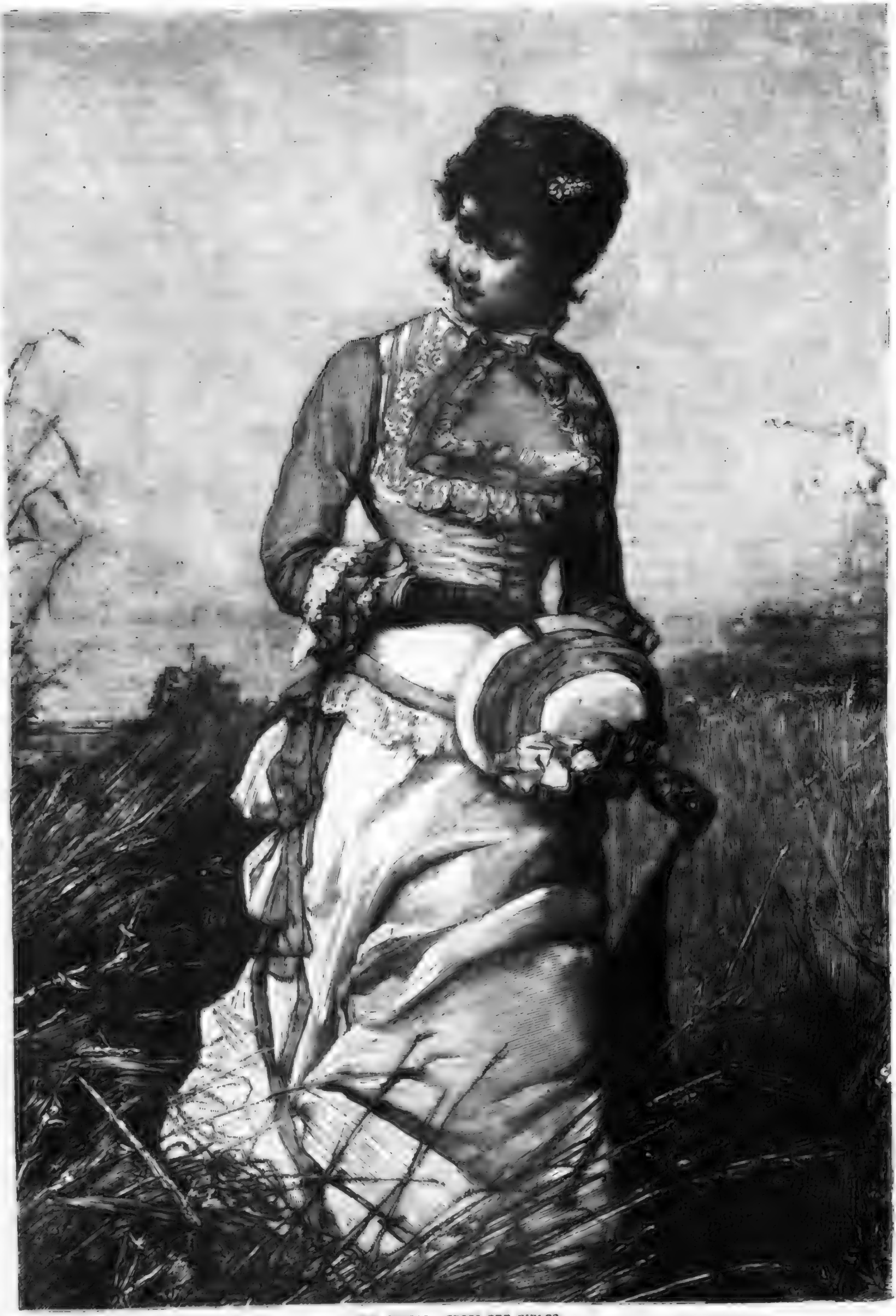

THE STROLL ACROSS THE FIELDS.

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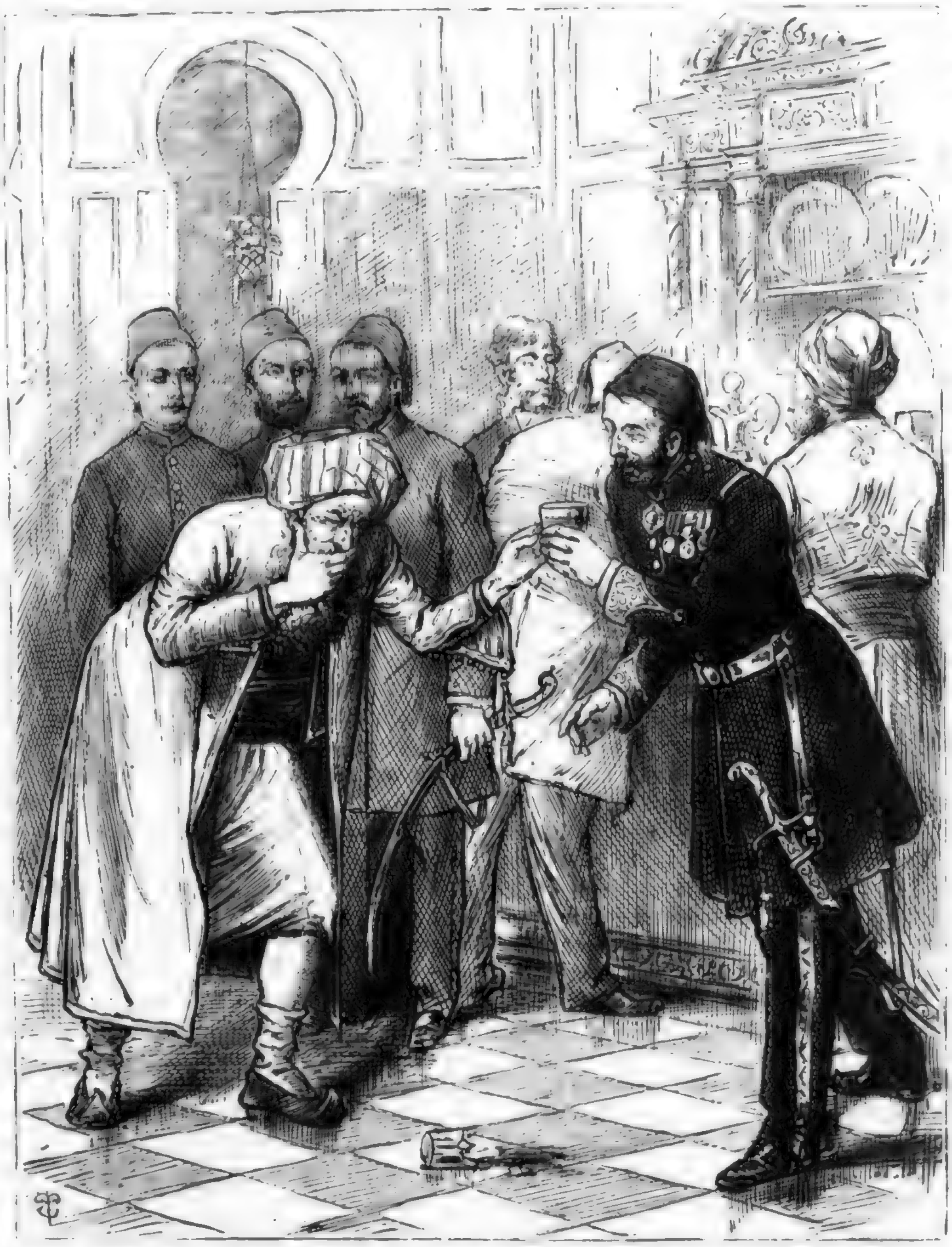
guessed to be water, while his eyes were closed and streaming with tears.

The water was at once served, and when his agonies were somewhat allayed, our facetious friend began to chaff him by remarking:

"You country fellows are not apt to get civilized so easily as you imagine."

The old gentleman, after due deliberation, while yet his eyes were glistening with moisture, sobbed out:

"Gentlemen, do you drink this stuff of your own free will, or are you obliged to undergo this torture as a prescribed item of civilization? If the latter, I am compelled to give in, and avow that I shall never be able to become civilized."


OSMAN PASHA, OF PLEVNA.—"HIS LEFT HAND, IN WHICH WAS THE EMPTY GOBLET, WAS EXTENDED IN SEARCH OF SOMETHING, WHICH WE GUESSED TO BE WATER."

In the course of the evening Osman Bey's father was ushered into the presence of His Excellency Rifaat Pasha, and the necessary recommendations were obtained for the young applicant's admission to the *Mektebi-Harbiyeh*, or military school, where our hero pursued his studies assiduously, and graduated honorably in 1853, with the rank of lieutenant.

During that year, the Crimean war having commenced, Osman Bey took the field, and served with such zeal and ability as to procure him the rank of *youz-bashi*, or captain.

At the termination of that war, he got transferred into the *Askeri-Hassa*, or Sultan's body-guard—a corps enjoying a high reputation like the Gardes Imperiales of Russia, or the Guards of England, or the gallant Seventh of New York. It consists of 12,000 picked men, well drilled and well disciplined, having at that time Youssouf Izztdin Effendi, the oldest son of the late Sultan, at their head. They are generally kept in the metropolis to guard the Sultan, and are always those that are brought out to parade before distinguished strangers, as was the case during General Sherman's visit to Constantinople, to produce a favorable impression of the Turkish army.

Our hero soon ingratiated himself with His Royal Highness, the commander, and got promoted to the rank of *Bin-Bashi*, or commander of a battalion. In 1868 he was sent to Crete to suppress the insurrection, whence he returned to the metropolis with the rank of *Mir-Alai*, or colonel, as a reward for gallant conduct. He was then placed on the staff of the Fifth Army Corps, with the rank of *Liva*, or brigadier-general, which gave him the title of Pasha; and during the Servian war he was promoted to the rank of *Ferik*, or major-general.

His military knowledge, coupled with varied experience in former campaigns, as well as his marked ability in the field, having brought him into prominence, he was raised to the rank of *Mushir* or field-marshal, and sent, at the commencement of the late war, to Widin to replace Seri Pasha.

But what gave Osman Pasha a world-wide reputation is his creation and noble defense of a place known as Plevna, for which he was dubbed Ghazzy, or victorious—an honor equivalent to that of the "Garter" of England. Plevna, situated near the River Vid, in Bulgaria, and about twenty miles directly south of Nicopolis, was a place of no consequence before the war. It became prominent in the hands of this extraordinary Turkish warrior. The news of the contemplated passage of the Russians across the Danube from Sistova to Nicopolis having reached the ears of Osman Pasha, he hastened to prevent it. Accordingly, he started from Widin with twenty thousand men, but when he got near Nicopolis, finding that the passage had already been accomplished, he next turned his attention to protect the road to Sophia, which place is one of the strategetic points leading to Roumelia, south of the Balkans.

His military genius at once inspired him with the idea of the advantageous position of Plevna. Situated as it was at the crossing of the two main thoroughfares, one from Shumla to Widin, the other from Nicopolis to Sophia, he at once availed himself of an advantage which the enemy had neglected to secure, either because they had not realized the position, or remained passive, satisfied with what was already accomplished.

Osman Pasha began without loss of time to fortify the place in a manner that defied the attacks of the combined forces of Russia and Roumania for five months, and finally when he surrendered it was through privation, *force-majeure* and casualty, for he got wounded, and not through lack of energy or military skill.

Osman Pasha is of a medium height, and rather strongly built. His features are regular, and adorned with a full beard and mustache, trimmed close, according to the present fashion. His brilliant black eyes sparkle with intelligence, and his countenance has a calm and self-confident expression. His general disposition is kind and affable, a trait doubtless inherited from the father.

He is most assiduous in his avocation, attending to everything himself personally, and never trusting anybody for the execution of the minutest details, not even Tefik Bey himself, his chief of staff. During the last engagement he was in the heat of the battle, and did not leave the field, but was carried away helpless by his men, who adored him.

THE SECRET CIPHER.

A Detective Story.

"*Oziib :—Nvvg nv hzgfiwzb mrtsg zg 127 Uriv hgivvg. Mvw.*"

There it was, in italics, half way down the "personal" column of the *Herald*, conspicuous only for its singular and most aggravating combination of letters and figures, the sole clew to the whereabouts of the game I had been after for over a week, scarcely resting, eating, or sleeping in my anxiety to secure the reward offered in a heavy burglary case—and something else.

That "something else." Ah! my heart sank within me as I flung aside the enigmatical puzzle before me, and, leaning back in my chair, gave myself up to the gloomy reveries of the past. Edna Dayton—how I loved her! How fair and beautiful as a Summer's idyl had been the week in which I had met her, had loved her, and had been told that my affection was returned! How well I remember the bitter parting—a hopeless one, it seemed to me—when I learned my fate from her father's lips, and passed down the brown-stone steps of the Dayton mansion, wondering if the inclination of moneyed men toward stone residences was not caused by the existence of a similar hard material in that part of the human anatomy known as the heart.

I was a poor man, he said, and the profession of a detective was a precarious one. His daughter loved me—he could not deny that—but she was his only child, and her wealth and position demanded a match with some social equal. He would not break her heart by absolutely refusing to sanction our engagement; but if within a year I should secure a fortune of twenty-five thousand dollars and a lucrative business, and Edna was still of the same mind—well, he would consider it.

Twenty-five thousand dollars! I grew sick at heart at the thought of the conditions imposed upon which I was to purchase my future happiness. Friendless, the recipient of a meagre salary, and utterly unknown, where was I ever to raise this amount, and what business capacity had I, the son of parents who had given me every luxury, and neglected a practical education, until a crash came that left us homeless and in penury?

Day and night for over a month I brooded over my sorrows, and then one day I was aroused into renewed life by the reception of a formal but courteous note from Mr. Dayton, requesting my immediate presence at the mansion.

My feet seemed winged as I hastened to the house of my beloved Edna. What did it mean? Had he relented? Was Edna sick, or did business await me at the pleasure of my hard-hearted censor? I was ushered into the library, where I found the old gentleman in an intense state of excitement pacing the floor, the window broken in, papers and boxes scattered about the apartment, and a safe in the corner broken open.

I stared at him in amazement.

"You seem agitated, Mr. Dayton," I ventured to suggest.

"Agitated!—agitated, sir! I am wild! Late last night or early this morning burglars entered this apartment by means of yonder window, and broke open the safe. When I came down this morning I found affairs as they now are, and nearly one hundred thousand dollars in money, bonds and jewels gone!"

I stared mutely. The immensity of the robbery petrified me.

"You have informed the police?" I asked, when I could find my voice.

"No!" he thundered, coming to a full stop. "I have no confidence in a police force which fails to protect a house from such an audacious burglary and expects one half the booty for its return. Here is the room, and yonder is a list of the stolen property. I believe you are honest, and I leave the entire affair in your hands. Call upon me for whatever money you require in an attempt to recover the property or to detect the thieves. If you succeed within a month I will give you thirty thousand dollars. If you fail I will pay your expenses for the month, and place the case in other hands. Are you satisfied?"

I gasped spasmodically. Thirty thousand dollars! A fortune—more than the price of my happiness! And then the pride of my profession came to my aid, and I told him that I should succeed!

I examined the apartment. The burglary had been effected very simply, apparently. Edward, the footman, a tall, lank specimen of humanity, had heard a noise in the night in the library, but had paid no attention to it, as Mr. Dayton was in the habit of writing very late, and he thought it was his employer.

What puzzled me most was the means of entrance and egress adopted by the burglar, or burglars. The library was fully fifteen feet from the ground, had a bay window, and, except the broken glass, there was not the slightest sign to show how the window had been gained. A ladder would have done it, but no marks of a ladder, no signs of footsteps exhibited themselves in the damp ground, wet from recent rains.

I was sorely puzzled. I examined the servants one by one, but could find no clew to justify the remotest suspicion of complicity in the affair on their part. The work had evidently been done by scientific burglars, and they had worked at their leisure.

I inquired into the antecedents of Edward, the footman; but Mr. Dayton averred that he would allow no suspicion to rest on so faithful a servant of the family. I resolved to inquire more in regard to him, however; but I found nothing against the man, and temporarily dismissed him from my mind as having any connection with the case.

"You heard no noise on the night of the robbery?" I inquired of Mr. Dayton.

"None. I slept unusually heavy last night."

I went away thoughtfully, for I had found in the library an empty bottle, which, from the scent, I knew to have contained chloroform, and I had noticed the marks of muddy boots leading from the apartment, while around the window none were to be seen. The glass, too, had been broken by a quick blow, not cut out. Altogether it was a most mysterious piece of business.

I watched all drives frequented by the cracksmen of the city, and worked like a beaver. I could not obtain a clew to the perpetrators of the daring burglary, and after three days of unremitting toil, I was considering if it would not be as well to call in professional assistance, when the advertisement in the *Herald*, at the head of this story, attracted my attention. Instinctively I divined some connection with "crooked" business, and, whether it referred to my case or not, I resolved to ascertain its meaning.

I went down to the *Herald* office that morning, and introducing myself, attempted to obtain some description of the person who had handed in the advertisement. The clerk stated that it had been received by mail, in a letter inclosing the amount requisite for its insertion in the paper. Could I see the original copy? He would see; and a message was sent to the composing-room. Luckily, the copy had been preserved. It was written in a disguised hand, on a little scrap of paper. I asked leave to retain it, and, the permission granted me, I returned to my room at once.

I poured over the cipher for a long time, and discouraged at my inability to make out one word of it, was finally about to abandon it, when I chanced to look at the reverse side of the paper. There were figures and words on it, and I read "U. S. Bonds $-0,000," and other memoranda, indicating that it had been a loose wrapper for valuable papers.

Then I knew that the advertisement bore an important relation to the robbery.

And so, until the day upon which the story opens, I was unable to make head or tail of the secret enigma.

So wearied was I that I fell asleep with my head upon my desk, and did not awake until noontime. It is wonderful how a brief repose will clear the mind. I took up the paper with renewed energy, and a bright idea flashed over me.

Simple as it was, I had not thought of it before. *The entire message was written on the system of a substitution of letters, based on the reversal of the alphabet.* Thus, instead of writing *a*, the first letter of the alphabet, *z*, the last one, was substituted; instead of *b*, *y* was used—the alphabet reversed was the key to the solution of the puzzle.

I gave utterance to a shout of joy, for, following out the theory, it read:

"LARRY: Meet me Saturday night at 127 Fire Street. NED."

And "Ned," or Edward was the name of Mr. Dayton's footman. I began "to see a very large mice." But Fire Street—there was no such thoroughfare in the city, and I was "floored" again.

Gradually, however, the thought occurred to me, on the basis of reversal and opposites adopted by the sender of the message, why should not "fire," mean "water," its direct reverse?

I dashed down the stairs, and hailing a cab (for I did not forget that it was Saturday, and that that evening was the appointed time for the meeting of the two burglars, if such they were), I soon had reached Water Street. Vacant! No. 127 was an empty lot!

I paused, disappointed, and dismissed the vehicle, again having recourse to the puzzling enigma. So near the solution, and yet doomed to be balked at the last, and——

A sudden inspiration of renewed energy, and I had forged the last link in the chain of evidence! There had been a reversal in the order of numbers, from 1 to 10, as in the letters of the alphabet, and 127 meant 1094.

I looked at my watch; three o'clock. I went to the nearest local telegraph office, and sent the following dispatch to the chief of police:

"Send to this office three efficient men in citizen's clothes."

I signed my name, lit a cigar, and awaited the arrival of evening and my companion officers.

It was dark when we reached the place for the meeting appointed by the two men. It was a vile groggery kept by a woman, and a resort for the very lowest class of ruffians. I had put on a felt hat and a pair of false whiskers, and I entered the bar-room, having first placed my men in advantageous positions on the outside.

Within half an hour there entered an old woman, vailed, bearing some bulky object under her cloak. She made a sign to the woman behind the bar, and went into the next room. I caught sight of her feet as she passed through the door; they were incased, not in shoes, but in man's boots. I went quietly to the bar, and made a sign to the woman.

"Is Larry in there?" I inquired, in a loud voice, pointing to the other apartment.

She looked at me sharply, and then replied in the affirmative.

"Keep anybody that comes out," I said, significantly. "We're going to divide the swag."

And I opened the door.

There was no one in the first room, but in the second, by a table, on which lay a large tin box, was my game—Larry, the burglar, and a tall, spare form in female attire, with vail thrown back, and terrified face—the footman, Edward.

"You can drop on my little dodge, gentlemen," I said, quietly whipping out a brace of revolvers. "The house is surrounded, and any resistance will only make it worse for you. Larry, open that door."

He unbolted the rear door under the silent, persuasive eloquence of my revolver, and the three officers entered.

Need I tell you the rest? Edward, the footman, had admitted his accomplice into the house, and had chloroformed his employer. He had kept the booty hidden in his room, not daring to go out to communicate with his pal, except as has been seen, for fear he was watched.

The property had not been disturbed; but justice was cheated, for both the men escaped before conviction, and were never heard of again. As for me, I quietly handed five thousand dollars to the department, resigned, engaged in business, and married Edna.

SOME CURIOUS "DECOYS."

In the time of Columbus, the inhabitants of the coast of the island of Cuba employed in the capture of turtle the remora, which attaches itself to the turtle by suction through the interstices of the indented and movable cartilaginous plates which cover the head of the latter, and "would rather," says Columbus, "allow itself to be cut in pieces than loose its hold." The natives, therefore, attached a line formed of palm-trees to the tail of the

XUM

cuttle-fish, and after it had fastened itself to the turtle, drew both out of the water together.

This piscatorial artifice, according to Dampier and Commerson, of employing the sucking-fish to catch other inhabitants of the water was much practiced on the east coast of Africa, at Cape Natal, and on the Mozambique Channel, and also in the Island of Madagascar. In the same manner Fernando Columbus himself affirms he saw a shark caught on the coast of Veragua.

Pliny tells us how the male *mugil*, or gray mullet, was caught, as faunists are in the habit of catching male moths, by using the female as a decoy. The practice was to hook her through the lip and allow a sufficiency of line to communicate with the male fish. After telling her story she was drawn back again, and all the males followed, a shoal of admirers, we are assured, who, pressing close round her person, as a swarm round the queen-bee, were secured without difficulty.

Jacanas, of a genus of birds of the order *Grallæ*, natives of the warm parts of Asia and the Asiatic Islands, Africa and South America, are trained as a guard to poultry, preserving them in the fields from birds of prey, and escorting them home safely at night.

Roger of Wendover states that "a young man taught a hawk specially to hunt teals, and once, at the sound of an instrument called a tabor by those who dwelt on the river's bank, a teal flew suddenly away, but the hawk, baffled of his booty, intercepted a pike swimming in the water, seized him, and carried him apparently forty feet on dry land."

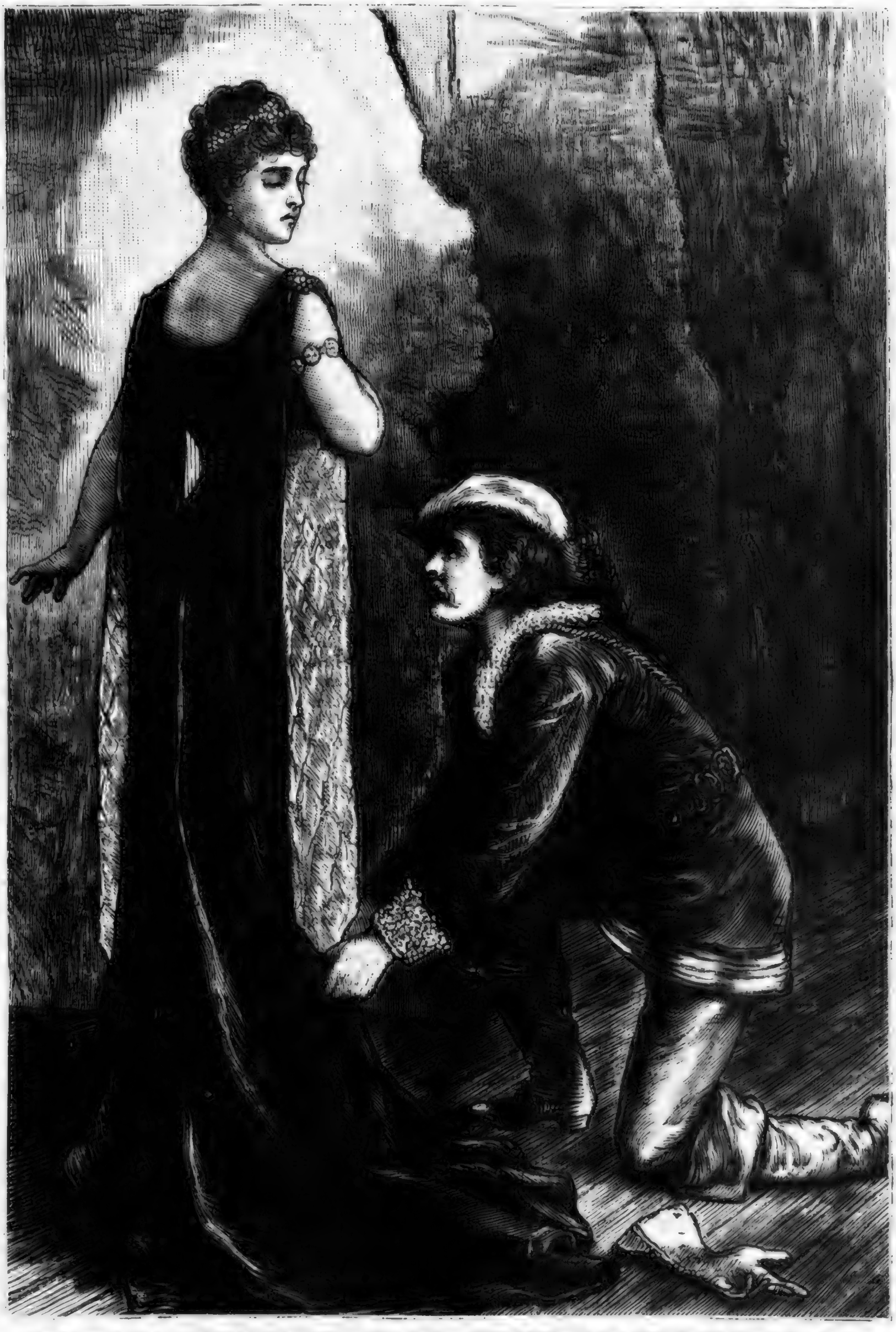
L'AFRICAINE.

Wild turkeys which abound in the region between the Tigris and the Persian hills are often hunted with hawks. The turkey always shows fight, and if the hawk does not mind what it is about, it gets the worst of the encounter, and is killed. Once the turkey gets above the hawk, the fate of the latter is sealed. The mere blow of the turkey's wing is sufficient to dispose of its assailant as effectually as would be the kick of a horse.

PEARS.

Over eighteen hundred years ago Pliny wrote: "All pears whatsoever are but heavy meat unless boiled or baked," and it is probable that the varieties cultivated at that early date could scarcely have been anything but small in size and bitter in taste. But when Pliny recorded this famous opinion he wrote for his time, and the idea is as little worthy of consideration today as the philosopher's real knowledge of the fruit at the present day must have been limited. Pears are regarded at the present time as among the most wholesome and nutritious fruits. Baking or boiling may improve them for weak digestive organs, but eaten raw and freely at all times they are productive of a fine blood and healthy skin. The amount of real nutriment they contain is scarcely equal to that of apples, but the fine and delicate juices are rarely excelled by any other fruit. Pears are now regarded as one of the staple fruit crops, and great attention is being paid to their culture.

Virtue and happiness are mother and child.



WEIR LENOX'S OATH.—"'WEIR!' CALLS A TENDER VOICE IN AN AGONIZED WHISPER, AS THE JEUNE PREMIER KNEELS AT HER FEET AND CATCHES AT THE HEM OF HER GARMENT. 'YES,' SHE ANSWERS, COLDLY AND SOFTLY."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

MOONLIGHT ON THE SEA.

THE ruddy streaks of the rising sun
Have flushed the dull gray sky,
And slowly o'er the blue sea's edge
The sun has mounted high;
And all the broad expanse above
Has shone with a golden blaze,
And each billow's crest is lulled to rest
Beneath the sun's fierce rays.

Passing away with a roseate glow
To his home in the distant west—
Enwrapped as a king in robes of state,
The sun has sunk to rest;
And the sky has been shot with streaks of gold,
And threads of amber light,
And the white sea-foam has found a home
Far up in the clouds of night.

WEIR LENOX'S OATH.

By Marguerite F. Aymar.

A CHARMING day; the air fresh and cool and bracing, breaking the usually placid bosom of the deep blue lake into glad little ripples; the September flowers, gaudy dahlias and yellow marigolds, many-hued portulacas and the radiant begonias, made the green softness of the well-kept lawns all the more vivid, and the tall white urns of heliotropes and geraniums perfumed the place deliciously. A bird twittered from the bough of a beech-tree, and the bees hummed in the sunshine; other than these, not a sound was to be heard, and on the upper balcony of the great hotel a young woman stood leaning over the balustrade, quite motionless.

She was slender, tall, perfectly well-dressed in a traveling-costume of light gray that showed her figure to admirable advantage; a wide, gray straw hat, with a long plume, was tied lightly down on her head with a gray vail, and she held a gray parasol trimmed with rich lace over her shoulder, protecting her from the still ardent rays of the noontide sun. Her face was inexpressive enough—fair, with large dark eyes, colorless save a red and somewhat large mouth, disclosing beautiful white teeth; brown hair that was arranged in a very *chic* manner high on her head, and in tiny rings on her smooth, low brow.

"I am perfectly worn out!" she exclaims, presently. "Lady Hardinge is a ridiculous old idiot, Flora is a fool, Juliet a gossip, the Prince a fraud, and Geisbaden the most abominable of all Continental watering-places!"

Weir Lenox takes a turn up the balcony and surveys the deserted *garten* below with no very admiring eyes.

"To be sure, though, I have brought it all on myself—the stupidity, the deadly *ennui* of being companion to the honorable Misses Hardinge—a great pity that I could not have achieved a taste of fashionable high life without paying such a fearful price for the inestimable privilege! But, after all, we have not been on the Continent two months, and already a *bona fide* prince is—well, I may as well say it (to myself)—*à mes pieds;* not so bad for a—needless to descend to particulars, Weir, my dear—dark!"

The parasol trimmed with its rich lace is quickly closed at the sound of approaching footsteps, and Miss Lenox assumes a very demure aspect, and gazes with intense interest at the sports of a pair of birds in a wicker cage.

"My young ladies!" she exclaims to herself, in a mocking voice as the steps draw nearer. "Now for a season of song, or a drag through Molière, I suppose."

"Mademoiselle!"

A soft and beautiful voice—a man's voice, with that accent which the French so aptly and deliciously term *caressante.*

Weir's parasol—or, rather, Miss Juliet's—goes hastily up again, and the girl turns her fascinating flushed face carelessly back to greet the lion of the German spa that season—the Prince Vladimir Kovalski.

"Am I so fortunate as to find you alone?" he inquires, bearing his brilliant Northern blue eyes upon her.

"Apparently," she answers, coolly, returning to her examination of the habits of caged birds.

"Not one word for me?"

"As many as you choose. What would you like me to say?"

"What would I like you to say?" he exclaims, impetuously. "I would like——"

"No, you would not," Weir Lenox interrupts, fiercely. "Bah! What do you suppose the heart of such a man as you is worth to such a woman as I? You talk to me of love, Prince Kovalski! Why, you love your title, your castle, your prestige, far more than you love *me.* You gratify your inclinations and tastes by stolen chance meetings with Weir Lenox, dependent, and you will make—*sans doute*—an excellent husband for the Honorable Flora Hardinge."

Prince Kovalski starts forward, bites his full underlip, and a slight frown contracts his beautiful white forehead.

"Weir," he cries, in a low, impassioned tone, "I love you. No other woman ever enchained my regard even for an hour. I must be civil to these people; do you not recognize that the moment they fail to find me agreeable, I am banished from your side? In self-defense, my darling, I must be courteous to Lady Hardinge and her atrocious daughters."

He has taken the girl's hand in his, and is gazing with a rare, sweet smile into her face. It is a face that any man, be he poet or peasant, or merely prince, might care to look into, so radiant, so glorified, so humble, and so triumphant at once.

"Is it so?" she whispers, while her dark eyes melt into tenderness, drinking in all the perfect beauty of the Russian's face.

"Is it so?" he cries, with a sigh of relief. "What else did you suppose it to be? Weir, Weir, will you just for a moment rest your hand upon my head and whisper to me that you love me?"

She does as she is asked, and just for a little while Vladimir Kovalski forgets aught else on the earth save the soft, firm touch of those little fingers—forgets ambition, the world, and all its wicked ways—remembers only that this slender woman is to him the magnet toward which his whole being turns.

Just for a little while. And the fountain flashes in the marble basin below them, and the caged birds sing for gladness at the sunshine, and the scent of the *garten* flowers is sweet and heavy on the air.

"And our future?" murmurs the girl, at last, drawing her breath in a rapturous sigh.

Recollect that life had been a hard thing for her—that toil and misery, change and deceit, she was weary of—and do not blame Weir Lenox, with her past, if she was eager for a happier future.

"The present," answers the prince, drawing one of the long brown braids across his lips; "let us be oblivious to the future," he cries, with a shudder. "Is not it enough, sufficient for you, my darling, that my arms are about you, my eyes upon you, my lips' kisses ready for your sweet red mouth?" She smiles a little sadly.

"I am happy, dear; but my past—perhaps when you hear about it—never mind! I will tell it you, and then, if Prince Kovalski is not nobleman enough to forgive——"

"To forgive!" he echoes, dreamily, looking at her with sweet, vague eyes. "Great God! I can have nothing to 'forgive' *you.*"

"But yes," Weir cries—and it is the one honest, wholesome impulse of a life whose influences have been anything but elevating—have rather tended to debase and drag down the tender nature of the woman to their own sad level—"I must tell you, and then, poor and meek and unworthy as I am, you will, my Prince, only love Weir Lenox the more. I know it. I——"

"Miss Lenox, I wish you would contrive to be about when I require you! Ah, Prince Kovalski?" Flora Hardinge's voice in tones of sweet and yet contemptuous amazement.

Weir's last chance — her only chance for happiness, honor, peace, and all those things dear to a woman's soul —is snatched rudely out of her grasp that Summer day by Flora's clear, high voice.

"Good-morning, Mademoiselle Flora," the Prince says, with easy nonchalance, as he picks up the parasol with its rich lace trimmings. "This is yours, I believe? Allow me to open it and shade your eyes from this blinding sun!"

He holds the parasol over her blonde head, and murmurs some extravagant compliment or other, and neither of them pays the slightest attention to Weir Lenox.

She turns quietly away and enters the hotel by one of the large glass doors, and all she thinks is that he was clever and thoughtful and kind in relieving her of the odium of having borrowed Miss Hardinge's parasol; a great anthem of joy is sounding through the girl's heart; she is promising herself so many things—that she will be guilty of no more such little meannesses; that she will be pure and honest and clean, and worthy of *him*; be done with all those old subterfuges, and quibbles, and shams that her old life was so full of, and that her soul had always loathed.

She went up into her ladyship's parlor, which was deserted, and sat down to the piano and poured forth her gladness in that effervescence of passionate gayety, "*Das lieben ist so schön.*" Weir's rich soprano voice was clear and soft and full as velvet; delicious, suggestive, tender, and *plein d'abandon.* The Prince below, with Miss Flora, on the balcony, uttering a rhapsody on the calm beauty of the lake, heard it, and was startled by its exquisite melodiousness.

"What a *Leonora!*" he cries, abruptly.

"Why, Prince, absurd! that is only Miss Lenox, our companion; her voice is so loud."

"Loud!" exclaims Vladimir; "it is like——"

"Well, what?" inquires Miss Hardinge, rather crossly.

"Like something most unearthly; as you suggest, mademoiselle, it is very loud."

"Ah, prince, you are so clever," returned the young lady, restored to good-humor by one glance from those cold blue Northern eyes of Vladimir Kovalski's.

* * * * * * *

The Summer days went by at Geisbaden; there were water-parties on the lake, drives and picnics to the Castle of Dilbürgen, and in all of these Prince Kovalski was the *preux chevalier* of Lady Hardinge's party; if the women envied her ladyship the attentions of the handsome Russian, and looked with critical eyes upon Miss Flora as a probable princess, the men were no less jealous of the success of this Northern nobleman, who had arisen before the fashionable world of the German watering-place like a meteor, with the fair English girl. Miss Hardinge was an heiress—an enormous fortune was already her own—and, combined with her lineage and her tolerable looks, this fact was not deemed an unpalatable one by the young men who flocked about her.

For Weir, meantime, there were chance meetings, a pressure of a strong hand as he assisted her into boat or landau, a glance that traveled like a flash of lightning across a room, a touch, fleeting and soft as the south winds, on her lips as they found themselves, once in a while, alone together.

She believed—she trusted; she knew that this man loved her with all the ardor, the passion and honesty, the soul and heart, of which he was capable. Like a little child, she had lovingly, faithfully laid her life in his hands, and patiently she bided her time. Never a murmur, a protest, a complaint, a query, passed her lips as she watched him with Flora Hardinge, as she listened to his soft, matchless voice murmuring she knew not what soft nothings into the heiress's willing ear, or as she heard here and there that "Prince Kovalski was certainly going to marry Miss Hardinge." Even when her ladyship as good as announced that fact to her, and when Juliet bowed with mock ceremony before her sister, calling her "Madame la Princesse!" Weir only smiled softly to herself, and remembered the pressure of his mouth on hers last night in the dimly-lighted corridor, and the tender tone of his sweet, caressing love-words.

A ball was to come off at the English consul's that Wednesday night. My young ladies were viewing themselves before the mirrors with intense satisfaction, while Lady Hardinge tapped the gilded table impatiently with her fan, and wondered where the dear Prince could be.

The gentleman who thus was guilty of keeping her ladyship waiting stood at that moment on the gallery in the moonlight, with his arms around Weir Lenox—her face, glorified by its joy, lay at rest upon his breast, and her little hands held one of his clasped closely to her heart.

"Vladimir," whispered the girl, brokenly, "I would to God I were worthier of you! Are you sure—quite sure—that you are not ashamed of me?"

"Hush! hush! Ashamed of you! Rather of myself!"

A dark flush passes over his face, and he looks over his shoulder as a man might who feared to find an enemy lurking in the dark behind him.

"My little child," he whispers, gathering her closer to him, "it is I who am unworthy of you; it is I who—is there not," he cries, with an impetuous shudder and sigh, "some liquid that we can drink and forget all, every consideration, save the potent bliss of such moments as these?"

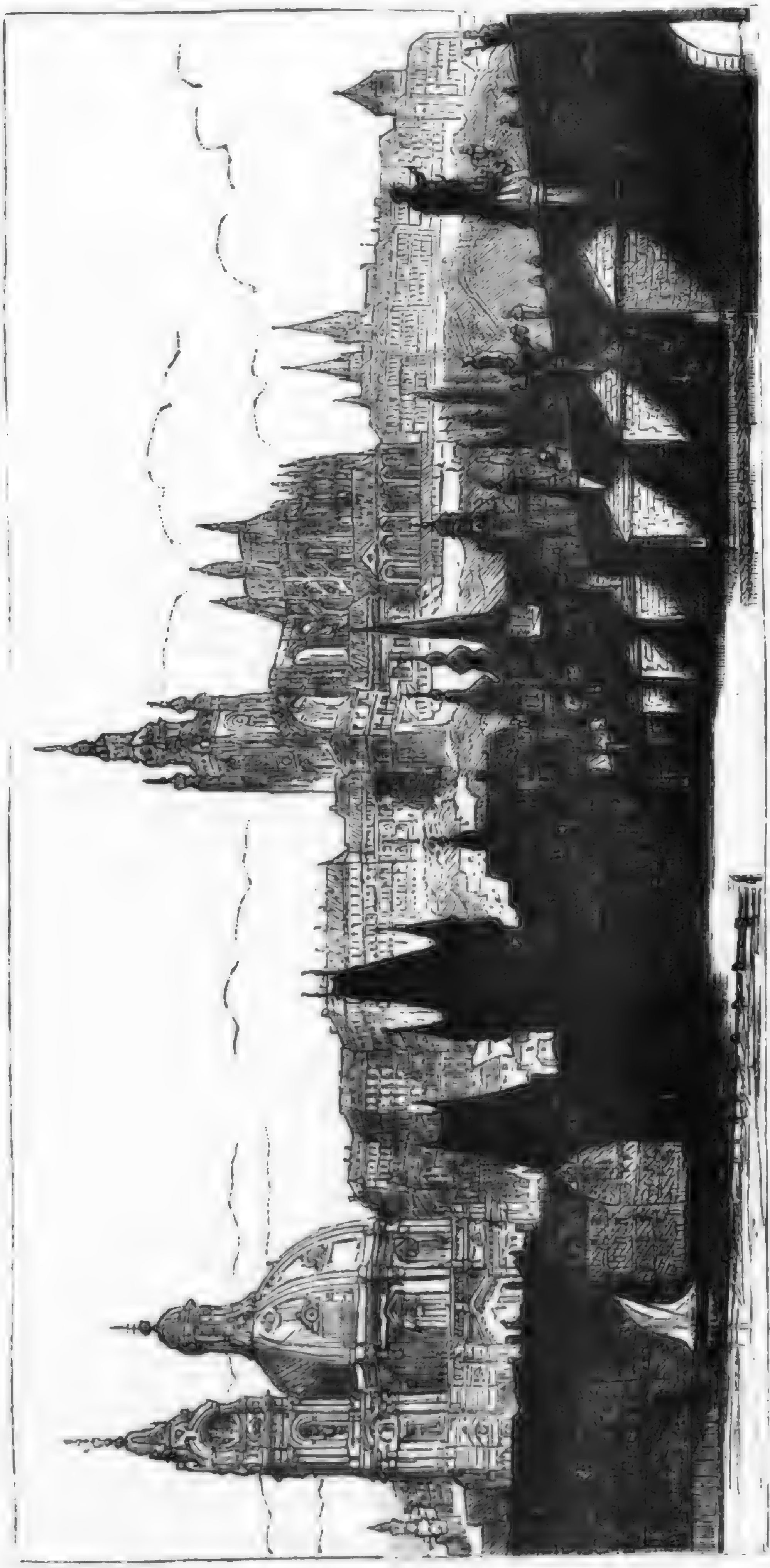
His kisses fall fast and warm upon her neck and face and hair.

"Weir, Weir, whatever comes, remember that you are the one woman in the world to me; whether you one day despise me or—I know not what I am saying!" the Prince cries, stroking back the girl's hair with nervous, quick fingers. "I am a man who is torn by demons. God knows which of them will get possession of me. Love and ambition never yet went hand-in-hand. My little one, kiss me."

A hurried, scanty touch, for her ladyship, thoroughly exhausted by this time, appeared on the gallery, a servant fortunately preceding her, candle in hand.

* * * * * * *

It is late, or, more correctly speaking, it is early in the morning, when Lady Hardinge and her daughters and Prince Kovalski return to the Hotel Mirabeau from that brilliant ball at the villa of the English consul. Miss Lenox has sat up for them, according to custom, and



MY PEREGRINATIONS IN PRAGUE.—THE PALACE OF THE HRADSCHIN, KLEINSEITE, AND BRIDGE.—SEE PAGE 679.

rises from her sofa and stands by the piano as the quartet enter the dimly lighted apartment.

"Well, Miss Lenox!" Her ladyship's tone is severe, and bodes a rising storm; mesdemoiselles flaunt contemptuously past the *dame de compagnie*, and seat themselves at the extreme end of the *salon*.

The Russian stops in amazement at the door, and makes a movement as though he were at once about to take his leave, having fulfilled his duties as escort to the letter.

"No, my dear Prince; one moment, if you please!" her ladyship exclaims, detaining him with a charming smile. "As you have lived with us almost *en famille*, have eaten at the same board, and been so kind in many little ways to this—this young person who has acted in the capacity of companion to my daughters, I desire to expose her wretched trickery before you as well as before them."

Lady Hardinge pauses for lack of breath, and Weir's large eyes seek the face of Prince Kovalski. It is immovable and pallid as the countenance of a statue, but his white hand grasps the door-handle with a grip of steel.

"Miss *Weir Lenox*—an *alias*, of course—is the daughter of Bernard, the great gambler, the man who traveled over Europe, literally robbing young men of their fortunes, living himself sometimes like a sovereign, sometimes like a beggar, as his depredations had been successful or the reverse. This woman was his accomplice, the object that made herself agreeable to young noblemen with large fortunes. And I have heard that she has not overcome that habit even yet."

Her ladyship smiles with an air of superior virtue, and glances at Prince Kovalski.

He is still motionless.

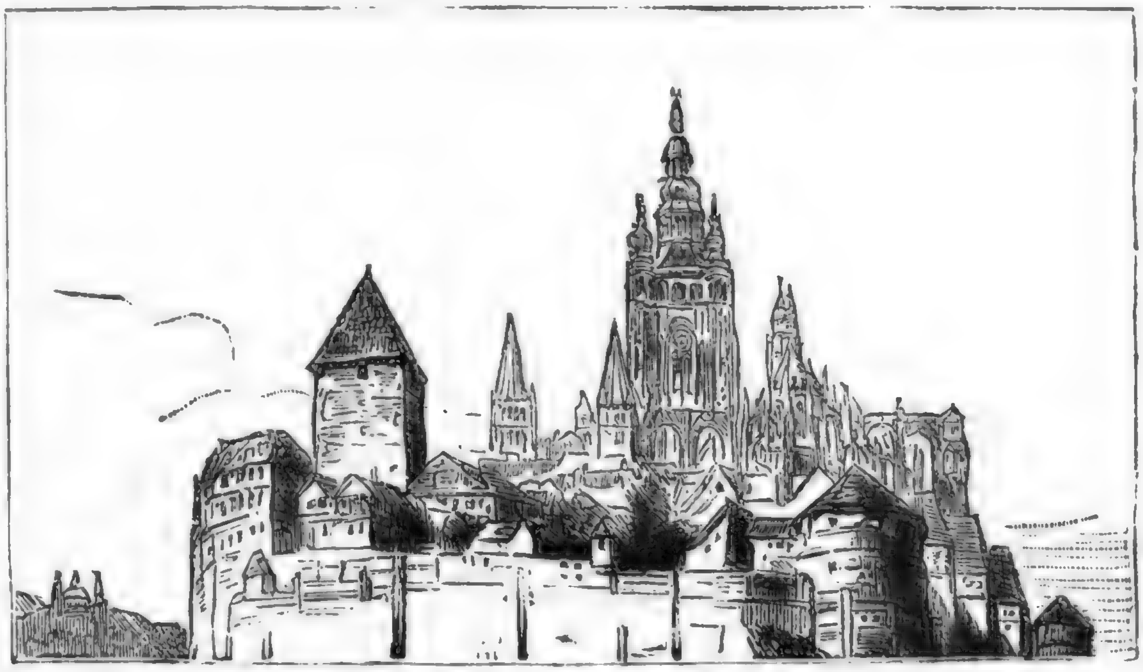
"Miss Lenox, will you have the kindness to pack your boxes, accept the balance that is due you, and leave my roof at your earliest convenience?"

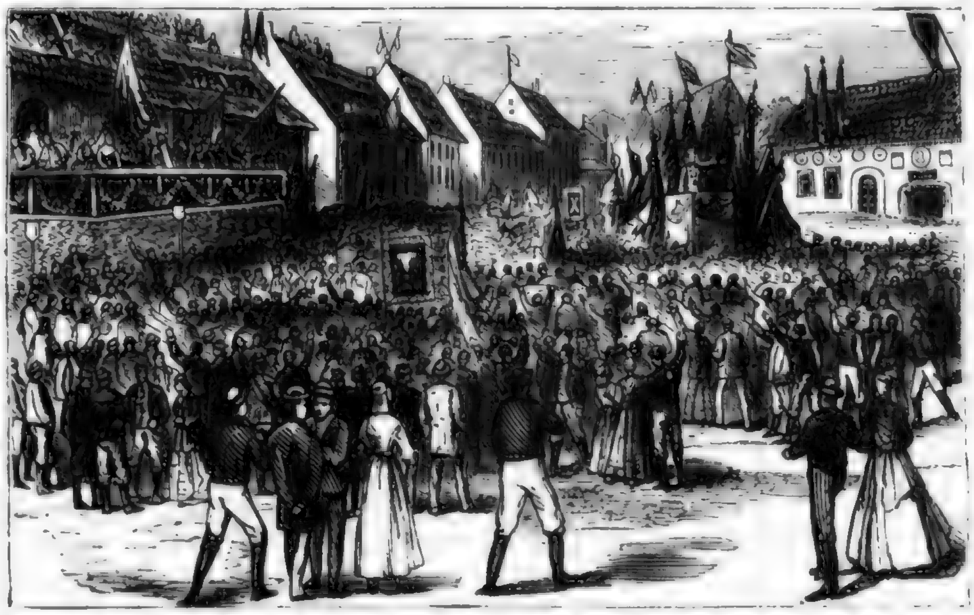
Weir bows. Her dark eyes are fixed upon Vladimir Kovalski's face, as the eyes of the homesick, tempest-tossed, wrecked one might be fixed upon the glimmer of a light that shone afar off from him.

"Has the Prince nothing to say?" she asks, in a low, strained voice, while her red lips quiver and her little hands catch at the instrument behind her for support.

"The Prince?" screams her ladyship.

"The Prince anything to say?" echo the young ladies, at last startled into speech.


PALACE OF THE HRADSCHIN, FROM THE EAST.


BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN HUSS, AT THE TIME OF THE ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.

"What could *he* have to say to *you?*" inquires Lady Hardinge, in a piercing tone.

Still Weir's great eyes are fastened hungrily upon his face—a face whereon is written in lines of torture, the history of a terrible struggle—but his highness is silent.

In one moment more Weir Lenox sweeps past her ladyship, past *him*—who stands aside and holds the door, with bowed head, open to let her pass.

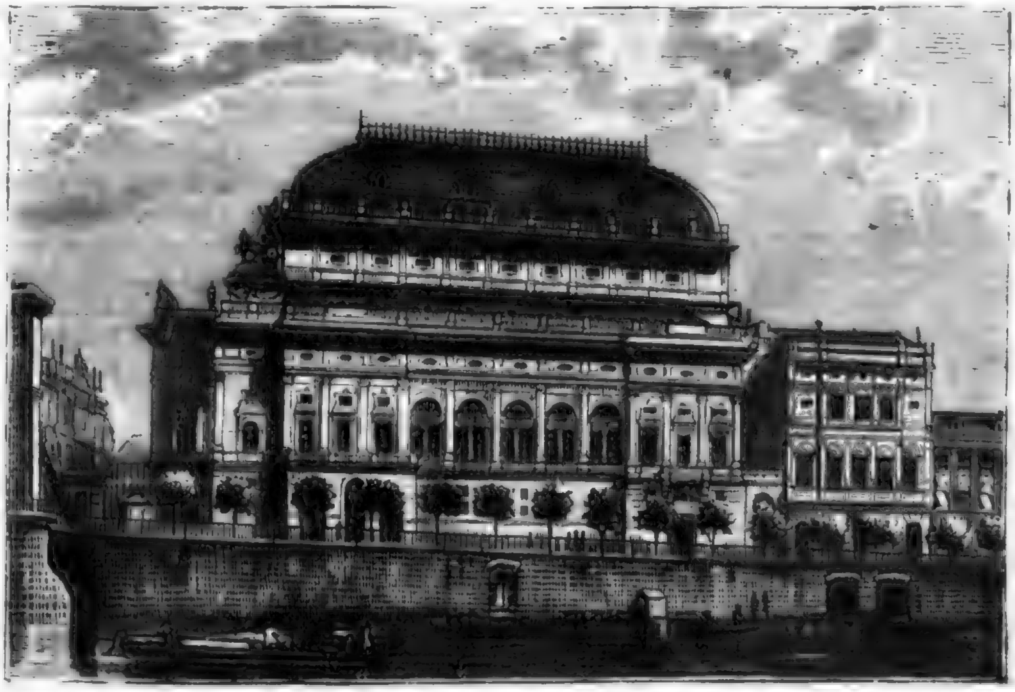
* * * *

Teatro La Scala is crowded from pit to dome; the immense building is a sea of faces, upon each of which is visible a measure of expectation and, as the moments lengthen, of impatience; it is but natural; two such *débuts* seldom take place upon the same night.

La Bernardi, the woman over whose voice all Spain has raved, is to test her powers in the most trying opera-house in Europe, before an audience whose dictum is accepted as final by the rest of the musical world, in the *rôle* of *Leonora* in the "Trovatore."

And Victor Karante, *jeune premier*, who has electrified the people of London and Paris for the past two years.

You remember, of course, that romantic episode in his career—something relating to a young English heiress whom he adored, and whose mother dismissed him on discovering his *caste?* Some


NEW BOHEMIAN NATIONAL THEATRE AT PRAGUE.

XUM

people say he did not love the lady, but was ambitious, and used a title to secure a fortune, and also that some other woman's heart was broken by the little affair; but then, there are so many *historiettes* connected with these artists, one does not know what to believe, and the "divine Russian," as the fair sex call him, may not, after all, have been the hero of any of these atrocities. *Quien sabe?*

Well, Victor Karante has promised to come from his villa at Florence especially to assume the *rôle* of *Manrico*.

There was some doubt as to his arrival, but a notice has just been hung out to the effect that he has arrived in Milan within the last ten minutes, and will "positively sing that evening."

The air was redolent of perfumes from the most fragrant flowers; the flutter of fans and the smiles of women, the gay toilets, the presence of royalty itself, lent to the great theatre a gala appearance; and the orchestra even now was pouring forth the ever-delicious strains of the overture to Verdi's most popular opera.

Behind the scenes a different picture presented itself: any number of chorus-singers, in their fantastic gypsy dresses, were clustered together behind a pile of dusty and disused flats and side-scenes; the manager rushed frantically across the stage, while the *Comte di Luna* carelessly twirled his mustache, and the prompter descended into his queer little box before the footlights.

The curtain finally rose, and the house was quiet until *Manrico's* mellow notes struck a thrill of delicious and mysterious ecstasy to the soul of every true musician there, until the divine voice of the woman who enacted *Leonora* carried its conviction of power, pathos, passion and sweetness home to the heart of every human being who heard it.

They met on the stage for the first time, and it was remarked that the *débutante* did not once glance even into the face of the tenor; he, apparently oblivious of aught save the immense sensation he was creating, had not even deigned to shine upon her with his cold blue eyes.

The curtain went down. It descended between the singers and an audience crazed with excitement over the voice of the woman. *Vivas* and *bravas* ran through the house, and cries were echoed and caught up again under the great dome for "*Leonora!* Bernardi! *Leonora!* Bernardi!"

It occurred to Victor Karante that his laurels were being stolen from him, that his honors were to be divided, that, in short, this woman, whose cold hand lay so passively in his, was more *simpatica* to the Milanese than he himself; and as he led her out to respond to their plaudits, he glanced carelessly down into her face.

"*Gran' Dio!*" he cries, under his breath, being so much an actor by nature as to exclaim in the language which he has last used, rather than in his own.

But on *Leonora's* white face, in her dark, dazzling eyes, there is no faintest gleam of recognition, surprise, joy, or pain.

She leaves him quickly, and turns to her dressing-room to prepare for the last act; but the tenor is with her, a mad, desperate look in his beautiful blue eyes.

"Weir!"

She turns back and stands still a moment amid the dusk and dreariness of the old Italian theatre.

"Weir!" calls a tender voice, in an agonized whisper, as the *jeune premier* kneels at her feet and catches at the hem of her garment.

"Yes," she answers, coldly and softly.

"Will you not forgive me? Can you not stoop from the height of your sweet womanhood and raise me? My love has been, always will be, yours. Do you remember what I said to you that night—that horrible night?"

"I remember."

A slight tremor passes over her tender frame.

"My little child, I have expiated my crime. I have murdered my ambition——"

"Ah," she says, with a slow smile, "it is not gratified with half a world at your feet; and as to crime——"

"Weir, I deserve all the obloquy that could be heaped upon me. I have been an impostor, a cheat, a man whose towering ambition led him to crucify his own heart within him. Weir, what could one expect of the son of a Cossack girl and a Russian noble? Will you not take me back? Will you not show me the heart that once was surely mine?"

"My heart!" she cries, in an odd way, with a mirthless laugh on her lips. "My heart! Why, do you not recollect two years ago, in Lady Hardinge's salon in the Hotel Mirabeau, at Geisbaden? Prince Kovalski broke my heart that night. *Manrico*, I must leave you now and dress for the last act."

She laughs a curious, light laugh as she passes by.

"My heart! Something throbs within my bosom, it is true, but it is not a heart. That was slain long ago."

The green curtain rolls majestically down on the last act of the "Trovatore." The audience are intoxicated with not only the voice, but the acting of La Bernardi.

The shouts and noise are deafening as they call her to come to them.

But *Leonora* only smiles as she turns faintly to one side on the low, hard stage-couch where they have laid her, and people run wildly about, screaming for a physician—ay, twenty of them!—as people always do scream when another human being falls in a death-swoon before their eyes.

"It is only death," she says, simply, as she smiles up into the divine Russian's face. "Death and love are real, are they not? All the rest of my life has been a sham and a seeming. Why should I weep at that which will bring me—rest?"

"Weir, Weir," murmurs Vladimir Kovalski, "my little child!"

"Yes, yours, Vladimir; you will not be ashamed of me *now*, because I swore I would be famous before—I—died, and—to-night—you—have—seen—it——"

The tired white lids fall gently down over the dark, tired eyes.

Weir is dead!

* * * * * * *

You met Victor Karante in Paris last year? No? Well, then, in New York last season? Yes, I thought so. The *jeune premier*, whom every woman raved over, whose secretary was said to be employed in answering daintily perfumed *billet-doux* from morning until night, and whose dressing-case was full of jeweled lockets and rings and photographs of beautiful faces—did you ever see him talk to a woman? No. Or glance toward one? Never. Is he not the most icy lover that ever trod the boards? Exactly.

And the secret of it all lies buried in a green, green grave in an Italian churchyard.

DECEIT and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat, distrust the deceiver; and the act by which the kindness was sought puts an end to confidence.

XUM

MY PEREGRINATIONS IN PRAGUE.

By N. Robinson.

I do not think I quote the lines correctly, but I am positive that they express the meaning:

> "Though the longitude's rather uncertain,
> And the latitude's, too, somewhat vague,
> If you're partial to dancing and flirting,
> Go visit the City of Prague."

Being a Bohemian at heart, I longed to pay my respects to the capital ot the country of the adoption of my Cardiac apparatus—I am all the better for having relieved myself of this Evarts-Bostonian sentence—and betaking myself unto that new and magnificent railway depot at Munich, at three and a half of the clock on a long Summer day of last year, I started for Prague, where I arrived without let or hindrance, but having sadly missed my beloved Pullman, at seven on the following morning.

The city, which surpasses in its grandeur and imposing appearance almost any other town in Germany, sits in the very centre of Bohemia, in a basin-shaped valley, cut in two by the River Moldau, and is surrounded on all sides by rocks or eminences, upon whose slopes the buildings of the town rise, tier above tier, as they recede from the water's edge. There is something of Asiatic splendor in the aspect and form of the domes, turrets and spires which rise up, almost without number, on all sides; but the object which riveted, or, indeed, I may say, opened my eyes, for I was hot and feverish, and but half awake after my journey, was the imposing mass of the Hradschin, the palace of the Bohemian kings, running along the crest of a lofty eminence, and overtopping all intermediate buildings. It is backed by the heights of the Laurenziberg, where the pagan Bohemians are said to have celebrated, in ancient times, the rites of their fire-worship. Those, who converted them to Christianity, doubtless perceiving the difficulty of banishing altogether the former heathenish associations connected with the spot, substituted in their place the more holy fires which consumed the martyr St. Laurence, whose church is built here, and to which I made pious pilgrimage during my stay.

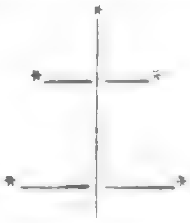
On the other side of the river, looking up the stream, were the black precipices of the citadel, Wysschrad. Behind the towers of the Altstadt rose Ziska's Hill, which was fortified by the blind Hussite chief whose name it bears, and which seems to recall the recollections of those terrible religious troubles, in which Prague underwent such grievous and terrible suffering.

Hiring a fiaker attached to a pair of rattling good horses, —the ride only cost me seventy kreutzers—I spun through the ill-paved, narrow and quaint little streets in momentary expectation of being decanted into shop-windows, or sent flying up alleys when spinning round corners, and reached the hostelry known as the Schwarzes Ross, around the portals of which a number of unwashed Bohemians lounged, engaged in smoking unwieldy pipes and in conversing in a jargon, the sound of which can only be compared to the cracking of walnuts.

I had some little difficulty in awaking the Bohemian, who welcomed me to the shelter of the Schwarzes Ross, to the fact that I wanted a bath right away, and it was a round thirty minutes ere I was in a position to take the plash which made Richard feel almost himself again.

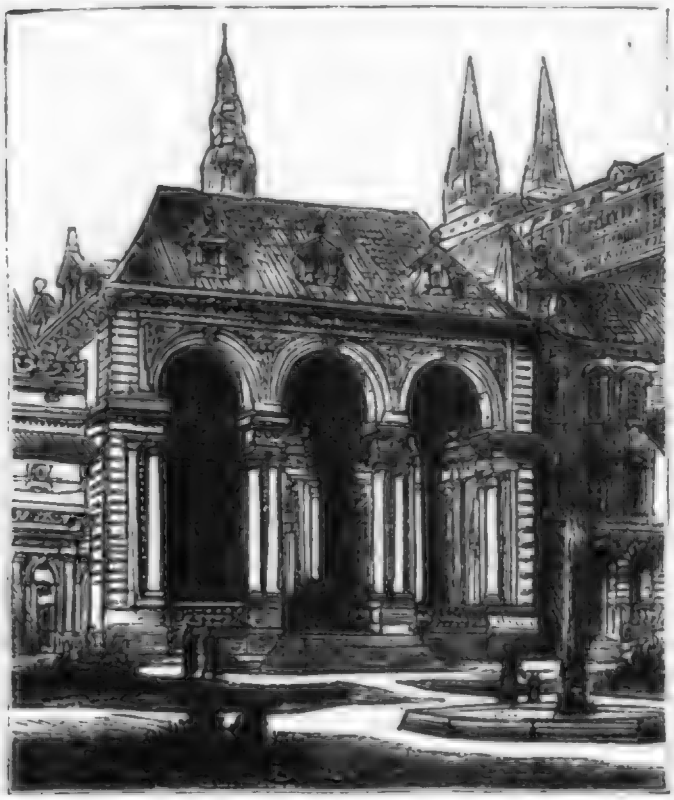
I ordered breakfast, trusting to luck; and the fates being propitious, a white fish with a name it would take a nutcracker to reduce to pronunciation, a funny dish, suggestive of tripe and tomatoes, served in a sort of whipped cream, were at my disposal when I descended to the low-ceilinged, wainscoted, portrait-hung dining-room; and having been advised by a friend in Munich, who knew the ropes, to wash down breakfast with white Cernosek, and dinner with red Melnik, both Bohemian wines of admirable body and flavor, I found myself after this, my first passage at arms with Bohemian cooking, a better and a wiser man.

My first visit was, of course, to the wondrous old bridge over the Moldau, connecting the Altstadt with the Kleinseite, which was begun in the reign of the Emperor Charles IV. in 1357, and finished in 1503. It measures 1,572 German feet, and is ornamented on each side with twenty-eight statues of saints, the most remarkable of which is that erected in 1683, of St. John of Nepomuk, the Patron of Bridges, who was thrown from this bridge into the river and drowned by order of King Wenceslas IV., because he refused to betray the secrets confided to him by the Queen in confession. The spot whence he was cast into the rapidly flowing Moldau is still marked by a cross with five stars on the parapet, in imitation of the miraculous flames which three days subsequent to his drowning were said to have been seen flickering over the place where his body lay under the water. In 1729 the body was incased in a gorgeous silver shrine, and placed in the cathedral. From the circumstances of his death this saint has become the patron of bridges, and his statue occupies in many Catholic countries the same situation as in Prague. The festival of St. John of Nepomuk is celebrated every year, from the 16th to the 24th of May. On the first day thousands of persons assemble, not only from Bohemia, but from all the surrounding countries, on a pilgrimage to his shrine. A temporary chapel is erected over that part of the bridge where his statue stands. There is a permanent altar, before which I always beheld people at prayer, pass at what hour I might. In this temporary chapel mass is performed, and so large is the crowd of devotees, that the bridge and every avenue leading to it are choked up; all passage is stopped; carriages are interdicted, and must be ferried over in boats. It is even a work of danger to approach the chapel. The pilgrims last year amounted to over 80,000.

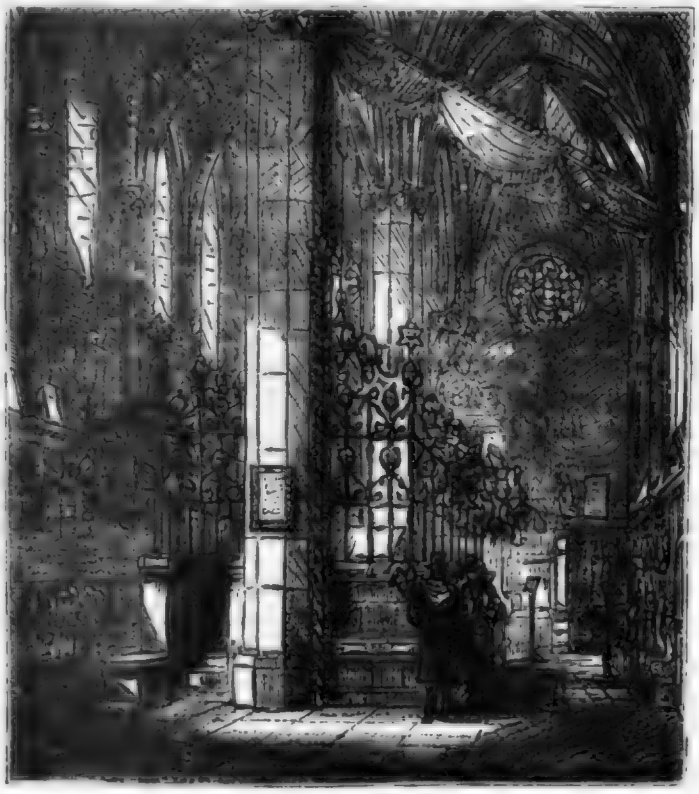


At the end of the bridge next the Altstadt is the old watch-tower, ornamented with sculptures and arms of the countries allied with Bohemia. It was this old tower that saved Prague from falling into the hands of the Swedes during the Thirty Years' War, 1648. They had quickly mastered the Kleinseite, and their attack being quite unexpected, and the bridge gate ill guarded, they had nearly caught the guard napping, when a Jesuit, rushing out of the college close to the bridge, let down the portcullis, and with the aid of three—Horatius had only two—held the bridge until the citizens and students rushed to the rescue. The Swedes bombarded that gate for fourteen weeks, but it never yielded an inch. I gazed at it with

XUM



WALLENSTEIN'S PALACE.

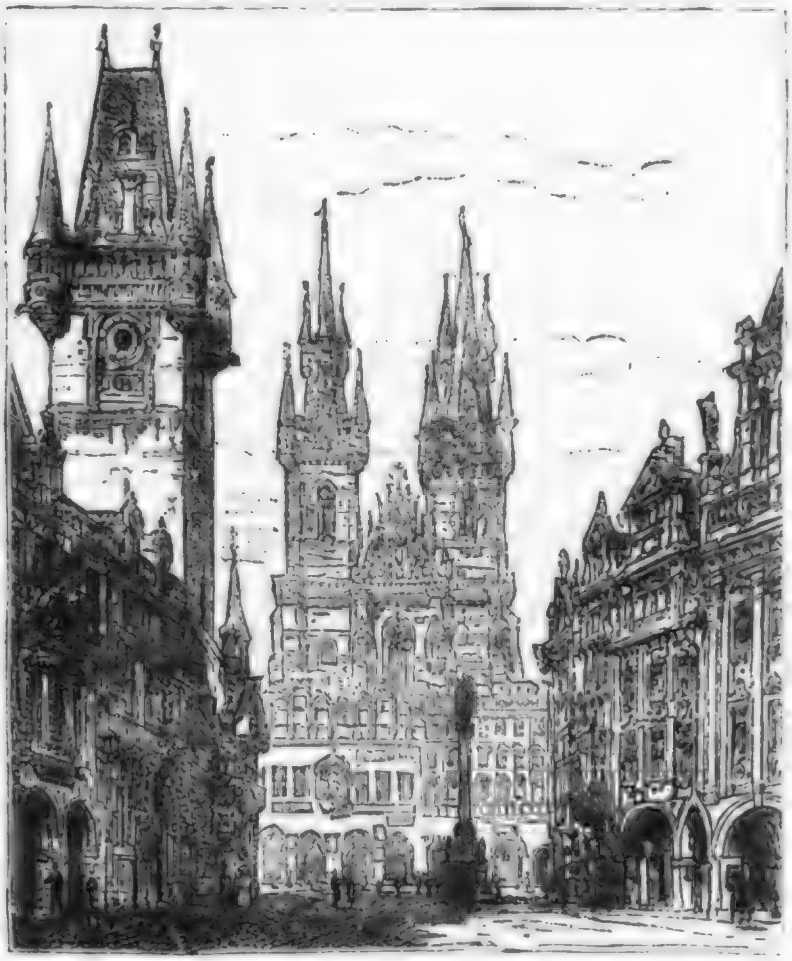


OLD SYNAGOGUE.

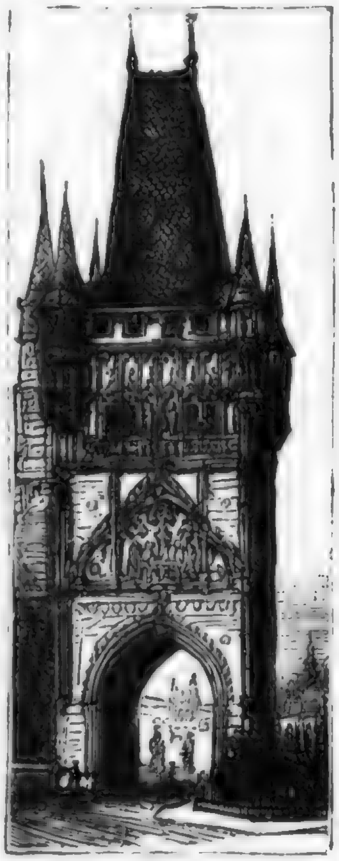
reverential wonder, and bethought me of a certain explosive substance of recent discovery, called dynamite, which——

On the east end of the bridge is the Karlsdenkmal, or monument to King Charles IV., erected in 1848 by subscription to commemorate—think of this, provosts of Yale and Harvard!—the five hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the University. In niches on its sides are sitting figures of the four faculties, Theology, Philosophy, Jurisprudence, and Medicine, and grimly seated at the angles, statues of the two first Archbishops of Prague.

The Carlsbrücke and I became intimately acquainted, and many hours of my sojourn were spent, my elbows on its parapet, my chin on my elbows, as I gazed up or down the river, or stood leaning with my back to the parapet, watching Bohemians flitting past, the men doffing their hats to St. John of Nepomuk, the women dropping on their knees to offer up a prayer.



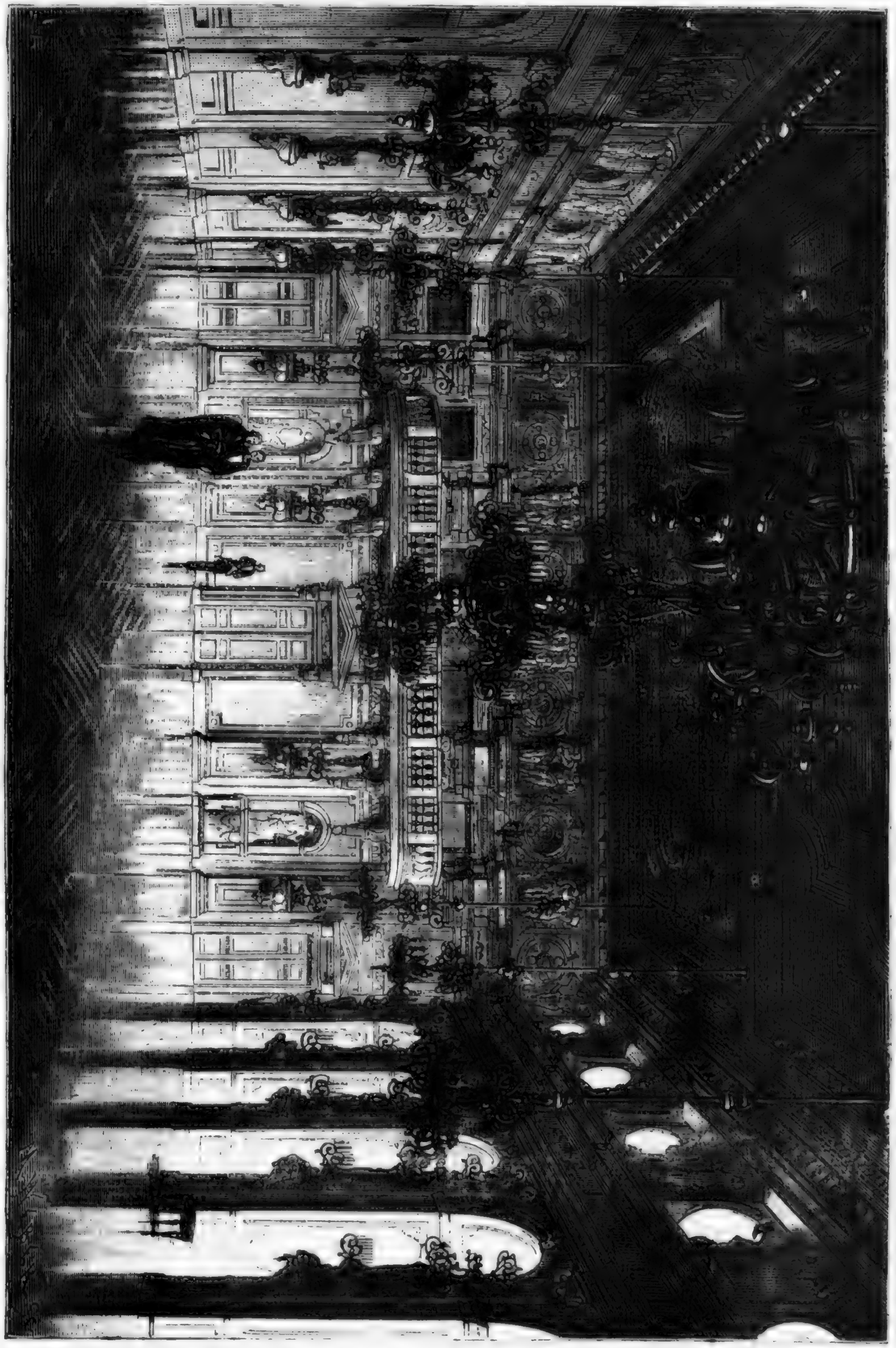
RATHHAUS, THEINKIRCHE.



ALT-STADT, BRIDGE TOWER.

Prague boasts an iron suspension bridge, Kaiser Franzenbrücke, constructed 1839–42, at a cost of $170,000, the centre of which rests on a little island in the river, called Schützen. Along the right bank, between this bridge and the Carlsbrücke, extends one of the most favorite promenades of the worthy citizens, called Franzensquai. There are two other chain bridges.

Within a stone's throw of the Carlsbrücke is the vast pile of the Clementinum, or Roman Catholic College, dating from 1653. Ferdinand III. built



BALLROOM IN THE HRADSCHIN CASTLE, PRAGUE.

it as a convent and seminary for the Jesuits. It now contains the seminary for the education of between 200 and 300 pupils, under the superintendence of the archbishop and the faculties of theology and philosophy belonging to the University. I was particularly struck with its lecture-rooms, which are in the richest style of Italian architecture.

I was conducted through the library by a grim and ascetic-looking ecclesiastic, but the possessor of a laugh that would pile up a fortune for a dozen low comedians. It began in a wheeze, rose to a chuckle, and culminated in a guffaw; when it reached this point it went off with a loud bang; and to look at his reverence, one would imagine that a laugh was about ten thousand miles away from his strangely cut mouth.

In the library are upward of 100,000 volumes, particularly rich in Bohemian literature, and nearly 4,000 manuscripts. My *cicerone* most amiably permitted me to "cast a vagrant glance" at some autograph sermons of John Huss—and, oh, what a hand!—a Hussite liturgy, most richly illuminated, executed at the cost of the guilds of Prague.

"Here," observed my guide, as he rapidly and dexterously turned over the yellow leaves, "are three miniatures—one of Wycliffe striking the light, one of Huss blowing the flame, and Luther holding the blazing torch."

I was also shown Huss's autographic comments on the Book of Wisdom, and Tycho Brahe's on the Copernican system.

From the Clementinum I naturally drifted to the University or Carolinum in the Eisengasse, which I found singularly uninteresting as a building, but worthy of note as the first great public school established in Germany. It was founded by the Emperor Charles IV., on the model of that of Paris, in 1348. The fame of the teachers of the University and the privileges granted to scholars soon attracted hither students from all parts of Europe, who were divided into four nations: the *Bohemians*, including Moravians and Hungarians; the *Bavarians*, or Austrians, Franconians, and Suabians; the *Poles* and Russians; and the *Saxons*, including Danes and Swedes. A measure proposed in 1409 by John Huss—everything is Huss in Prague—for abridging the privileges of the foreigners and transferring the preponderance from them to the Bohemians, occasioned the secession in one week of—it takes the breath away to think of it—*fifteen thousand students*, who distributed themselves over Europe, and became the founders of the universities of Leipzig, Heidelberg, and Cracow. The number of seceders seems almost incredible, but then there were 20,000 students burning the midnight oil in Prague at that date. From thenceforth the Carolinum became the school of those new opinions in religion promulgated by Huss and Jerome of Prague, who gradually separated the Bohemians from the Roman Catholic Church. Huss himself was rector of the University, and here first taught those doctrines which he derived from the English reformer Wycliffe. England and Bohemia were cater-cousins at this time. Richard II. was married to "the good Queen Anne," a Bohemian princess, sister of Wenceslas IV. Englishmen studied in the University of Prague, and they transplanted into Germany the writings of Wycliffe and his translation of the Bible. During the Hussite troubles the University was repeatedly the scene of bloody strife, but it still maintained an important influence in Bohemia as the rallying-point of the Protestants, the seat of the Utraquist doctrines, and the sanctuary of the Bohemian language. After the fatal battle of the White Hill, however, its privileges and faculty of theology were transferred to the Jesuits' college of the Clementinum, the Protestant faith abolished, and the Carolinum converted into a school of medicine and law. On inquiring as to the number of students, I was informed that there were close to 2,000 on the books.

Having "had our fill" of university sight-seeing, I betook myself to the Rathhaus, through quaint and crooked streets, innocent of sidewalks, the houses with bulging bay-windows, causing sudden stoppages, to permit of the crowd filtering past, while during the travel of a vehicle it became necessary to seek sanctuary in dark and not over savory passages. To me it was an incongruous sight to behold some piece of rampant Parisian finery exhibited in a window rich in carved mullions and adorned with grinning corbels, some four or five centuries old. *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.* The Rathhaus, or Town-hall, is situated in a wide, airy square, called the Grosser Ring, at the end of the Zeltner Gasse. It is a Gothic edifice, rebuilt in 1848, but the old tower still stands, together with the southern doorway and chapel, whose superb oriel window has been preserved. These latter portions of the building date from 1474. The portraits of the former Burgomasters, in the Council Chamber, possess the most "d—d disinheriting countenances" I ever cast eyes upon. A very curious clock ornaments the tower. It was constructed by Hanusch, in the year 1490. It registers the time from sunset to sunrise, in addition to the ordinary hours, and also the hours at which the sun and moon rise on each day of the year. As each hour strikes a door opens, and twelve figures, representing the Apostles, appear, and pass, one after the other, from right to left along a little platform, re-entering again at another door to the left. I stood, with some twenty other honest Bohemians, until the Lilliputian cortège passed, and marveled greatly, like Samuel Pepys, at "ye goodly and cunning machinery" whereof the clock was constructed.

This Rathhaus has some bloody stories to relate, and if its ancient stones could speak they'd a tale unfold. In a dungeon beneath the building, known as Schpinka, the Emperor Wenceslas IV. was confined, in 1403, for fifteen weeks. In 1420, the Hussites having, by tolling of the storm-bell, assembled in the square before the Town Hall, proceeded in marching array to the different churches of the city, in succession plundering, destroying and setting fire to all that fell in their way. In 1483 the most of the town, including many of the burghers, being dissatisfied with their magistrates, broke into the Rathhaus; they threw the Burgomasters out of the window first of all, as the English killed Admiral Byng, "*pour encourager les autres.*" This at the request of the many headed in the court below, who gayly cried out "Heave them over," pointing their spears upward to receive the luckless Town Councillors, five of whom were ejected after "the Bohemian fashion."

I have already referred to the battle of White Hill. I refer to it again now. It was fought in 1620, and the setting of the sun on the bloody field saw the death of Protestantism in Bohemia. The leaders of the party who had supported the Elector Frederick V. were executed on a scaffold in front of the Rathhaus, to the number of twenty-seven. This black roll included eight grand officers and nobles, fourteen councillors, and several magistrates. In order to pay a mark of grim respect to blue blood, the heads and hands of those of noble birth among the sufferers were stuck up on our old friend, the gate-tower on the bridge. The celebrated Wallenstein, immortalized by Schiller, in 1633 ordered a court-martial upon eleven officers of noble rank, and many more of inferior grade, for their cowardice in running away at the battle of Lützen.

Leaving the Rathhaus and crossing the square, I paid a visit to the Teynkirche. This church was built in 1407, and is Gothic in design. It possesses two tall towers with taper roofs, and four small turrets at the angles, and was constructed at the expense of the German merchants residing in Prague. It was in a special manner the church of the Hussites. Here the doctrines of Huss were long preached by the prelate, John of Rokyzan, whose body, entombed beneath the high altar, was in 1622 removed and buried. I was lucky in hearing a portion of a service conducted in the Bohemian tongue, but I confess to a preference for the magnificent word-chords of the Spanish, that language of prayer.

This church contains the grave and marble effigy of Tycho Brahe, the Danish astronomer, who died in 1601. Were he alive during the late exceptional weather he would have been writing to the London *Times* and New York *Herald* on the subject of the comet. R. I. P. In the Maria-Kapelle is a finely executed marble group of the Bohemian Apostles, St. Cyril and Methodius, and there are two grim paintings by masters of the early Bohemian school, an Ecce Homo, and a Virgin and child.

I was desirous of beholding the residence of John Huss, but on this subject I could obtain no reliable information. He is said to have resided in the Bethlehemplatz, No. 257, a corner house, opposite to which originally stood the church in which he preached. The neighborhood to-day is singularly unsavory, for in its heart is the Tändelmarkt, or bazaar for the exhibition of old clothes, presided over by Hebrews, the sight of whose pronounced physiognomy would drive a Manhattan Beach waiter into hopeless lunacy.

Apropos of the Jews, I visited the Judenstadt or Jews' quarter. This is the oldest Hebrew settlement in Europe. They settled here from the foundation of Prague. One portion of the old town is appropriated to the Jews, though now they are free to go whithersoever their shekels will take them, the richer Hebrews having houses in the best parts of the city. The Judenstadt is no longer locked up at eight o'clock in the evening, as formerly, for gates and locks and walls have entirely disappeared.

This quarter is situated upon the low banks of the Moldau, close to the river, and is a labyrinth of narrow, dirty streets, and low houses, swarming with population like an anthill, and giving to high heaven what Sir John Falstaff calls "a rank compound of villainous smell." Tradition declares this colony to have existed before the destruction of Jerusalem, and that the Jews established themselves here in pagan times as slave-dealers, who bought and sold captives taken in the wars of the barbarians. In 1290 a raid was made upon the unlucky Hebrews, and they were almost exterminated, for having insulted a procession of the Host. The history of the Jews in Prague may be said to be written on the books of Christianity in blood and fire. They flourish, however, to-day, and preserve in the capital of Bohemia their manners and customs more strictly than in any other part of Europe. They have even retained their own institutions. Besides having eight synagogues and several schools, they have magistrates and a town-hall of their own, in which they manage the affairs of the community.

In a vast inclosure in the middle of the Jewish city stands the old Jewish burial-ground, piled up with the dead of centuries, and crammed with gravestones. It has not been used for over a century, for the good and sufficient reason that it will hold no more. The oldest memorials which remain are coeval with the most ancient structures in Prague. One of these was particularly pointed out to me as being the tomb of Rabbi Abignor Karo, A. D. 1439, to which pilgrimages are now made by Jews from distant lands. The monuments are generally slabs of rough sandstone covered with Hebrew characters deeply cut in. Those of the Rabbis, or of the more wealthy, are built in the form of houses, with sloping roofs. I noticed that many bore the symbols of the tribes to which the dead belonged—thus, a pitcher marked Levi, while two hands denoted the descendants of Aaron. Upon the top of these, and on every projecting ledge, I perceived little heaps of stones piled. Upon inquiring, I learned that these have been placed here by the friends of the dead in their visits to the graves—a practice which is considered even now a token of respect to ancestors whom the living know only by name.

Among the almost countless tombstones, some fractured, others awry, as though about to cave in, and mostly all weather-beaten by the winds and snows and rains of hundreds of years, rise a number of decrepit elder-trees—was it not on an elder that Judas hanged himself?—with wrinkled and twisted branches, which gives the appearance of a tangled wilderness to this great graveyard. The burial-ceremonies over the dead are performed in a sort of vestry-house within the inclosure, where grave-clothes are kept in readiness; and as soon as a corpse is brought in, be it of the rich or poor, it is set out in the same simple livery, and the same plain coffin of rough boards is provided for all.

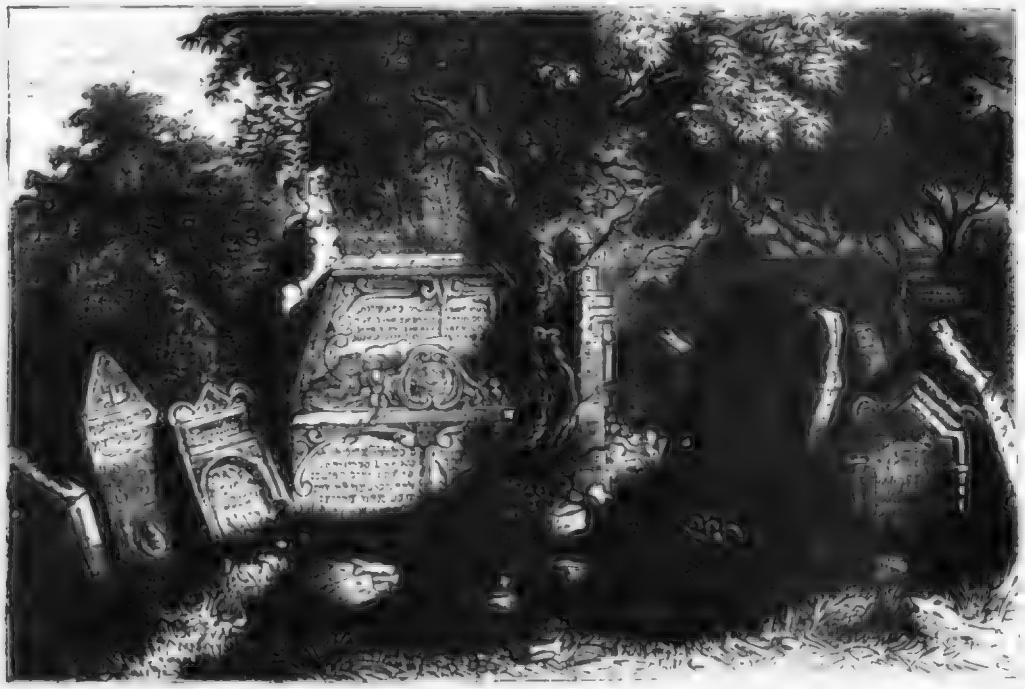
The old Synagogue amply repaid my visit. It is a small building, supposed to have been erected in 1316, on the site of an earlier edifice, which perished in the fire of the Jews' Quarter. It is vaulted and divided into two aisles. Here the dust of ages is undisturbed, and the light which cuts in through the narrow Gothic windows seems to render the gloom of the interior visible. As it is the custom of the Jews to burn lamps and torches for days and nights without intermission, the smoky walls of the dingy building are Rembrandtish to the last degree. The women sit in a gallery running along the north side with narrow, round-headed openings, through which they can see without being seen. The holy books of the Law occupy the place where the altar stands in a church; they are inclosed in a fire-proof cabinet of metal, and consist of double rolls of parchment. The robes and breastplates of the priests—of which I had seen modern copies at the Passion Play at Oberammergau—embroidered with pomegranates and hung with bells, are as curious as they are dingy. A flag stretching across the roof was particularly noticeable. This, I was informed by my *cicerone*, was presented to the Jews by the citizens of Prague as a reward for the bravery exhibited by them during the siege in 1648.

I could not spare time to visit the Bohemian Museum, and I feel a pang as I write at having missed my chance, as the collection of Sláv antiquities is of the highest interest and value. I knew that my work was cut out for me by the Hradschin, a pilgrimage to which I reserved, for a *bonne bouche.*

My coffee and brown bread were disposed of at a very early hour on the morning that I set out to "do" the *Kleinseite*, or small side of the City of Prague. The Kleinseite is the seat of the Bohemian swells, and the magnificent palaces of the houses of Thurn and Taxis, Kolowrat, Lobkowitz, Ledebour, *et id genus omne*, are thick as leaves in far-famed Vallombrosa. The streets are uncomfortably narrow, and penned in by the high walls surrounding the palaces, over which the foliage of venerable and lordly trees stretches until a canopy or leafy tunnel is formed, serving to render the street "in the watches o' the night" dark as Erebus.

The palace of the celebrated Wallenstein, built in 1632, and restored by his collateral descendant, Count Wallenstein, its present owner, is one of the most interesting of these lordly dwelling-houses.

The parts of the building remaining nearly in their original condition are: an upper room, covered with fresco-paintings; a small chapel adjoining; and on the ground-floor a bath, and an open arcade looking into a garden. I was disappointed at the paucity of relics of the great Wallenstein. A very bad portrait in one room, and



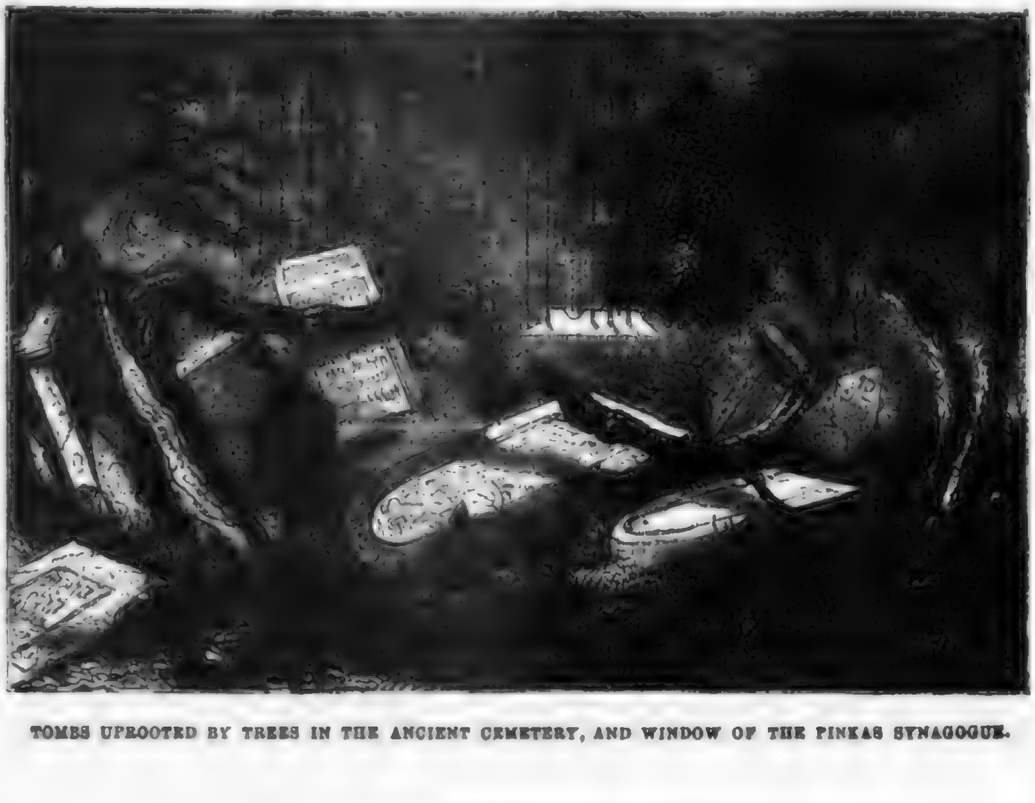
TOMB OF HENDL IN THE ANCIENT JEWISH CEMETERY AT PRAGUE.

the favorite charger which bore him at the battle of Lützen, stuffed, are all that are "on hand."

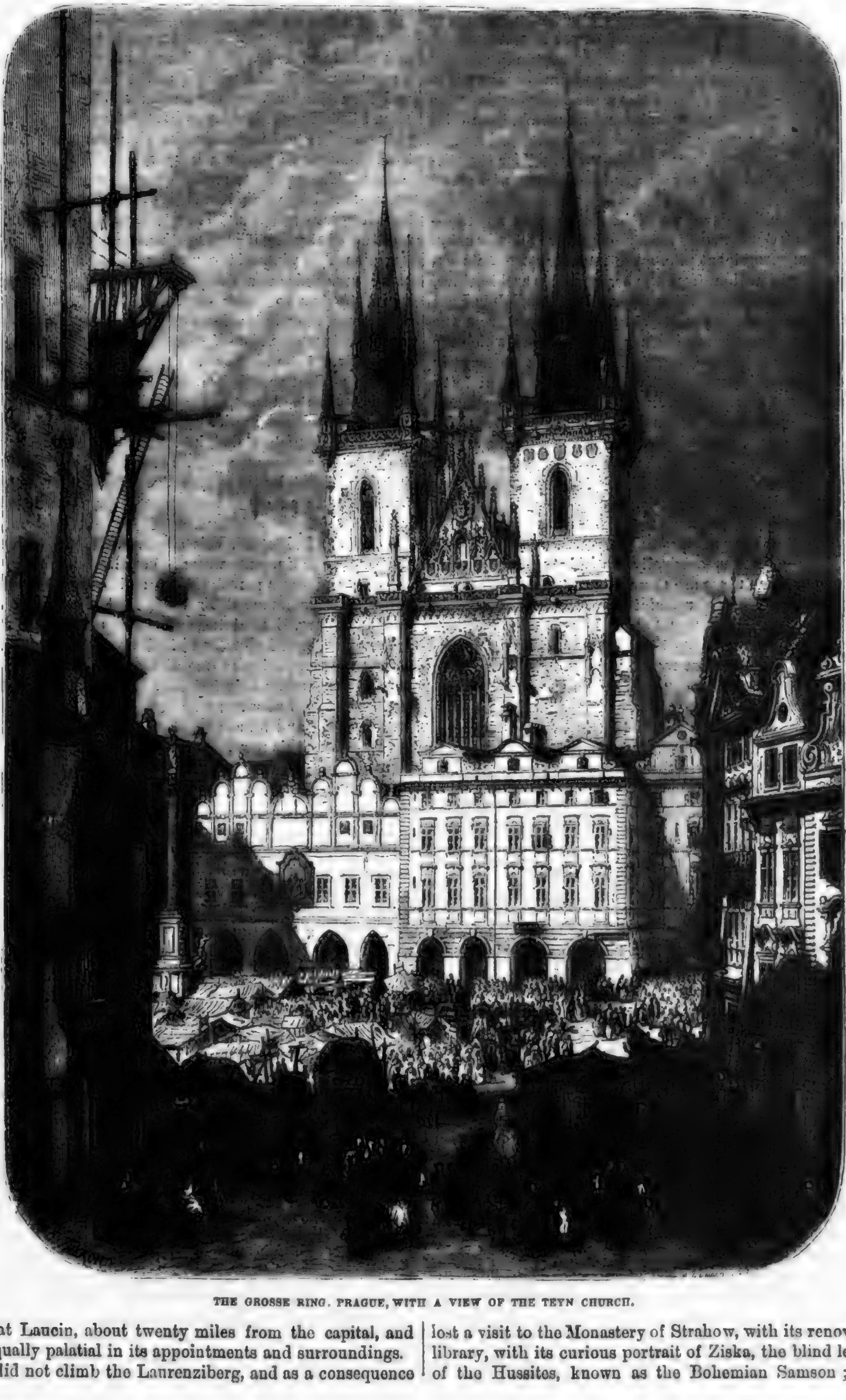
The history of the former magnificence of the palace is Arabian Nightish. To make room for it, one hundred houses were purchased and pulled down. The most skillful artists of all countries were summoned to decorate it. In the grand hall a fresco painting represented Wallenstein in a car drawn by four horses, crowned with laurel, with a star over his head, as the hero of a Roman triumph. Other apartments were decorated with allegorical subjects, and one circular chamber is still covered with mythological and astrological emblems, most probably from his own designs. It is well known that an Italian astrologer, named Seni, resided in his house; that Wallenstein put the most implicit belief in the science, and paid the greatest respect to his interpretation of the stars. The stables were profusely ornamented with precious marble; three hundred carriage and riding horses stood in them, and the animals were fed out of marble cribs. His daily levee was crowded with anxious visitors. In his ante-chamber six barons and six knights were in constant attendance, while his bodyguard, consisting of fifty armed soldiers, stood in the outer room, all dressed in his own uniform. Six sentinels continually patrolled outside of the building, to prevent any noise or tumult reaching his ears, for he had the greatest dislike to any disturbance. Sixty pages of noble families were educated in his house to wait upon him, and parents of rank contended for the honor of sending their children to him. When he went from home fifty carriages conveyed himself and his suite; fifty wagons carried his baggage, furniture and cooking apparatus; followed by fifty of the finest led horses. His fortune was enormous, his revenues exceeding six millions of dollars per annum; and yet, he was often, during wars, at a loss for a few thousand florins.

I also paid a flying visit to the palace of Count Nostitz, which contains a library of eight thousand volumes, including one MS. in the handwriting of Copernicus, while the picture-gallery boasts two hundred and ninety-one paintings, including a Christ by Albrecht Dürer, dated 1520; St. Bruno, by Van Dyke, and portraits by Holbein, Rembrandt and Rubens.

The palace of Prince Thurn and Taxis is a most magnificent building, the *façade* being in carved stone of quaint and curious design, and of the most imposing massiveness. The bronze gates of state open into a square court-yard, where I beheld a breed of Bohemian bloodhound somewhat resembling that of the celebrated Irish wolf-dog. The grand staircase, of white marble, of great width, and lined with priceless bronzes and effigies in armor, leads to a long gallery paneled and containing medallion busts of the lovelier daughters of the great house. Space will not permit of my describing the banquet-hall, with its succession of grim portraits and its suits of quaint armor; the library, full of precious tomes; the blue, gray, yellow and red reception rooms, a veritable dazzle of treasures and gilding and sheeny brocade, and rare *bric-à-brac;* the Japanese room, and other apartments shown me by grace especial. The palace possesses the double attraction of antiquity and of the most modern improvements, as witness an electric bell at the mailed elbow of a knight armed *cap-à-pie* in steel, while the gorgeousness of the surroundings proclaims the almost fabulous wealth of this great house. The Summer palace is situa-



TOMBS UPROOTED BY TREES IN THE ANCIENT CEMETERY, AND WINDOW OF THE PINKAS SYNAGOGUE.



THE GROSSE RING, PRAGUE, WITH A VIEW OF THE TEYN CHURCH.

ted at Laucin, about twenty miles from the capital, and is equally palatial in its appointments and surroundings.

I did not climb the Laurenziberg, and as a consequence lost a visit to the Monastery of Strahow, with its renowned library, with its curious portrait of Ziska, the blind leader of the Hussites, known as the Bohemian Samson; the tomb of Saint Norbert, the founder of the Order of "White Canons"; and the grave of Count Pappenheim, the imperial general killed at Lützen, and direct ancestor of the Count Pappenheim at whose residence at the Monastery at Ettal I was so graciously entertained during my visit to Oberammergau of last year. I also missed the view from the Gloriette in Count Schönbrunn's gardens, which, I am told, lays Prague right at the visitor's feet.

As I have already stated, I took a "day off" for the celebrated Hradschin, and what I saw there I am now about to chronicle.

The Hradschin—Hrad, in Bohemian, means a castle—the palace of Bohemian kings and emperors for centuries, is a vast and prominent pile, more imposing from its extent and position than from the beauty of its architecture, and there are 198 steps—how I panted and puffed as I got well into the second hundred!—to ascend to it from the town. It is larger than the palace at Vienna—of which the beautiful, hard-riding Empress Elizabeth is so heartily fond—and contains no less than four hundred and forty apartments. The front building was begun by Ferdinand I., in 1541, on the site of an earlier edifice devoured by flame. Mathias I. erected the greater portion, and Maria Theresa completed it in 1775. A part of the building was occupied, in 1831, by Charles X. of France, and the ex-Emperor Ferdinand of Austria, who abdicated in 1848, resided here till 1875, when the grim sergeant Death, who respects neither king nor peasant, arrested him.

The Hradschin was originally built by Charles V., in 1353. Of this age there are three picturesque and Gothic-looking towers, the last remaining of twenty-two, which have been destroyed by war, fire, and the steel-cold hand of Time. Those known by the name of the Black, or angular tower, and White, or round tower, served as a state prison. The luxury of being confined in these towers was reserved for "swells" only, who were often condescendingly shuffled off this mortal coil without the somewhat necessary preliminary of a trial by jury, having first been treated to a turn on the rack, and other such aristocratic luxuries. Close to the White Tower is another, Daliborka, which still remains in a perfect condition, and affords to the dullest comprehension a pretty lively notion of the horrors of a prison of the Middle Ages. I must confess to a mental shiver as I inspected the low and vaulted chambers, never, not even "hardly ever," penetrated by the rays of the sun, the grim furniture consisting of bolts and bars and iron rings. In the floor of the entrance-room is an iron trapdoor, with a pulley and rope attached to the roof above it. This proved to be but the ante-chamber to a lower dungeon, thirty-two yards deep, down into whose depths the criminal, destined never again to see the sun, was slowly lowered, the executioners taking a hellish pleasure in prolonging the ill-fated wretch's unendurable fire of torture. I experienced some difficulty in obtaining access to this chamber, and only I had a friend at Court who possessed the right ear of the Burggrafenaint, it would have remained a sealed book to me.

It was with a sigh of relief that I quitted it to turn into the Huldigungssaal. This magnificent Gothic apartment was built by King Ladislaus, in 1522, and here in former times were held those tournaments in which the Bohemian knights proved themselves so skillful on horse and on foot with lance and with sword. The nobles swear allegiance to their sovereign after his coronation in the Huldigungssaal, and the ceremony, I am told, is one which brings us back to the Middle Ages as if by the blast of a magic horn. The Landtag use the hall now for their semi-monthly meetings.

On a narrow terrace under the palace-walls, toward which I directed my gaze, my cicerone pointed out two small white obelisks. These mark where two unpopular members of the imperial government, with their creature and secretary, fell from a height of nearly eighty feet, when thrown out of a window of the apartment in which I was then standing, by the armed nobles on the 23d of May, 1618. The tyrannical and intolerant edicts which they had drawn up and issued in the Emperor's name against the Bohemian Protestants gave rise to this act of rapid transit. The gentlemen who caused the ejection excused themselves by saying it was a Bohemian custom thus to treat intrusive enemies. They felt considerably aggrieved that the gentry thus expelled were not killed. The preservation of the imperial counselors was attributed to their being received on a dunghill, which very opportunely lay in the way to break their fall. The secretary, who came from the window last, begged pardon of his superiors for having incommoded them by falling on them, and he lived to be raised to the peerage under the resounding title of Graf von Hohenfall.

This foolish and murderous deed of the nobles was the first act of violence in the great struggle of thirty years, and the war which ended in 1648 with the unsuccessful siege of Prague was begun, in 1618, on the spot of ground still marked out by these obelisks. On another portion of the terrace is an equestrian statue of St. George, dated 1373.

The Cathedral of St. Veit stands within the inclosure of the Hradschin, and was all boarded and scaffolded, as it is undergoing restoration and completion. This church was commenced in 1344, in the reign of John of Luxemburg, by Matthias of Arras, and continued during the reign of Charles IV. The only portions completed were the choir and one of the towers. This tower was five hundred and six feet high, consequently the highest in Europe, but was restored to its present height—three hundred and fourteen feet—after a great fire in 1541. The view from this tower is superb, and fain would I have spent hours gazing at the wondrous panorama unfolded to my view, but that time nudged me to be stirring.

The Cathedral, though rich in Gothic ornament, is not satisfying to the eye. Of course this is accounted for by its being left incomplete, and by its sufferings through the Hussite ravages. In 1757, too, during the Seven Years' War, Frederick the Great bombarded it, when 215 balls passed through the roof dome, while more than 1,500 battered their way into the church during the siege. Maria Theresa partially restored it; but it bears a damaged and crestfallen appearance. The interior is a perfect museum of curiosities. There are three aisles, of equal height, 105 feet. In the centre, close to the western door, is the mausoleum, in white marble, erected by Rudolph II. in 1589, as a monument to himself and other Kings of Bohemia, and princely persons who lie interred in the vault below it, among whom we may mention—as newspaper correspondents say—Kings Wenceslas IV., 1419, and George Podiebrad, 1458; Emperors Charles IV., 1378; Ladislaus Posthumous, 1458; Ferdinand I., 1564; Maximilian II., 1577; Rudolph II., 1612; Archduchess Maria Amelia, 1804. The effigies in the mausoleum, and the carvings, are a mine of treasure to those who, like Mr. De Ponsonby Smithe, "go in for that sort of thing, you know." There are ten other monuments in a side-chapel opposite to the altar of St. John of Nepomuk, remarkable as works of art, and of the date 1558. On the north side of the church, against a pillar, hangs a head of Christ brought by the Emperor Charles IV. from Italy. It is a wondrous specimen of Byzantine art. A series of representations of the City of Prague in the 17th century, engraved in wood, and which stand near to this head of Christ, are singularly quaint and interesting.

The Emperors of Austria are crowned Kings of Bohemia in front of a high altar; the crown, sceptre and globe forming the Bohemian regalia, are kept in the crown room, above the St. Wenzel Chapel. At the back of the high altar, in the Sternberg Chapel, King Ottocar, who was killed in battle fighting against Rudolph of Hapsburg, is buried. The walls of this and numerous other chapels are hung with oil paintings, all sadly defaced, some of them in the last stages of decay. Can nothing be done for them? A few of the florins flung away on horses and grooms by the beautiful Empress would do something toward preserving these master pages of the history of a nation. I noticed one of the cannon-balls which fell into the church during its bombardment by Frederick, hung up on high and clothed in a frock of cobwebs. I was shown a candelabrum in the Chapel of St. Anne, the foot of which is said to have come from Solomon's Temple, and to have been brought to Prague from Milan to King Wladislaw, in 1162. The upper part bears date 1641.

And now I come to the chapel and shrine of St. John of Nepomuk.

This is one of the most richly gifted shrines in the wide world. Its accumulation of solid silver service, more valuable than beautiful of workmanship, is of enormous value. The entire weight of the precious metal expended on the shrine is estimated at thirty-seven hundred weight. The body of the saint is contained in a crystal coffin, inclosed in one of silver, and borne aloft by angels nearly as large as life, also of silver. The candelabra which stand around, the incense-burning lamps which hang above, are all of the same metal; and four angels having the appearance of flying in the air are said alone to contain nine thousand and ten marks of silver. These decorations were principally executed about the year 1736, by the silversmith Wirth, of Vienna; but these are only a small part of the wealth showered upon the saint in votive tablets, plate, etc., of all kinds. Before the coffin are four bass-reliefs, representing the story of his life and death; in one he is seen undergoing torture in the Hradschin, to make him disclose the Queen's confession. This bass-relief is relieved from much of its horror by its grotesqueness. I missed seeing the tongue of the saint, which is said to remain to this day as perfect as when it was cut out of his head. It is inclosed in a case in the wall above the altar of St. Wenzel's Chapel, and is regarded by the faithful as a most precious relic. St. Veit has a tomb and a statue near the shrine of the Patron of Bridges.

St. Wenzel (Wenceslas) is the patron saint of Bohemia, and the chapel dedicated to him is a very marvel. Its walls are inlaid with Bohemian amethysts, jaspers and chrysoprase, which serve as borders to a series of remarkable ancient fresco paintings, executed by order of the Emperor Charles IV., in 1347. Those in the lower room represent scenes from the life of our Lord, well painted and curious specimens of the Bohemian school of paintings of the fourteenth century; unhappily, however, they are rapidly fading away, being scarcely distinguishable. The upper paintings, representing the legend of St. Wenzel, are of a later date, and dauby. In this gorgeously decorated sanctuary repose the remains of the saint, together with his armor and sword. His statue, which stands under a shrine, is said to have been cast from the first cannon taken from John Ziska. The brass ring in the door is reverently pointed out, as it is asserted that the saint clung fast to it when he was murdered by his brother, Boleslav, in 936, in the Church of Alt-Bunzlau.

On the outside of the church, upon the south wall, is a mosaic, supposed to have existed in 1371, representing Christ in glory, surrounded by angels, with the six patron saints of Bohemia below, and the Emperor Charles IV. and his wife. This is interesting not only as a specimen of art, but as, perhaps, the only specimen of mosaic used as an exterior decoration to be found north of the Alps.

In the Schatzkammer of the Dom is a quantity of church-plate of immense value, and no less than 368 sets of vestments, a very museum of antique embroidery. One set was worked by the hands of Maria Theresa, another is made out of her bridal dress, a third out of the wedding robe of a Countess of Czernin. One of the most remarkable sets, if not *the* most, is a linen robe, embroidered with flowers and figures by the hands of the Bohemian Queen Anne of the fourteenth century, the last scion of the royal line of Przemysl. Here, also, are a number of religious relics used at the coronation of the Bohemian Kings. Amongst these are portions of the bones of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the handkerchief of the Virgin Mary, a piece of the true cross, inclosing a bit of the sponge which was placed on a hyssop, two thorns of the crown of thorns, and one of the palm branches strewed in the way of our Lord as he entered Jerusalem.

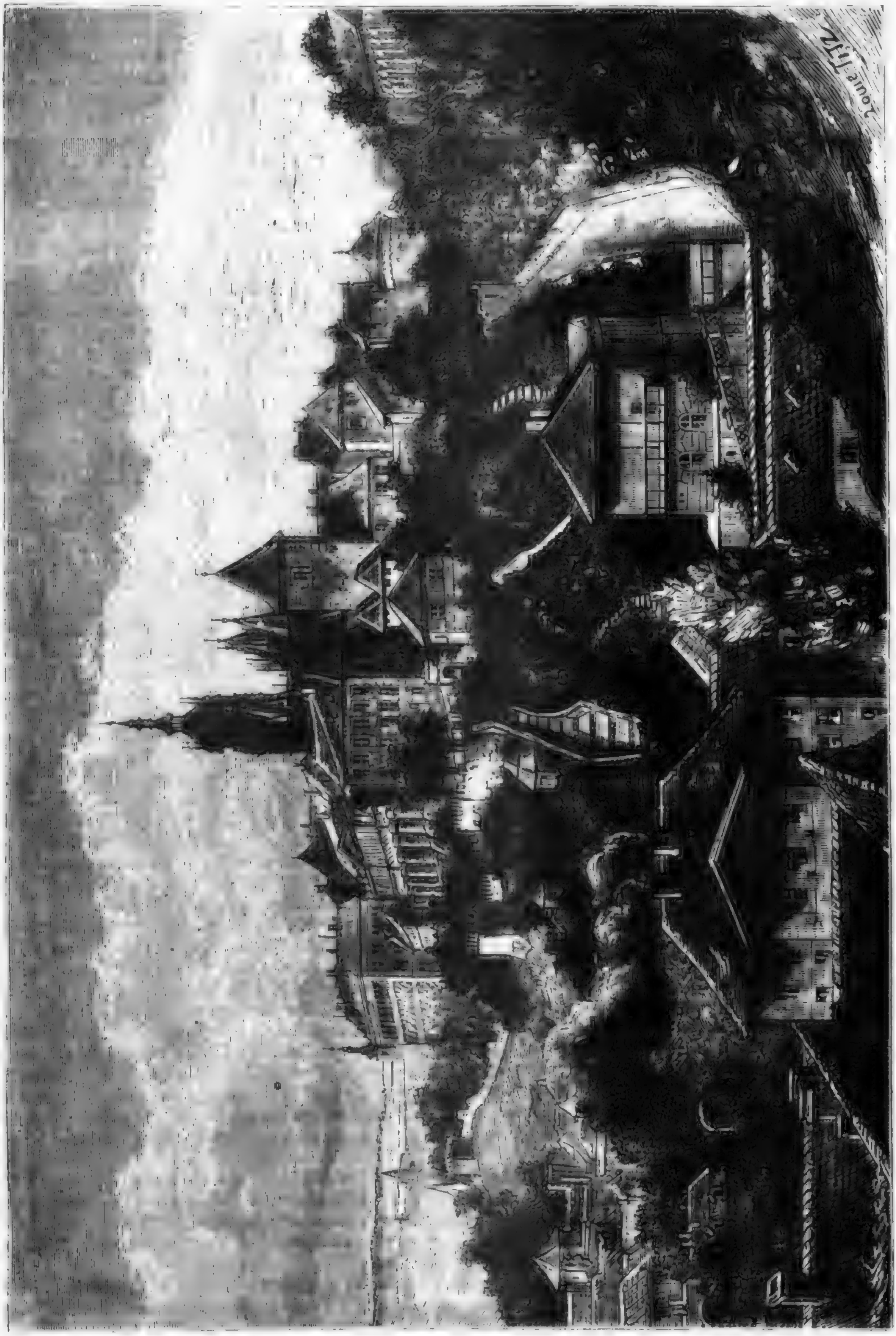
The oldest building in the Hradschin is the Church of St. George, with its two brick towers, which dates from 920, having been founded by Wradislaus I. The Abbess of the adjoining convent was endowed by Charles IV. with the right, which existed up to 1782, of placing the crown on the head of the Queen at coronation.

I quitted this wonderful Hradschin with feelings of intense regret, for it is a place wherein to ruminate, and to fling one's mind's eye back on the "stained pages of history."

Near the Hradschin are many palaces of the Bohemian nobility, notably those of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, of Prince Schwarzenberg, the latter of Mauresque architecture. The once vast and splendid palace of Count Czernin, with its colonnades of marble pillars, and its internal decorations of marbles, sculptures, fresco paintings, etc., is now a barracks, where tight-breeched Bohemian soldiers move about as if attired in thin drawers. Opposite the Czernin palace, and adjoining the Capuchin monastery, is the Lorette Chapel, an exact copy, within and without, of the famous wandering house of Loretto.

The Belvedere, close by, was an Italian pavilion built by Emperor Ferdinand I. in 1536, for his Empress Anne. It is erroneously called the observatory of Tycho Brahe, that eminent astronomer, who, invited by Rudolph II., one of the most distinguished patrons of art and science in Europe, to settle in Prague, resided in a house near the Lorette Chapel, now no longer remaining. There is in existence a petition of Tycho Brahe to the Emperor, complaining that the Capuchins of the adjoining monastery disturbed him in the night by constantly tolling their bells. In consequence of this the Emperor gave the monks to understand that it would be well to stop ringing before the stars rose, and—they stopped ringing. It was in a house close by that the Danish astronomer, enjoying a snug pension of one thousand florins, with Kepler, prepared the tables called after their patron, Tabulæ Rudolphinæ.

I spent an evening on the bastions which surround the Kleinseite, and which have been transformed into walks. From the Bruska Bastion, built on a high promontory stretching out into the Moldau, is the finest view of Prague. The two islands in the Moldau above the bridge are favorite Summer resorts. The Sophien-Insel, above the chain bridge, is frequented by the higher classes. The ballroom is superb. The isle called the Gross-Venedig



CASTLE OF HRADSCHIN, PRAGUE.

is thronged on Sunday by the lower classes, and here I witnessed several of the national dances, as they have dancing saloons like those of Vienna.

It was but a flying glimpse I took of the capital of Bohemia, but its quaintness and its picturesqueness remain imprinted on my mental vision in bright and, I trust, lasting colors; and, true Bohemian that I am, I long to see it again.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

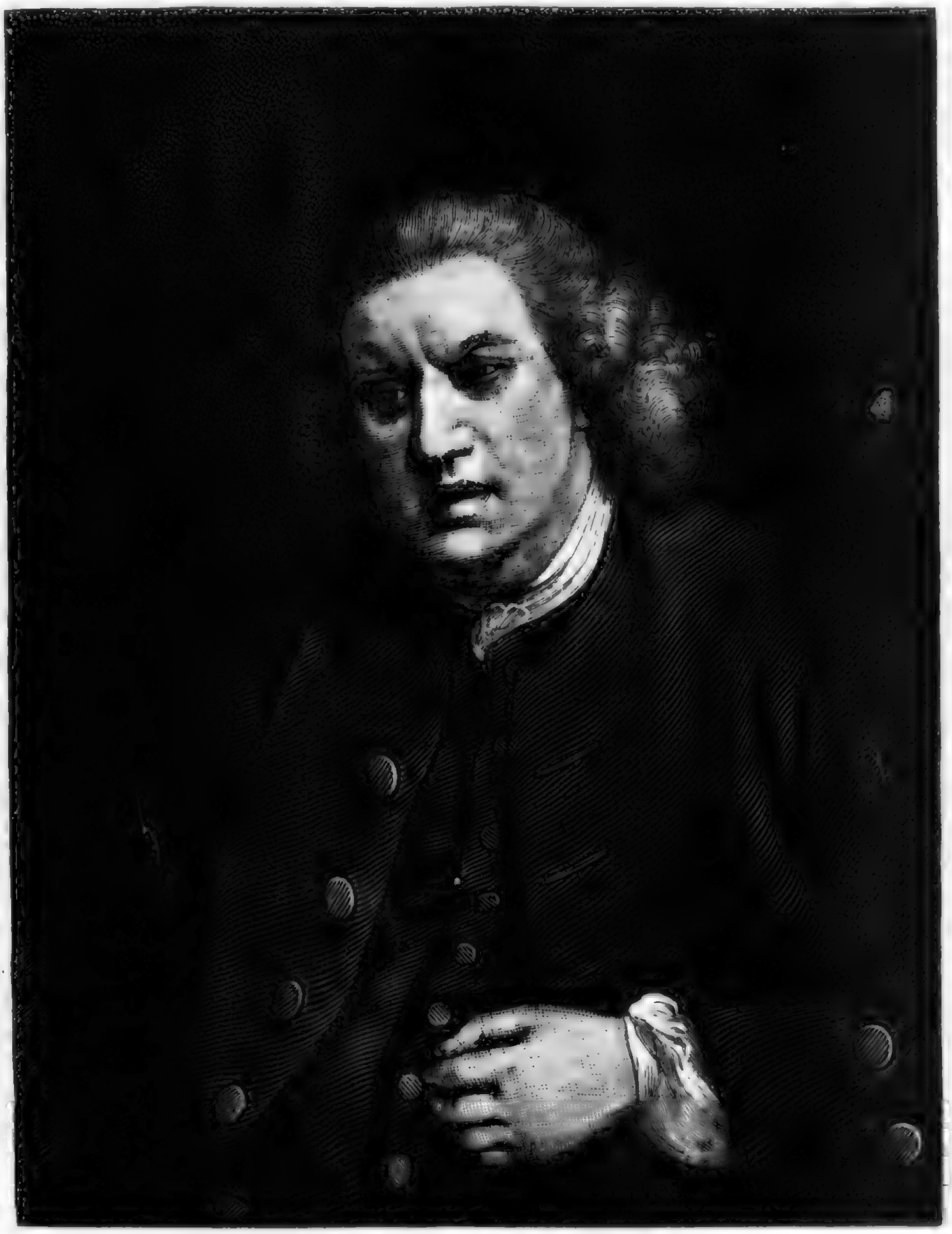
By Leslie Stephen.

Samuel Johnson was born in Lichfield in 1709. His father, Michael, was a bookseller, highly respected by the cathedral clergy, and for a time sufficiently prosperous to be a magistrate, and, in the year of his son's birth, sheriff of the county. He opened a bookstall on market-days at neighboring towns, including Birmingham, as yet unable to maintain a separate bookseller. Michael Johnson was a High Churchman and Tory. He was a man of considerable mental and physical power, but tormented by hypochondria. His son inherited both his constitution and his principles. Long afterward Samuel associated with his childish days a faint but solemn recollection of a lady in diamonds and long black hood. The lady was Queen Anne, to whom, in compliance with a superstition just dying a natural death, he had been taken by his mother to be touched for the king's evil.

The disease had scarred and disfigured features otherwise regular and always impressive. It had seriously injured his eyes. He could not, it is said, distinguish a friend's face half a yard off, and pictures were to him meaningless patches. The statement is, perhaps, exaggerated; for he expressed some annoyance when Reynolds had painted him with a pen held close to his eye, and protested that he would not be handed down to posterity as "blinking Sam." It seemed that minute attention atoned in some degree for this natural defect. Boswell tells us how Johnson once corrected him as to the precise shape of a mountain; and Mrs. Thrale says that he was a close and exacting critic of ladies' dress. He reproved her for wearing a dark dress as unsuitable to a "little creature." "What," he asked, "have not all insects gay colors?" His insensibility to music was even more pronounced than his dullness of sight. On hearing, in praise of a musical performance, that it was in any case difficult, his feeling comment was, "I wish it had been impossible!"

His queer convulsions were probably connected with his disease, though he ascribed them simply to habit. When entering a doorway he would suddenly "whirl and twist about." He would stop in a street or the middle of a room to go through this correctly. Once he collected a laughing mob in Twickenham meadows by his antics; his hands imitating the motions of a jockey riding at full speed, and his feet twisting in and out to make his heels and toes touch alternately. He presently sat down and took out a *Grotius De Veritate*, over which he "see-sawed" so violently that the mob ran back to see what was the matter. Once in such a fit he suddenly twisted off the shoe of a lady who sat by him. Sometimes he seemed to be obeying some hidden impulse, which commanded him to touch every post in a street or tread on the centre of every paving-stone, and would return if his task had not been accurately performed.

In spite of such oddities, he was not only possessed of physical power corresponding to his great height and massive stature, but was proficient at athletic exercises. He was conversant with the theory, at least, of boxing; a knowledge probably acquired from an uncle who was never beaten in boxing or wrestling. His constitutional fearlessness would have made him a formidable antagonist.



PORTRAIT OF DOCTOR SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Once he is said to have taken up a chair at the theatre upon which a man had seated himself during his temporary absence, and to have tossed it and its occupant bodily into the pit. He would swim into dangerous pools, beat huge dogs into peace, climb trees, and even run races and jump gates.

In such a strange case was imprisoned one of the most vigorous intellects of the time. Vast strength hampered by clumsiness and associated with grievous disease, deep and massive powers of feeling limited by narrow though acute perceptions, were characteristic both of soul and body. These peculiarities were manifested from infancy.

As a boy he was regarded as something of an infant prodigy. His great powers of memory, characteristic of a mind singularly retentive of all impressions, were early developed. He seemed to learn by intuition. Indolence, as in his after life, alternated with brief efforts of strenuous exertion. His want of sight prevented him from sharing in the ordinary childish sports; and one of his great pleasures was in reading old romances—a taste which he retained through life. Boys of this temperament are generally despised by their fellows; but Johnson seems to have had the power of enforcing respect. Three of the lads used to come for him in the morning and carry him in triumph to school, seated upon the shoulders of one and supported on each side by his companions.

After learning to read at a dame-school, and from a certain Tom Brown, of whom it is only recorded that he published a spelling-book and dedicated it to the Universe, young Samuel was sent to the Lichfield Grammar School, and was afterward pupil-teacher at Stourbridge, in Worcestershire. A good deal of Latin was "whipped into him," and though he complained of the excessive severity of two of his teachers, he was always a believer in the virtues of the rod.

Johnson left school at sixteen and spent two years at home, probably in learning his father's business. This seems to have been the chief period of his studies. Long afterward he said that he knew almost as much at eighteen as he did at the age of fifty-three. His father's shop would give him many opportunities, and he devoured what came in his way with undiscriminating eagerness. His intellectual resembled his physical appetite. He gorged books, but did not study systematically. His memory enabled him to accumulate great stores of knowledge. Somehow he became a fine Latin scholar, though never first-rate as a Grecian. The direction of his studies was partly determined by the discovery of a folio of Petrarch, lying on a shelf where he was looking for apples; and one of his earliest literary plans was an edition of Politian, with a history of Latin poetry from the time of Petrarch. When he went to the university he was in possession of a very unusual amount of reading.

Meanwhile he was beginning to feel the pressure of poverty. His father's affairs were in disorder. Many years afterward Johnson, worn by disease and the hard struggle of life, was staying at Lichfield. He was missed one morning at breakfast, and did not return till suppertime. Then he told how his time had been passed. On that day fifty years before, his father, confined by illness, had begged him to take his place to sell books at a stall at Uttoxeter. Pride made him refuse. "To do away with the sin of this disobedience, I this day went in a post-chaise to Uttoxeter, and going into the market at the time of high business, uncovered my head and stood with it bare an hour before the stall which my father had formerly used, exposed to the sneers of the standers-by and the inclemency of the weather; a penance by which I trust I have propitiated Heaven for this only instance, I believe, of contumacy to my father." The anecdote reveals, too, that sacred depth of tenderness which ennobled his character.

He began residence at Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1728. It seems probable that he received some assistance from a gentleman whose son took him as companion. It is certain that he left without taking a degree, though he probably resided for nearly three years. His father's bankruptcy made the period one of trial.

At Oxford, Law's *Serious Call* gave him the strong religious impressions which remained through life. When told in after years that he had been described as a "gay and frolicsome fellow," he replied, "Ah, sir, I was mad and violent. It was bitterness which they mistook for frolic. I was miserably poor, and I thought to fight my way by my literature and my wit; so I disregarded all power and all authority." Johnson was distinguished through life by the strongest personal independence.

Three of the most eminent men with whom Johnson came in contact in later life, Wesley, Adam Smith, and Gibbon, had also been students at Oxford. Johnson cherished his college friendships, delighted in paying visits to his old university, and was deeply touched by the academical honors which Oxford bestowed.

On leaving the University, in 1731, the world was all before him. His father died, and his whole inheritance was twenty pounds.

Accordingly, the young scholar tried to coin his brains into money by becoming an usher in a school. By one schoolmaster he was rejected on the ground that his infirmities would excite ridicule. Under another he passed some months of "complicated misery," and could never think of the school without horror. Finding this intolerable, he settled in Birmingham, in 1733, to be near an old schoolfellow, named Hector. Some small literary work came in his way. He contributed essays to a local paper, and translated a book of "Travels in Abyssinia." For this, his first publication, he received five guineas. In 1734 he made overtures to Cave, a London publisher.

Having no money and no prospects, Johnson naturally married. The lady was the widow of a Birmingham mercer named Porter. Her age at the time (1735) of the second marriage was forty-six, the bridegroom being not quite twenty-six. We have little in the way of authentic description of her person and character. Garrick said that she was very fat, with cheeks colored both by paint and cordials, flimsy and fantastic in dress, and affected in her manners.

On the wedding-day, as the newly-married couple rode back from church, Mrs. Johnson showed her spirit by reproaching her husband for riding too fast, and then for lagging behind. Resolved "not to be made the slave of caprice," he pushed on briskly till he was fairly out of sight. When she rejoined him, as he, of course, took care that she should soon do, she was in tears. But Johnson loved her devotedly during life, and clung fondly to her memory during a widowhood of more than thirty years.

Mrs. Johnson seems to have been a woman of some literary judgment. Johnson's grotesque appearance did not prevent her from saying to her daughter on their first introduction, "This is the most sensible man I ever met." Her praises were, we may believe, sweeter to him than those of the severest critics, or the most fervent of flatterers. Nothing affected his fidelity to his Tetty, or displaced her image in his mind. He remembered her in many solemn prayers, and such words as "this was dear Tetty's book"; or, "this was a prayer which dear Tetty was accustomed to say," were found written by him in many of her books of devotion.

Mrs. Johnson had one other recommendation—a fortune, namely, of £800—little enough, even then, as a provision for the support of the married pair, but enough to help Johnson to make a fresh start. In 1736, there appeared an advertisement in the "Gentleman's Magazine":

> "At Edial, near Lichfield, in Staffordshire, young gentlemen are boarded and taught the Latin and Greek languages by Samuel Johnson."

Very few pupils came, and they seem to have profited little. The school, or "academy," failed after a year and a half, and Johnson left Lichfield to seek his fortune in London. Garrick accompanied him, and the two brought a common letter of introduction to the master of an academy from Gilbert Walmsley, registrar of the Prerogative Court in Lichfield.

Johnson was not the first professional author, in this sense, but perhaps the first man who made the profession respectable. The principal habitat of authors, in his age, was Grub Street.

Johnson could have but a slender prospect of rising above the ordinary level of his companions and rivals. One publisher suggested to him that it would be his wisest course to buy a porter's knot and carry trunks; and Johnson must sometimes have been tempted to regret that the advice was not taken. He long afterward burst into tears on recalling the trials of this period.

What we know is derived from a few letters and incidental references of Johnson in later days. On first arriving in London he was almost destitute, and had to join with Garrick in raising a loan. He dined for eightpence at an ordinary—a cut of meat for sixpence, bread for a penny, and a penny to the waiter, making out the charge. One of his acquaintance had told him that a man might live in London for thirty pounds a year.

Johnson, however, had a wife to support; and to raise funds for even an ascetic mode of existence required steady labor. Often, it seems, his purse was at very lowest ebb. One of his letters to his employer is signed *impransus*, whether the dinnerless condition was in this case accidental, or significant of absolute impecuniosity.

To the end of his life, Johnson was grateful to those who had lent him a helping hand. "Harry Hervey," he said of one of them, "was a vicious man, but very kind to me. If you call a dog Hervey, I shall love him." Pope, impressed by the excellence of his first poem, "London," induced Lord Gower to write to a friend to beg Swift to obtain a degree for Johnson from the University of Dublin. The object of the degree was to qualify Johnson for a mastership of £60 a year, which would make him happy for life. The application failed, however, and the want of a degree was equally fatal to an application to be admitted to practice at Doctor's Commons.

Literature was thus perforce Johnson's sole support; and by literature was meant drudgery. His letter to Cave seems to have led to employment. From 1738 he was employed both on the *Gentleman's Magazine* and in some jobs of translation.

Once incident of the period doubtless refreshed the soul of many authors. Johnson was employed by Osborne, a rough specimen, to make a catalogue of the Harleian Library. Osborne offensively reproved him for negligence, and Johnson knocked him down with a folio. The book with which the feat was performed ("Biblia Græca Septuaginta," fol. 1594, Frankfort) was in existence in a bookseller's shop at Cambridge in 1812, and should surely have been placed in some safe author's museum.

Johnson was one of the first of reporters. Cave published such reports of the debates in Parliament as were then allowed, under the title of "The Senate of Lilliput." Johnson was the author of the debates from November, 1740 to February, 1742. Persons employed to attend the Houses brought home notes of the speeches, which were then put into shape by Johnson.

The most remarkable of his Grub Street companions was Richard Savage. Johnson's life of him, written soon after his death and published in 1744, is one of the most forcible performances, and the best extant illustration of the life of the struggling authors of the time.

There is something quaint about this picture of a thorough-paced scamp, admiringly painted by a virtuous man; forced, in spite of himself, to make it a likeness, and striving in vain to make it attractive.

Meanwhile he published a poem which did something to give him a general reputation. "London"—an imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal—was published in May, 1738. This poem attracted Pope's notice. It reached a second edition in a week, and attracted various patrons, among others the founder of Georgia, General Oglethorpe.

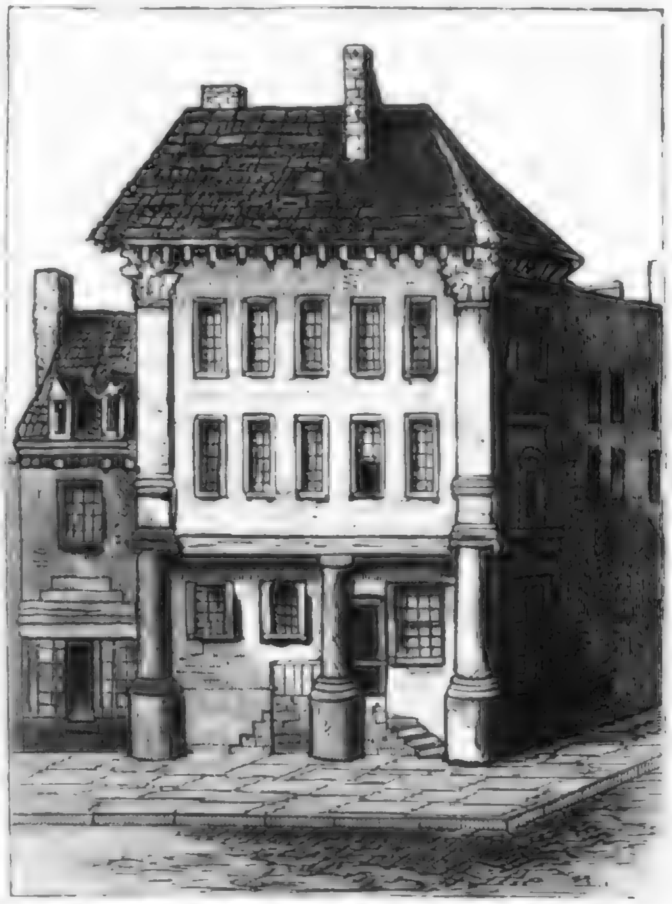
Ten years later (in January, 1749), appeared the "Vanity of Human Wishes," an imitation of the "Tenth Satire of Juvenal." It was written at a white heat, as indeed Johnson wrote all his best works. Its strong Stoical morality, its profound and melancholy illustrations of the old and ever new sentiment, *Vanitas Vanitatum*, make it, perhaps, most impressive.

For "London" Johnson received ten guineas, and for the "Vanity of Human Wishes" fifteen. Though indirectly valuable as increasing his reputation, such work was not very profitable. Garrick, who had become manager of Drury Lane, produced his friend's work, the tragedy of "Irene," in 1749. The play was carried through nine nights by Garrick's friendly zeal, so that the author had his three nights' profits. For this he received £195 17s., and for the copy he had £100. "Irene" was, on the whole, a failure, and has never, I imagine, made another appearance. When asked how he felt upon his ill-success, he replied "like the monument." He made it a principle to accept the decision of the public without a murmur.

Meanwhile, Johnson was already embarked upon an undertaking of a very different kind. In 1747 he had put forth a plan for an English Dictionary, addressed, at the suggestion of Dodsley, to Lord Chesterfield, the great contemporary Mæcenas. Johnson had apparently been maturing the scheme for some time.

A dictionary, as Johnson conceived it, was in fact work for a "harmless drudge," the definition of a lexicographer given in the book itself. Etymology in a scientific sense was as yet non-existent, and Johnson was not in this respect ahead of his contemporaries.

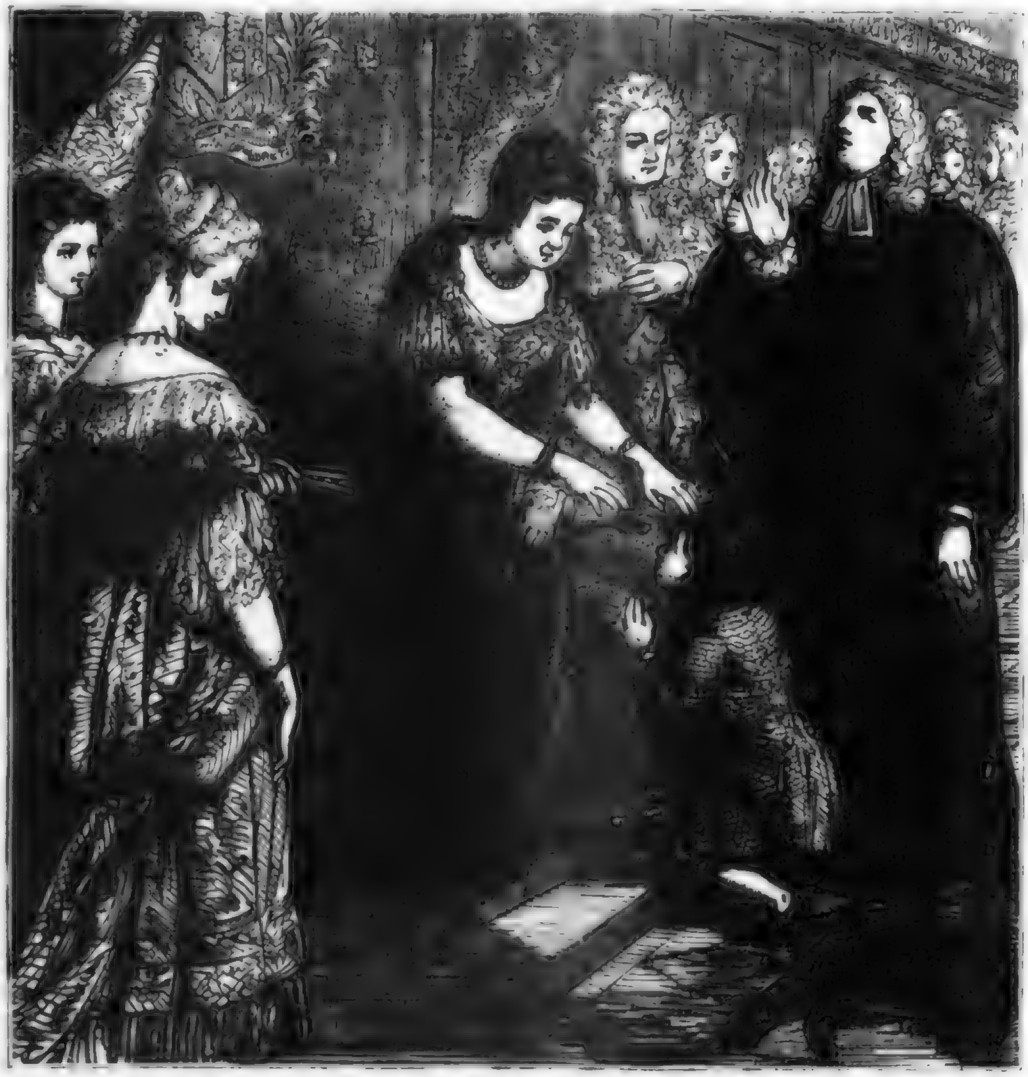
Johnson had now on hand the biggest job that could be well undertaken by a good workman in his humble craft. He was to receive fifteen hundred and seventy-five pounds for the whole, and he expected to finish it in three years. The money, it is to be observed, was to satisfy not only Johnson, but several copyists. It was advanced by instalments, and came to an end before the conclusion of the book. Indeed, when accounts were settled, he had received a hundred pounds more than was due. He could, however, pay his way for the time, and would gain a reputation enough to insure work in future. He was not yet elevated above the need of drudgery and economy, but he might at least be free from the dread of neglect. He could command his market—such as it was. His name was beginning to be known, and men of reputation were seeking his acquaintance. In the Winter of 1749 he formed a club, which met weekly at a "famous beef-steak house" in Ivy Lane. Among its members were Hawkins, afterward his biographer, Bathurst, a physician, and Hawkesworth, an author. The Club gave Johnson an opportunity of displaying and improving his great conversational powers. He was already dreaded for his prowess in argument, his dictatorial manners and vivid flashes of wit and humor, the more effective from his habitual gloom.



HOUSE AT LICHFIELD IN WHICH JOHNSON WAS BORN.

The talk of this society probably suggested topics for the *Rambler*, which spread Johnson's fame beyond the literary circles of London. The wit and humor have, indeed, left few traces upon its ponderous pages, for the *Rambler* marks the culminating period of Johnson's worst style. Such literature, however, is often strangely popular, and the *Rambler* gave Johnson his position as a great practical moralist.

The *Rambler* was published twice a week from March 20th, 1750, to March 17th, 1752. The circulation rarely exceeded 500. The payment, two guineas a number, must have been welcome, and the friendship of many distinguished men of the time was a still more valuable reward.



JOHNSON TOUCHED BY QUEEN ANNE FOR THE KING'S EVIL.

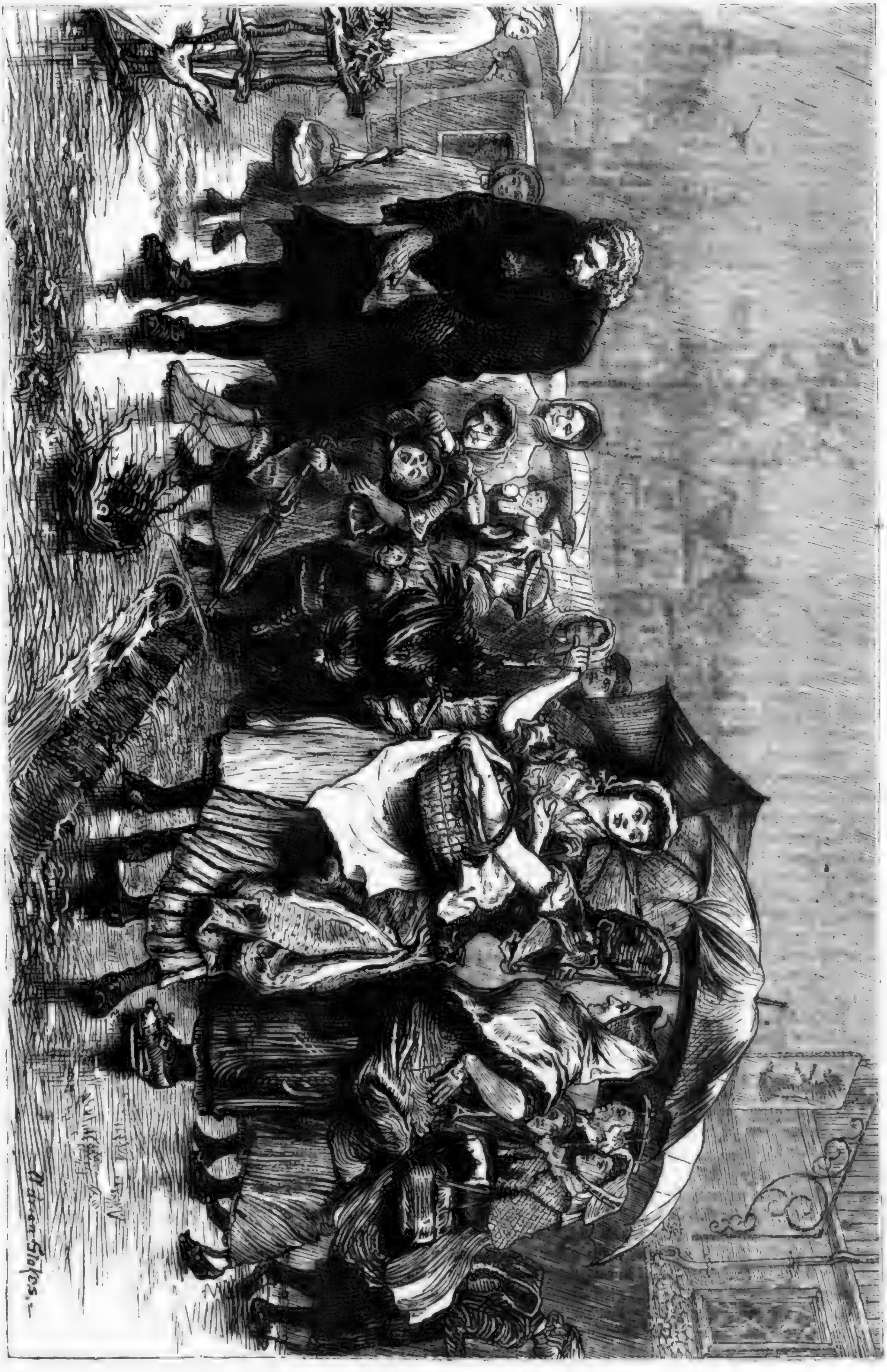
Dearer than all other praise was the approval of Johnson's wife. She told him that, well as she had thought of him before, she had not considered him equal to such a performance. The voice that so charmed him was soon to be silenced. Mrs. Johnson died (March 17th, 1752) three days after the appearance of the last *Rambler*. Johnson's strong mind and tender nature reeled under the blow.

Long afterward he wrote:

> "This is the day on which, in 1752, dear Tetty died. I have now uttered a prayer of repentance and contrition; perhaps Tetty knows that I prayed for her. Perhaps Tetty is now praying for me. God help me. Thou, God, art merciful, hear my prayers and enable me to trust in Thee.
>
> "We were married almost seventeen years, and have now been parted thirty."

It seems half profane, even at this distance of time, to pry into grief so deep and so lasting. Johnson turned for relief to that which all sufferers know to be the only remedy for sorrow — hard labor. He helped his friend Hawkesworth in the *Adventurer*; but his main work was the "Dictionary." Johnson had dedicated the Plan to Lord Chesterfield.

Men representing two such antithetic types were not likely to admire each other's good qualities. Johnson was naturally annoyed when the dignified noble published two articles in the *World*, in which the need of a dictionary was set forth, and various compliments described Johnson's fitness for a dictatorship over the language. Nothing could be more prettily turned; but it meant, and Johnson took it to mean, I should like to have the Dictionary dedicated to me; such a compliment would enable me to appear to the world as a patron of literature as well as an authority upon manners. Johnson therefore


Adrian Stokes.

DOCTOR JOHNSON'S PENANCE AT UTTOXETER.

XUM

bestowed upon the noble earl a piece of his mind in his letter:

> 'MY LORD:—I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the *World* that two papers in which my 'Dictionary' is recommended to the public were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.
>
> "When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself, *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the arts of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.
>
> "Seven years, my lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward rooms and was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, and one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.
>
> "The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.
>
> "Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached the ground encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.
>
> "Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, should less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord,
>
> "Your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,
>
> "SAM. JOHNSON."

The appearance of the "Dictionary" made Johnson "the great Cham of Literature"—a monarch sitting in the chair previously occupied by his namesake, Ben, by Dryden and by Pope; but since that time vacant. His name was the highest at this time (1755) in the ranks of pure literature.

When the last sheet of the "Dictionary" had been carried to the publisher, Millar, Johnson asked the messenger, "What did he say?" "Sir," said the messenger, "he said, 'Thank God I have done with him.'" "I am glad," replied Johnson, "that he thanks God for anything." Thankfulness for relief from seven years' toil seems to have been Johnson's predominant feeling: and he was not anxious for a time to take any new labors upon his shoulders. Some years passed which have left few traces either upon his personal or his literary history. He contributed a good many reviews in 1756–7 to the "Literary Magazine," one of which, a review of Soame Jenyns, is amongst his best performances. To a weekly paper he contributed for two years, from April, 1758, to April 1760, a set of essays called the "Idler," on the old "Rambler" plan. He did some small literary cobbler's work, receiving a guinea for a prospectus to a newspaper and ten pounds for correcting a volume of poetry. He had advertised, in 1756, a new edition of Shakespeare, which was to appear by Christmas, 1757; but it did not appear for nine years: and then only in consequence of taunts from Churchill.

It seems, however, that he was still frequently in difficulties. When in January, 1759, his mother died at the age of ninety, Johnson was unable to go to Lichfield, and some deeply pathetic letters to her and her stepdaughter, who lived with her, record his emotions. Here is the last sad farewell upon the snapping of the most sacred of human ties.

> "DEAR HONORED MOTHER," he says, in a letter inclosed to Lucy Porter, the stepdaughter, "neither your condition nor your character make it fit for me to say much. You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness of all that I have done ill, and of all that I have omitted to do well. God grant you His Holy Spirit, and receive you to everlasting happiness for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. Lord Jesus receive your spirit. I am, dear, dear mother, your dutiful son,
>
> "SAMUEL JOHNSON."

Johnson managed to raise twelve guineas, six of them borrowed from his printer, to send to his dying mother. In order to gain money for her funeral expenses and some small debts, he wrote the story of "Rasselas." It was composed in the evenings of a single week, and sent to press as it was written. He received £100 for this, perhaps the most successful of his minor writings, and £25 for a second edition. It was widely translated and universally admired. "Rasselas" is a book of singular force, and bears the most characteristic impression of Johnson's peculiar temperament.

When George III. came to the throne, it struck some of his advisers that it would be well, as Boswell puts it, to open "a new and brighter prospect to men of literary merit." This commendable design was carried out by offering to Johnson a pension of three hundred a year. The bounty does not strike one as excessively liberal.

The pension suggested some difficulty. Johnson had unluckily spoken of a pension in his "Dictionary" as "generally understood to mean pay given to a State hireling for treason to his country." He was assured, however, that he did not come within the definition; and that the reward was given for what he had done, not for anything he was expected to do. After some hesitation, Johnson consented to accept it.

The Johnson of our knowledge, the most familiar figure to all students of English literary history, had already long passed the prime of life, and done the greatest part of his literary work. His character, in the common phrase, had been "formed" years before. Naturally enough, the fashionable world cared little for the rugged old giant. "The great," said Johnson, "had tried him and given him up; they had seen enough of him"; and his reason was pretty much to the purpose. "Great lords and great ladies don't love to have their mouths stopped."

The truth is, as Boswell explains, that the sage's uncouth habits, such as turning the candles downward to make them burn more brightly, and letting the wax drop upon the carpet, "could not but be disagreeable to a lady."

A hearty despiser of all affectations, he despised especially the affectation of indifference to the pleasures of the table. But his pretensions to exquisite taste are by no means borne out by independent witnesses. "He laughs," said Tom Davies, "like a rhinoceros," and he seems to have eaten like a wolf—savagely, silently, and with undiscriminating fury. He was not a pleasant object during this performance. He was totally absorbed in the business of the moment, a strong perspiration came out, and the veins of his forehead swelled. He liked coarse satisfying dishes—boiled pork and veal-pie stuffed with plums and sugar.

His appetite for more innocent kinds of food was equally excessive. He would eat seven or eight peaches before breakfast, and declared that he had only once in his life had as much wall-fruit as he wished. His consumption of tea was prodigious. "A hardened and shameless tea-drinker," Johnson called himself, who "with tea amuses the evenings, with tea solaces the midnights, and with tea welcomes the mornings." One of his teapots, preserved by a relic-hunter, contained two quarts, and he professed to have consumed five-and-twenty cups at a sitting.

The huge frame was clad in the raggedest of garments, until his acquaintance with the Thrales led to a partial reform. His wigs were generally burnt in front, from his knack of reading with his head close to the candle; and at the Thrales' the butler stood ready to effect a change of wigs as he passed into the dining-room. Once or twice we have accounts of his bursting into unusual splendor. He appeared at the first representation of "Irene" in a scarlet waistcoat laced with gold; and on one of his first interviews with Goldsmith he took the trouble to array himself decently, because Goldsmith was reported to have justified slovenly habits by the precedent of the leader of his craft. As a rule, Johnson's appearance, before he became a pensioner, was worthy of Grub Street.

Rank of the spiritual kind was especially venerable to him. "I should as soon have thought of contradicting a bishop," was a phrase which marked the highest conceivable degree of deference to a man whom he respected. Nobody, again, could pay more effective compliments, when he pleased; and the many female friends who have written of him agree, that he could be singularly attractive to women.

Johnson, who had long regarded conversation as the chief amusement, came in later years to regard it as almost the chief employment of life; and he had studied the art with the zeal of a man pursuing a favorite hobby. The clubs in which Johnson delighted were excellently adapted to foster his peculiar talent. There a man could "fold his legs and have his talk out"—a pleasure scarcely to be enjoyed now. And there a set of friends meeting regularly, and meeting to talk, learnt to sharpen each other's skill in all dialectic manœuvres. Conversation may be pleasantest, as Johnson admitted, when two friends meet quietly to exchange their minds without any thought of display. But conversation considered as a game, as a bout of intellectual sword-play, has also charms which Johnson intensely appreciated. His talk was full of apposite illustrations and unrivaled in keen argument, rapid flashes of wit and humor, scornful retort and dexterous sophistry. Sometimes he would fell his adversary at a blow; his sword, as Boswell said, would be through your body in an instant without preliminary flourishes; and in the excitement of talking for victory, he would use any device that came to hand.

Johnson's view of conversation is indicated by his remark about Burke. "That fellow," he said at a time of illness, "calls forth all my powers. Were I to see Burke now, it would kill me." Johnson, as he grew older and got into more polished society, became milder; but he had enough of the old spirit left in him to break forth at times with ungovernable fury, and astonish the well-regulated ladies and gentlemen.

His best friends—except, perhaps, Reynolds and Burke—had all to suffer in turn. None of his tiffs ripened into permanent quarrels, and he seems scarcely to have lost a friend.

This is so marked a feature in Johnson's character, that it will be as well at this point to notice some of the friendships from which he derived the greatest part of his happiness. Two of his schoolfellows, Hector and Taylor, remained his intimates through life. Hector survived to give information to Boswell, and Taylor, then a prebendary of Westminster, read the funeral service over his old friend in the Abbey.

Johnson paid frequent visits to Lichfield, to keep up his old friends. And, for the most part, the good people of Lichfield seem to have been proud of their fellow-townsman, and gave him a substantial proof of their sympathy by continuing to him, on favorable terms, the lease of a house originally granted to his father.

By far the most celebrated of Johnson's Lichfield friends was David Garrick.

Richardson seems to have given him substantial help. Hawkesworth's intimacy with Johnson seems to have been chiefly in the period between the "Dictionary" and the pension.

Two younger friends became disciples of the sage soon after the appearance of the *Rambler*—Bennet Langton, a man of good family, fine scholarship, and very amiable character, and Topham Beauclerk, a man of fashion, grandson of the first Duke of St. Alban's. Beauclerk was a man of literary and scientific tastes, and the old moralist entertained for him a peculiar affection. He specially admired Beauclerk's skill in the use of a more polished, if less vigorous, style of conversation than his own. He envied the ease with which Beauclerk brought out his sly, incisive retorts. When Beauclerk was dying, Johnson said, with a faltering voice, that he would walk to the extremity of the diameter of the earth to save him. Beauclerk had put upon a portrait of Johnson the inscription—

> "Ingenium ingens
> Inculto latet hoc sub corpore."

Langton, who bought the portrait, had the inscription removed. "It was kind in you to take it off," said Johnson; and, after a short pause, "not unkind in him to put it on."

Early in their acquaintance, the two young men, Beau and Lanky, as Johnson called them, had sat up one night at a tavern till three in the morning. The courageous thought struck them that they would knock up the old philosopher. He came to the door of his chambers, poker in hand, with an old wig for a nightcap. On hearing their errand, the sage exclaimed: "What! is it you, you dogs? I'll have a frisk with you." And so Johnson, with the two youths, his juniors by about thirty years, proceeded to make a night of it. They amazed the fruiterers in Covent Garden; they brewed a bowl of bishop in a tavern, while Johnson quoted the poet's address to Sleep—

> "Short, O short be then thy reign,
> And give us to the world again!"

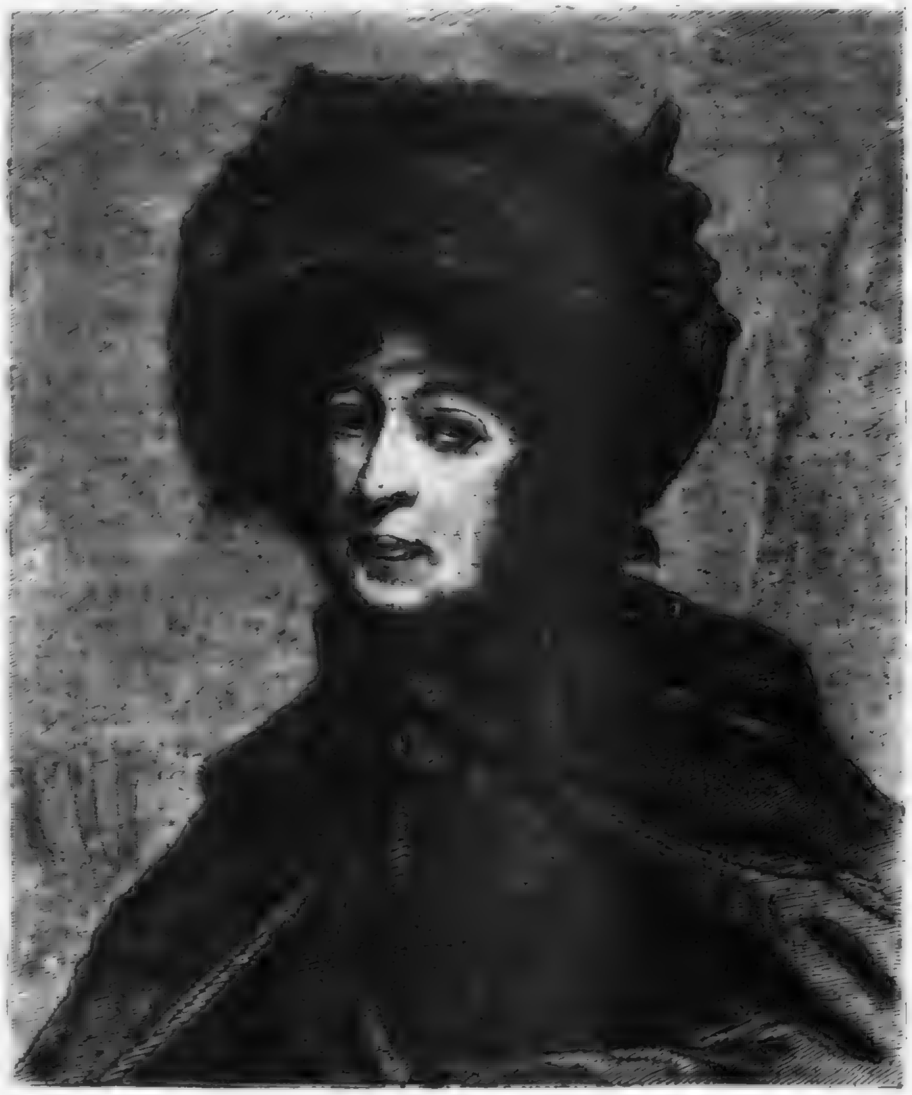
They took a boat to Billingsgate, and Johnson, with Beauclerk, kept up their amusement for the following day, when Langton deserted them to go to breakfast with some young ladies, and Johnson scolded him for leaving his friends "to go and sit with a parcel of wretched *unidea'd* girls." "I shall have my old friend to bail out of the round-house," said Garrick, when he heard of this queer alliance; and he told Johnson that he would be in the *Chronicle* for his frolic. "He *durst* not do such a thing. His wife would not let him," was the moralist's retort.

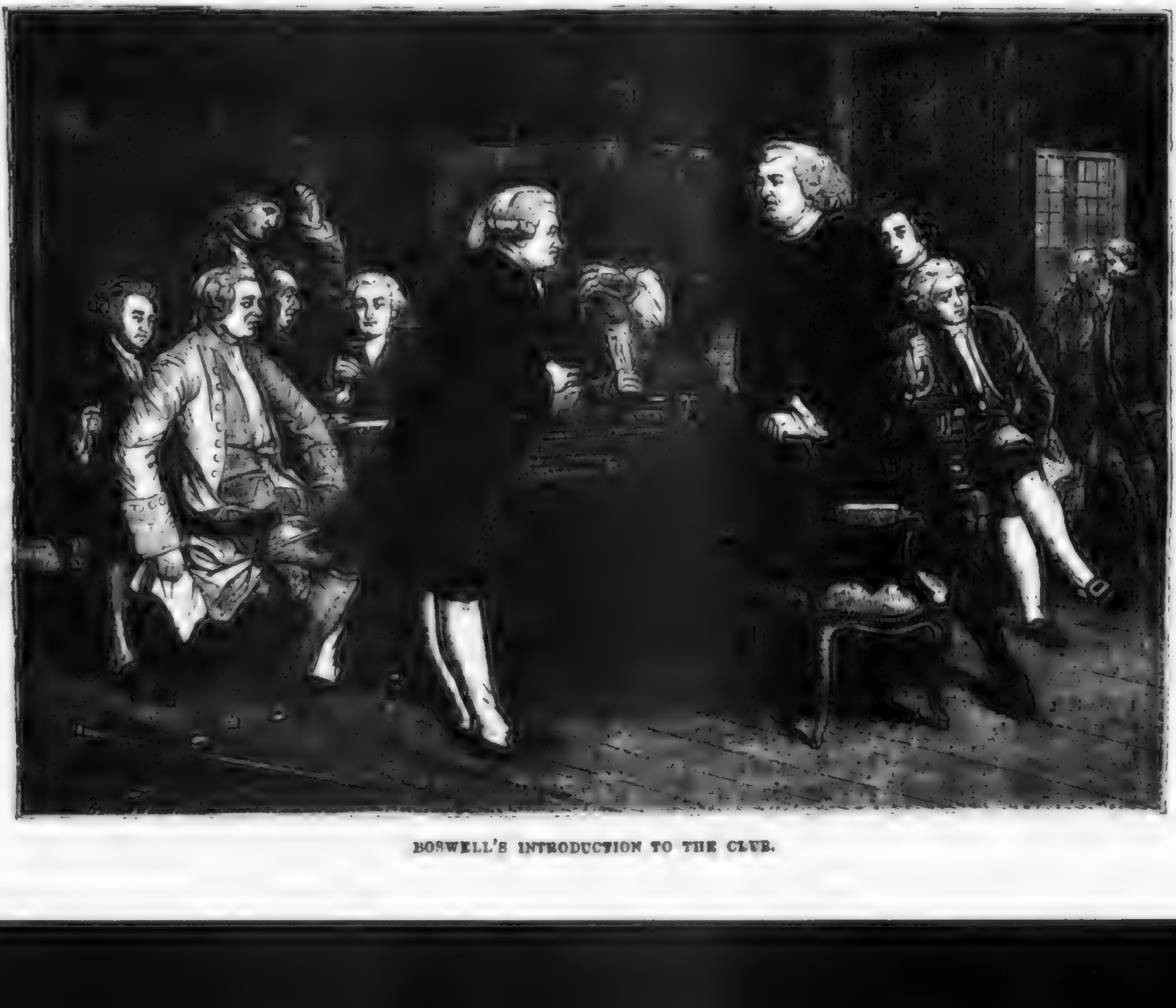
Some friends, known to fame by other titles than their connection with Johnson, had by this time gathered round them. Johnson met Reynolds at the house of Miss Cotterell. He had specially admired Johnson's "Life of Savage," and, on their first meeting, happened to make a remark which delighted Johnson. He went home to sup with Reynolds, and became his intimate friend.

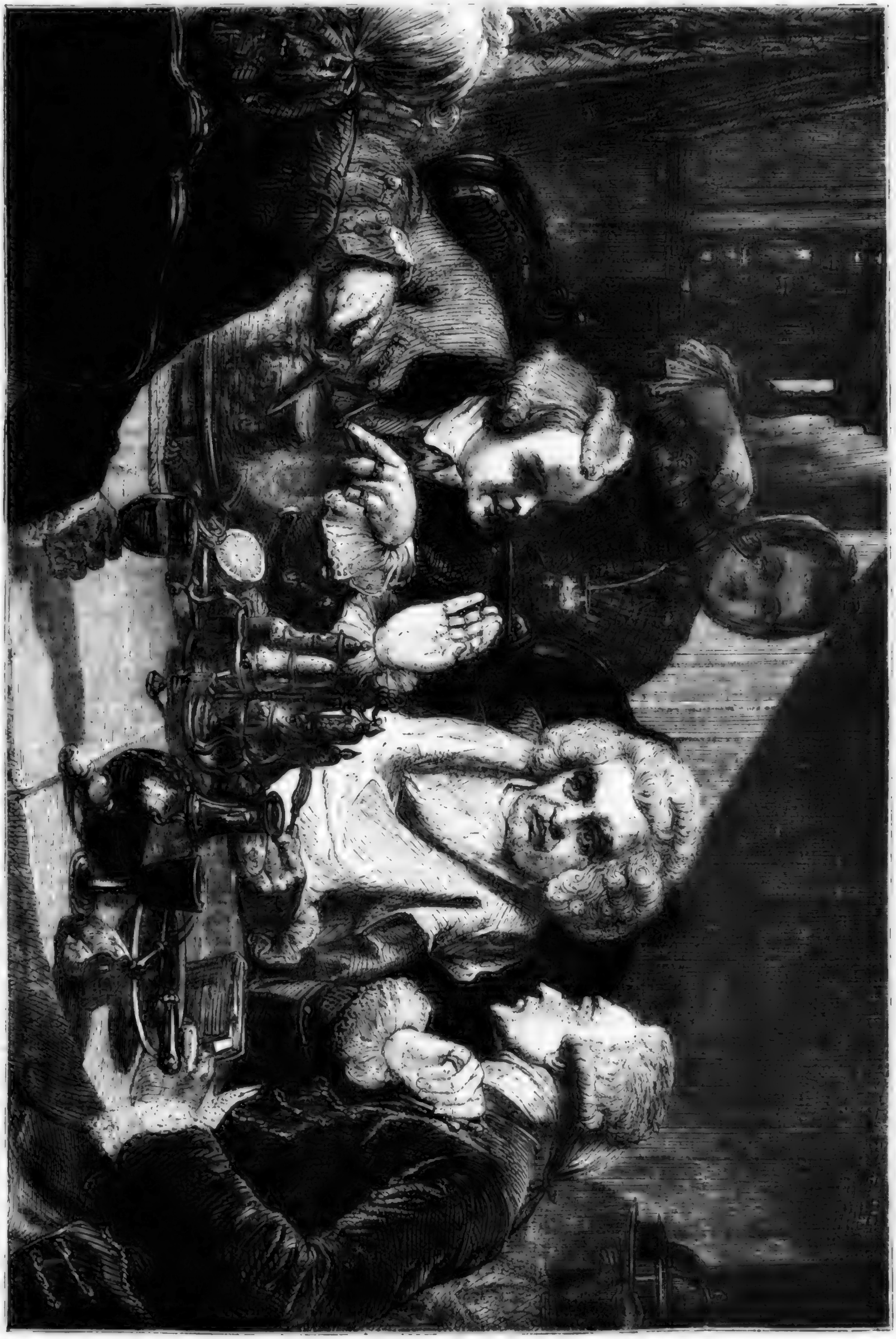
Burke and Goldsmith are to be added to these intimates. Goldsmith made Johnson's acquaintance in or before 1761. Like Johnson, he had tasted the bitterness of an usher's life, and escaped into the scarcely more tolerable regions of Grub Street. His landlady one day arrested him for debt. Johnson, summoned to his assistance, sent him a guinea and speedily followed. The guinea had already been changed, and Goldsmith was consoling himself with a bottle of Madeira. Johnson corked the bottle, and a discussion of ways and means brought out the manuscript of the "Vicar of Wakefield." Johnson looked into it, took it to a bookseller, got sixty pounds for it, and returned to Goldsmith, who paid his rent and administered a sound rating to his landlady.

In January, 1765, he made the acquaintance of the Thrales. Mr. Thrale, proprietor of a brewery, married, in 1763, Miss Hester Lynch Salisbury, a woman of great vivacity and independence of character. She had enough literary culture to appreciate Johnson, and on occasion to play a very respectable part in conversation. The marriage, though not of the happiest, was perfectly decorous.

Arthur Murphy, actor and dramatist, one day when calling with the Thrales, found Johnson in a fit of despair. The pair then joined in begging Johnson to come to their country-house at Streatham. For the next sixteen years a room was set apart for him, both at Streatham and in their house in Southwark. He passed a large part


MRS. THRALE.


BOSWELL'S INTRODUCTION TO THE CLUB.



DOCTOR JOHNSON'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH WILKES.

XUM

of his time with them, and derived from the intimacy most of the comfort of his later years. He treated Mrs. Thrale with a kind of paternal gallantry, her age at the time of their acquaintance being about twenty-four, and his fifty-five. He generally called her by the playful name of "my mistress," addressed little poems to her, gave her solid advice, and gradually came to confide to her his miseries and ailments. She flattered and amused him, and soothed his sufferings, humanizing somewhat his rugged exterior.

It is time to close this list of friends with the inimitable Boswell. He was born in 1740, the eldest son of a Whig laird and lord of sessions. He was intended for the bar, and studied law at Utrecht in 1762. In the following Summer he made Johnson's acquaintance.

Boswell had not a spark of philosophic or poetic power, but within the ordinary range of such topics as can be discussed at a dinner-party, he had an abundant share of liveliness and intelligence. His palate was as keen for good talk as for good wine. He was an admirable recipient, if not an originator, of shrewd or humorous remarks upon life and manners.

Boswell pried into the minutest details of his life and manners; he observed with conscientious accuracy that though Johnson abstained from milk one fast-day, he did not reject it when put in his cup. He notes the whistlings and puffings, the trick of saying "too-too-too," of his idol; and it was a proud day when he won a bet by venturing to ask Johnson what he did with certain scraped bits of orange-peel. His curiosity would have made him the prince of interviewers in these days. Nothing delighted him so much as rubbing shoulders with any famous or notorious person.

The appearance of so queer a satellite excited astonishment among Johnson's friends. "Who is this Scotch cur at Johnson's heels?" asked some one. "He is not a cur," replied Goldsmith; "he is only a bur. Tom Davies flung him at Johnson in sport, and he has the faculty of sticking." The bur stuck till the end of Johnson's life. Boswell visited London whenever he could, and soon began taking careful notes of Johnson's talk. His appearance, when engaged in this task long afterward, is described by Miss Burney. Boswell, she says, concentrated his whole attention upon his idol, not even answering questions from others. When Johnson spoke, his eyes goggled with eagerness; he leant his ear almost on the doctor's shoulder; his mouth dropped open to catch every syllable; and he seemed to listen even to Johnson's breathings, as though they had some mystical significance. He took every opportunity of edging himself close to Johnson's side, even at meal-times, and was sometimes ordered imperiously back to his place like a spaniel.

It is scarcely surprising that Johnson should have been touched by the fidelity of this queer follower. But Boswell was not without virtues, and still less without remarkable talents. Boswell has a little of the true Shaksperian secret. He lets his characters show themselves without obtruding unnecessary comment. He never misses the point of a story, though he does not ostentatiously call our attention to it. He gives just what is wanted to indicate character, or to explain the full meaning of a repartee.

The book which so faithfully reflects the peculiarities of its hero and its author became the first specimen of a new literary type. Johnson himself was the master in one kind of biography—that which sets forth a condensed and vigorous statement of the essentials of a man's life and character. Other biographers had given excellent memoirs, but a full-length portrait of a man's domestic life, with enough picturesque detail to enable us to see him through the eyes of private friendship, did not exist in the language. Boswell's example has been more or less followed; and we owe it in some degree to his example that we have such delightful books as Lockhart's "Life of Scott," or Mr. Trevelyan's "Life of Macaulay." Yet Boswell remains as not only the first, but the best of his class.

From the time of the pension until his death, Johnson was elevated above the fear of poverty. He had a pleasant refuge at the Thrales', where much of his time was spent; and many friends gathered round him and regarded his utterances with even excessive admiration. He had still frequent periods of profound depression. His diaries reveal an inner life tormented by gloomy forebodings, by remorse for past indolence, and futile resolutions of amendment; but he could always escape from himself to a society of friends and admirers. His literary activity, however, nearly ceased. He wrote a few political pamphlets in defense of the Government, and after a long period of indolence managed to complete the "Lives of the Poets," which was published in 1779 and 1781. An account of the journey made with Boswell to the Hebrides appeared in 1775. This journey was, in fact, the chief interruption to the even tenor of his life. He made a tour to Wales with the Thrales in 1774; and spent a month with them in Paris in 1775. For the rest of the period he lived chiefly in London, or at Streatham. It was, however, in the London which he loved so ardently, that he was chiefly conspicuous. There he talked and drank tea illimitably at his friends' houses, or argued and laid down the law to his disciples. Especially he was in all his glory at the Club, which began its meetings in February, 1764, and was afterward known as the Literary Club. The original members were Reynolds, Johnson, Burke, Nugent, Beauclerk, Langton, Goldsmith, Chamier and Hawkins. They met weekly at the Turk's Head, in Gerard Street, Soho, at seven o'clock, and the talk generally continued till a late hour. The club was afterward increased in numbers, and the weekly supper changed to a fortnightly dinner. It continued to thrive, and election to it became as great an honor in certain circles as election to a membership of Parliament. Among the members elected in Johnson's lifetime were Percy, of the "Reliques," Garrick, Sir W. Jones, Boswell, Fox, Steevens, Gibbon, Adam Smith, the Wartons, Sheridan, Dunning, Sir Joseph Banks, Windham, Lord Stowell, Malone and Dr. Burney.

Johnson's habitual mode of life is described by Dr. Maxwell. This gentleman generally called upon him about twelve, and found him in bed or declaiming over his tea. A levée, chiefly of literary men, surrounded him. After talking all the morning, he dined at a tavern, staying late, and then going to some friend's house for tea, over which he again loitered for a long time. Maxwell is puzzled to know when he could have read or written. The answer seems to be, that after the publication of the "Dictionary" he wrote very little, and that, when he did write, it was generally in a brief spasm of feverish energy.

In the year 1767 occurred an incident upon which Boswell dwells with extreme complacency. Johnson was in the habit of sometimes reading in the King's Library, and it came into the head of his Majesty that he should like to see the uncouth monster upon whom he had bestowed a pension. Johnson spoke of this interview with an unfeigned satisfaction, which it would be difficult in these days to preserve from the taint of snobbishness. He described it frequently to his friends, and Boswell, with pious care, ascertained the details from Johnson himself, and from various secondary sources. He contrived, afterward, to get his minute submitted to the King himself, who graciously authorized its publication. When he was preparing his biography, he published this account with the letter to Chesterfield in a small pamphlet sold at a prohibitory price, in order to secure the copyright.

He found that the King wanted him to talk, and he talked accordingly. He spoke in a "firm, manly manner, with a sonorous voice," and not in the subdued tone customary at formal receptions. He dilated upon various literary topics, on the libraries of Oxford and Cambridge, on some contemporary controversies, on the quack Dr. Hill, and upon the reviews of the day. All that is worth repeating is a complimentary passage which shows Johnson's possession of that courtesy which rests upon sense and self-respect. The King asked whether he was writing anything, and Johnson excused himself by saying that he had told the world what he knew for the present, and had "done his part as a writer." "I should have thought so too," said the King, "if you had not written so well." "No man," said Johnson, "could have paid a higher compliment; and it was fit for a King to pay—it was decisive." When asked if he had replied, he said, "No, sir. When the King had said it, it was to be. It was not for me to bandy civilities with my sovereign." Johnson was not the less delighted. "Sir," he said to the librarian, "they may talk of the King as they will, but he is the finest gentleman I have ever seen." And he afterward compared his manners to those of Louis XIV., and his favorite, Charles II.

Boswell had the honor of introducing the two objects of his idolatry, Johnson and Paoli, and on another occasion entertained a party including Goldsmith and Garrick and Reynolds, at his lodgings in Old Bond Street. We can still see the meeting more distinctly than many that have been swallowed by a few days of oblivion. They waited for one of the party, Johnson kindly maintaining that six ought to be kept waiting for one, if the one would suffer more by the others sitting down than the six by waiting. Meanwhile Garrick "played round Johnson with a fond vivacity, taking hold of the breasts of his coat, looking up in his face with a lively archness," and complimenting him on his good health. Goldsmith strutted about bragging of his dress, of which Boswell, in the serene consciousness of superiority to such weakness, thought him seriously vain.

Boswell was asked to dine at Johnson's house upon Easter Day, 1773; and observes that his curiosity was as much gratified as by a previous dinner with Rousseau in the "wilds of Neufchatel." He was now able to report, to the amazement of many inquirers, that Johnson's establishment was quite orderly. The meal consisted of very good soup, a boiled leg of lamb with spinach, a veal pie, and a rice pudding. A stronger testimony of good-will was his election, by Johnson's influence, into the Club. It ought apparently to be said that Johnson forced him upon the Club by letting it be understood that, till Boswell was admitted, no other candidate could have a chance. Boswell, however, was, as his proposer said, a thoroughly "clubable" man, and once a member, his good humor secured his popularity. On the important evening Boswell dined at Beauclerk's with his proposer and some other members.

Johnson once said to Goldsmith in the Poet's Corner at Westminster—

> "Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis."

When they got to Temple Bar Goldsmith pointed to the heads of the Jacobites upon it, and slyly suggested—

> "Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur *istis*."

After some talk the gentlemen went to the Club; and poor Boswell remained trembling with an anxiety which even the claims of Lady Di Beauclerk's conversation could not dissipate. The welcome news of his election was brought; and Boswell went to see Burke for the first time, and to receive a humorous charge from Johnson, pointing out the conduct expected from a good member.

Boswell had reason to feel both triumph and alarm when he induced the great man to accompany him in a Scotch tour. Boswell's journal of the tour appeared soon after Johnson's death. Johnson himself wrote an account of it, which is not without interest, though it is in his dignified style, which does not condescend to Boswellian touches of character. In 1773 the Scotch Highlands were still a little known region, justifying a book descriptive of manners and customs, and touching upon antiquities now the commonplaces of innumerable guide-books. Scott was still an infant, and the day of enthusiasm, real or affected, for mountain scenery had not yet dawned. Neither of the travelers, as Boswell remarks, cared much for "rural beauties." Johnson says quaintly on the shores of Loch Ness, "It will very readily occur that this uniformity of barrenness can afford very little amusement to the traveler; that it is easy to sit at home and conceive rocks and heath and waterfalls; and that these journeys are useless labors, which neither impregnate the imagination nor enlarge the understanding."

On the whole, however, Johnson bore his fatigues well, preserved his temper, and made sensible remarks upon men and things. The pair started from Edinburgh in the middle of August, 1773; they went north along the eastern coast, through St. Andrew's, Aberdeen, Banff, Fort George, and Inverness. There they took to horses, rode to Glenelg, and took boats for Skye, where they landed on the 2d of September. They visited Raasay, Coll, Mull, and Iona, and after some dangerous sailing got to the mainland at Oban on October 2d. Thence they proceeded by Inverary and Loch Lomond to Glasgow; and after paying a visit to Boswell's paternal mansion at Auchinleck in Ayrshire, returned to Edinburgh in November. It were long to detail how Johnson grieved over the iconoclastic zeal of Knox's disciples, investigated stories of second-sight, cross-examined and brow-beat believers in "Ossian," and felt his piety warm among the ruins of Iona.

In 1774 Johnson managed to complete his account of the "Scotch Tour." Among other consequences was a violent controversy with the lovers of "Ossian." Johnson was a thorough skeptic as to the authenticity of the book. His skepticism was to some extent the expression of a general incredulity. He could scarcely be induced to admit the truth of any narrative which struck him as odd, and it was long, for example, before he would believe even in the Lisbon earthquake. Yet he seriously discussed the truth of second-sight; he carefully investigated the Cock Lane ghost—a goblin who anticipated some of the modern phenomena of so-called "spiritualism," and told stories to Boswell about a "shadowy being" which had once been seen by Cave, and declared that he had once heard his mother call "Sam" when he was at Oxford and she at Lichfield.

The precise point, however, upon which he rested his case was the inability of MacPherson to produce the manuscripts of which he had affirmed the existence. MacPherson wrote him a furious letter, of which the purport can be inferred from Johnson's smashing retort:

> "MR JAMES MACPHERSON:—I have received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered me I shall do my best to

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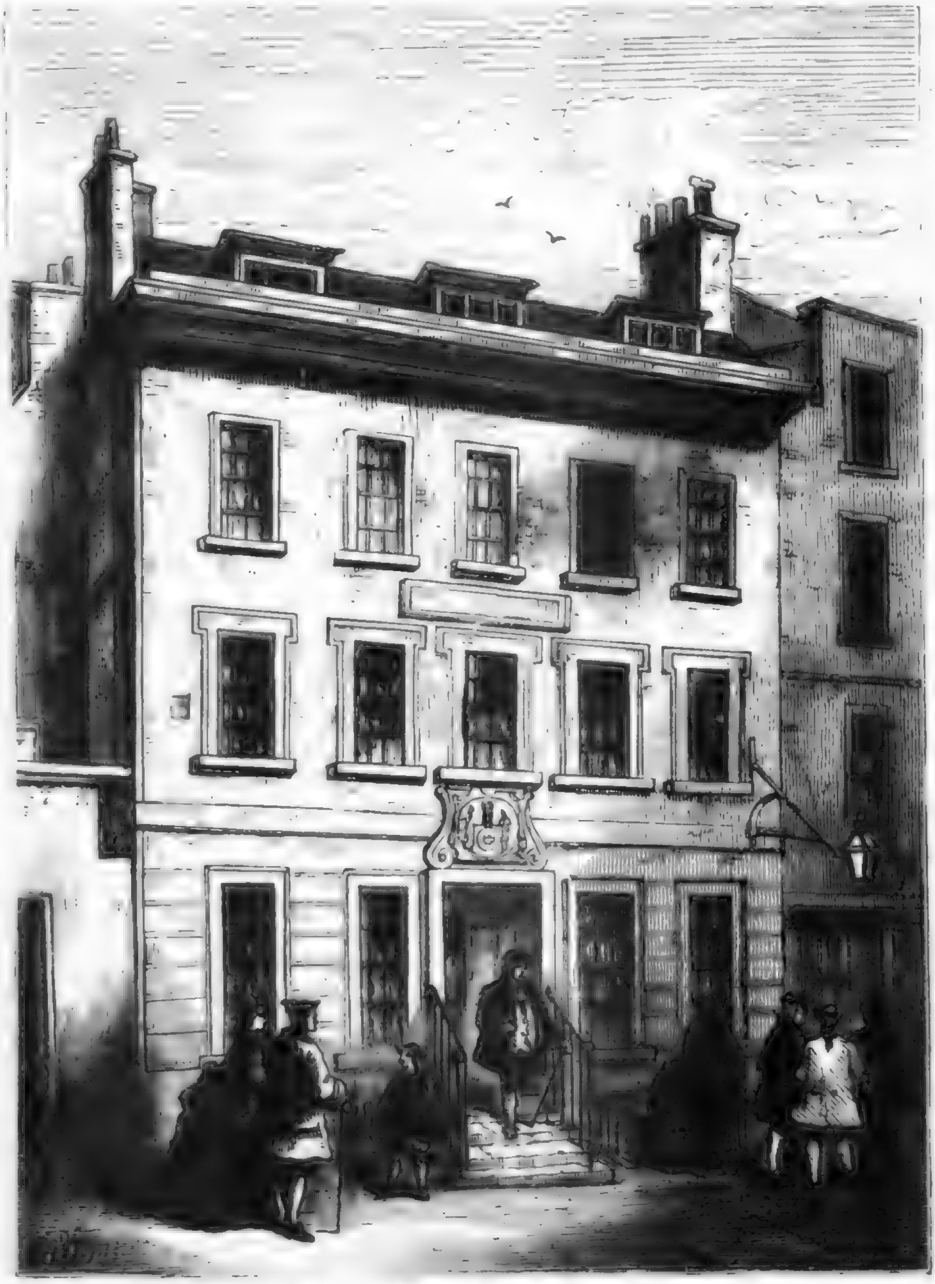
repel; and what I cannot do for myself, the law shall do for me. I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian.

"What would you have me retract? I thought your book an imposture: I think it an imposture still. For this opinion I have given my reasons to the public, which I here dare you to refute. Your rage I defy. Your abilities, since your 'Homer,' are not so formidable; and what I hear of your morals inclines me to pay regard not to what you shall say, but to what you shall prove. You may print this if you will. SAM. JOHNSON."

And so laying in a tremendous cudgel, the old gentleman (he was now sixty-six) awaited the assault, which, however, was not delivered.



JOHNSON'S HOUSE IN BOLT COURT.

On March 26th, 1775, Boswell met Johnson at the house of the publisher. Strahan reminded Johnson of a remark he had made, that there are "few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money." On another occasion Johnson observed with equal truth, if less originality, that cultivating kindness was an important part of life, as well as money-making. Johnson then asked to see a country lad whom he had recommended to Strahan as an apprentice. He asked for five guineas on account, that he might give one to the boy. "Nay, if a man recommends a boy and does nothing for him, it is sad work." A "little, thick, short-legged boy" was accordingly brought into the courtyard, whither Johnson and Boswell descended, and the lexicographer bending himself down administered some good advice to the awe-struck lad with "slow and sonorous solemnity," ending by the presentation of the guinea.

Soon after, Boswell won a bet from Lady Di Beauclerk by venturing to ask Johnson what he did with the orange-peel which he used to pocket. Johnson received the question amicably, but did not clear the mystery. "Then," said Boswell, "the world must be left in the dark. It must be said, he scraped them, and he let them dry, but what he did with them next he never could be prevailed upon to tell." "Nay, sir," replied Johnson, "you should say it more emphatically—he could not be prevailed upon, even by his dearest friends, to tell."

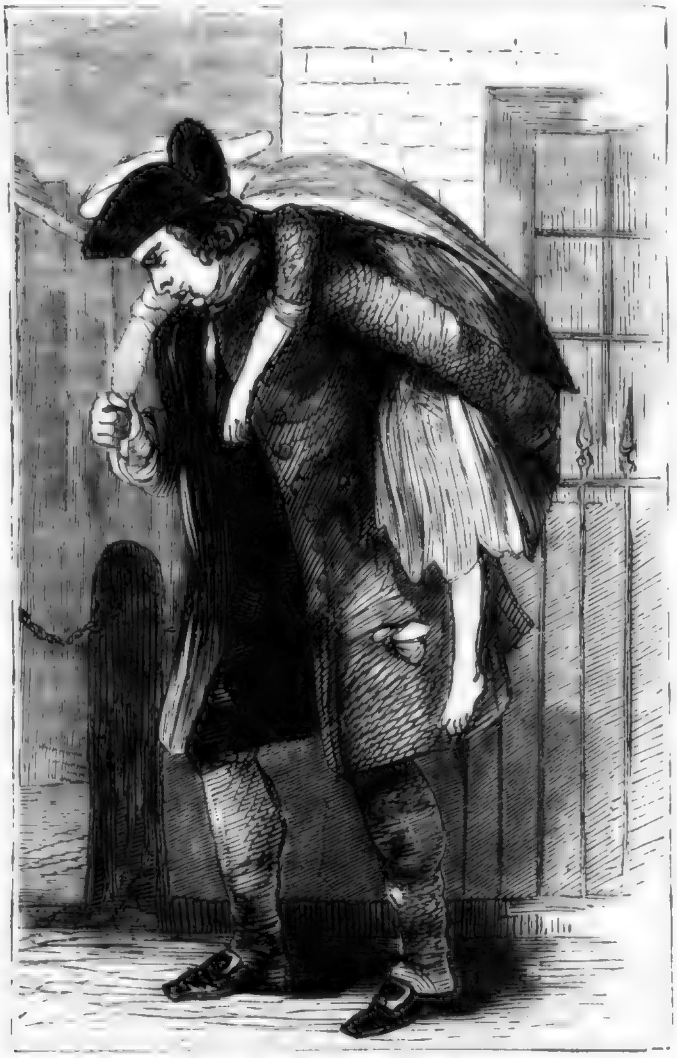
This year Johnson received the degree of LL.D. from Oxford. He had, in 1765, received the same honor from Dublin. Johnson, however, called himself plain Mr. to the end of his days, and was generally so called by his intimates.

In 1776 Boswell found Johnson rejoicing in the prospect of a journey to Italy with the Thrales. Before starting he was to take a trip to the country with Boswell.

On March 19th they went by coach to the Angel at Oxford, and next morning visited the Master of University College, who said that he would have given Johnson a hundred pounds for a discourse on the British Constitution; and Boswell suggested that Johnson should write two volumes of no great bulk upon Church and State, which should comprise the whole substance of the argument. Johnson was not unnaturally displeased with the dialogue, and growled out, "Why should I be always writing?"

They went to Birmingham, where Boswell pumped Hector about Johnson's early days, and saw the works of Boulton, Watt's partner, who said to him, "I sell here, sir, what all the world desires to have—*power*." Thence they went to Lichfield, and met more of the rapidly thinning circle of Johnson's oldest friends. Here Boswell was a little scandalized by Johnson's warm exclamation on opening a letter—"One of the most dreadful things that has happened in my time." This turned out to be the death of Thrale's only son.

It was after their return to London that Boswell won the greatest triumph of his friendship. He carried through a negotiation, to which, as Burke pleasantly said, there was nothing equal in the whole history of the *corps diplomatique*. At some moment of enthusiasm it had occurred to him to bring Johnson into company with Wilkes. To bring together two such opposites without provoking a collision would be the crowning triumph of Boswell's curiosity.



JOHNSON CARRYING THE HELPLESS BEGGAR-GIRL.

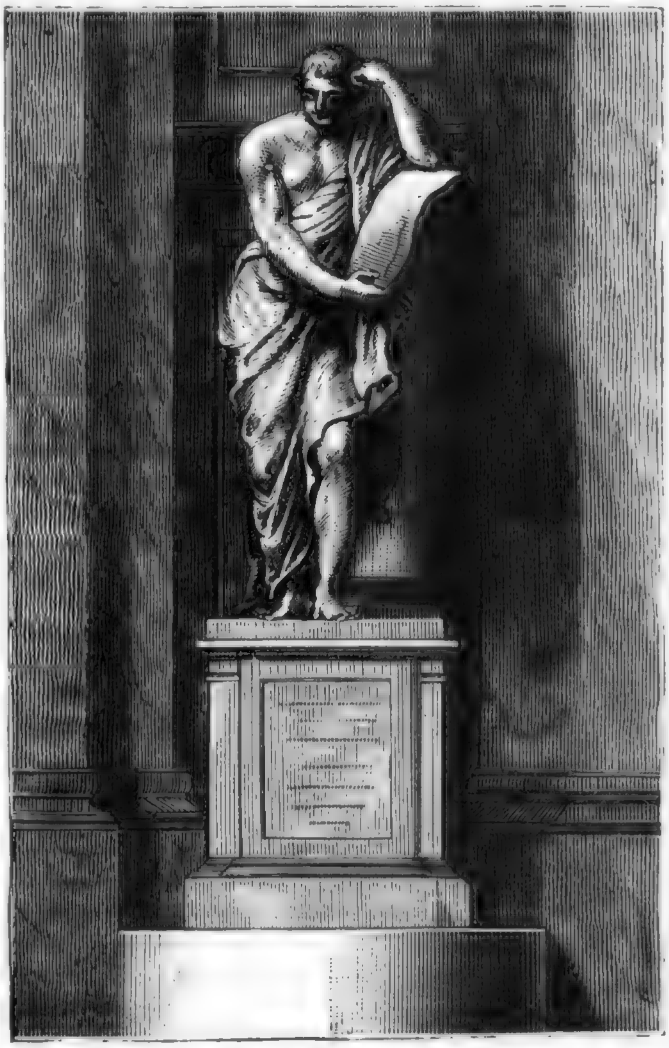
Boswell had been invited by the Dillys, well-known booksellers, to meet Wilkes. "Let us have Johnson," suggested the gallant Boswell. "Not for the world!" exclaimed Dilly. But, on Boswell's undertaking the negotiation, he consented. Boswell went off to Johnson and politely invited him in Dilly's name. "I will wait upon him," said Johnson. "Provided, sir, I suppose," said the diplomatic Boswell, "that the company which he is to have is agreeable to you." "What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed Johnson. "What do you take me for? Do you think I am so ignorant of the world as to prescribe to a gentleman what company he is to have at his table?" Boswell worked the point a little farther, till, by judicious manipulation, he had got Johnson to commit himself to meeting anybody—even Jack Wilkes, to make a wild hypothesis—at the Dillys' table.

The great day arrived, and Boswell, like a consummate general who leaves nothing to chance, went himself to fetch Johnson to the dinner. The great man had forgotten the engagement, and was "buffeting his books" in a dirty shirt and amidst clouds of dust. When reminded of his promise, he said that he had ordered dinner at home with Mrs. Williams. Boswell softened the peevish old lady. Boswell flew back, announced her consent, and Johnson roared, "Frank, a clean shirt!" and was soon in a hackney-coach. Boswell rejoiced like a "fortune-hunter who has got an heiress into a post-chaise with him to set out for Gretna Green." Yet the joy was with trembling. Arrived at Dillys', Johnson found himself amongst strangers, and Boswell watched anxiously from a corner. "Who is that gentleman?" whispered Johnson to Dilly. "Mr. Arthur Lee." Johnson whistled "too-too-too" doubtfully, for Lee was a patriot and an American. "And who is the gentleman in lace?" "Mr. Wilkes, sir." Johnson subsided into a window-seat and fixed his eye on a book. He was fairly in the toils. His reproof of Boswell was recent enough to prevent him from exhibiting his displeasure, and he resolved to restrain himself.

At dinner Wilkes, placed next to Johnson, took up his part in the performance. He pacified the sturdy moralist by delicate attentions to his needs. He helped him carefully to some fine veal. "Pray give me leave, sir; it is better here—a little of the brown—some fat, sir—a little of the stuffing—some gravy—let me have the pleasure of giving you some butter. Allow me to recommend a squeeze of this orange; or the lemon, perhaps, may have more zest." "Sir, sir," cried Johnson, "I am obliged to you, sir," bowing and turning to him, with a look for some time of "surly virtue," and soon of complacency.

Gradually the conversation became cordial. Johnson told of the fascination exercised by Foote, who, like Wilkes, had succeeded in pleasing him against his will.

Johnson and Wilkes had one point in common—a vigorous prejudice against the Scotch, and upon this topic they cracked their jokes in friendly emulation. When they met upon a later occasion (1781), they still pursued this inexhaustible subject. Wilkes told how a privateer had completely plundered seven Scotch islands, and re-embarked with three and sixpence. Johnson now remarked in answer to somebody who said, "Poor old England is lost!" "Sir, it is not so much to be lamented that old England is lost, as that the Scotch have found it." "You must know, sir," he said to Wilkes, "that I lately took my friend Boswell and showed him genuine civilized life in an English provincial town. I turned him loose at Lichfield, that he might see for once real civility, for you



JOHNSON'S MONUMENT IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON.

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know he lives among savages in Scotland and among rakes in London." "Except," said Wilkes, "when he is with grave, sober, decent people like you and me." "And we ashamed of him," added Johnson, smiling.

Boswell had to bear some jokes against himself and his countrymen from the pair; but he had triumphed, and rejoiced greatly when he went home with Johnson, and heard the great man speak of his pleasant dinner to Mrs. Williams. Johnson seems to have been permanently reconciled to his foe. "Did we not hear so much said of Jack Wilkes," he remarked, next year, "we should think more highly of his conversation. Jack has a great variety of talk, Jack is a scholar, and Jack has the manners of a gentleman. But, after hearing his name sounded from pole to pole as the phœnix of convivial felicity, we are disappointed in his company. He has always been at *me*, but I would do Jack a kindness rather than not. The contest is now over."

In fact, Wilkes had ceased to play any part in public life. When Johnson met him next they joked about such dangerous topics as Wilkes's political performances. Johnson sent him a copy of the "Lives," and they were seen conversing *tête-à-tête* in confidential whispers about George II. and the King of Prussia.

In the year 1777 Johnson began the "Lives of the Poets," in compliance with a request from the booksellers, who wished for prefaces to a large collection of English poetry. Johnson asked for this work the extremely modest sum of 200 guineas, when he might easily, according to Malone, have received 1,000 or 1,500.

Johnson himself seems to have shown few symptoms of increasing age; but a change was approaching, and the last years of his life were destined to be clouded, not merely by physical weakness, but by a change of circumstances which had great influence upon his happiness.

We catch some glimpses from his letters and diaries of that inward life, which consisted generally in a long succession of struggles against an oppressive and often paralyzing melancholy. Another most noteworthy side to his character is revealed in his lovable relations to persons too humble for admission to the tables where he was a despot.

Everywhere in Johnson's letters and in the occasional anecdotes, we come upon indications of a tenderness and untiring benevolence. His irritability never vented itself against the helpless, and his rough impatience implied no want of sympathy for real sorrow. In 1767, he took leave, as he notes in his diary, of his "dear old friend, Catherine Chambers," who had been for about forty-three years in the service of his family. "I desired all to withdraw," he says, "then told her we were to part forever, and, as Christians, we should part with prayer, and that I would, if she was willing, say a short prayer beside her. She expressed great desire to hear me, and held up her poor hands as she lay in bed, with great fervor, while I prayed, kneeling by her. We kissed and parted—I humbly hope to meet again and part no more."

His charity was unbounded; he proposed to allow himself one hundred a year out of his pension; but the Thrales could never discover that he really spent upon himself more than £70, or at most £80. He had numerous dependants, and filled his pockets with small cash, which he distributed to beggars in defiance of political economy. When told that the recipients only laid it out upon gin or tobacco, he replied that it was savage to deny them the few coarse pleasures which the richer disdained. Once coming home late at night, he found a poor woman lying in the street. He carried her to his house on his back, and found that she was reduced to the lowest stage of want, poverty, and disease. He took care of her at his own charge, with all tenderness, until she was restored to health, and tried to have her put into a virtuous way of living. His house, in his later years, was filled with various waifs and strays. The head of his household was Miss Williams, who had been a friend of his wife's. She was a woman of some sense and cultivation, and when she died Johnson said that for thirty years she had been to him as a sister.

The next inmate of this queer household was Robert Levett, a man who had been a waiter at a coffee-house in Paris frequented by surgeons. They had enabled him to pick up some of their art. He attended his patron at his breakfast; breakfasting, said Percy, "on the crust of a roll, which Johnson threw to him after tearing out the crumb." The phrase, it is said, goes too far; Johnson always took pains that Levett should be treated rather as a friend than as a dependent.

Besides these humble friends, there was a Mrs. Desmoulins, the daughter of a Lichfield physician. Johnson had had some quarrel with the father in his youth. He supported Mrs. Desmoulins none the less, giving houseroom to her and her daughter, and making her an allowance of half a guinea a week. Francis Barber has already been mentioned, and we have a dim vision of a Miss Carmichael, who completed what he facetiously called his "seraglio." It was anything but a happy family. He summed up their relations in a letter to Mrs. Thrale. "Williams," he says, "hates everybody; Levett hates Desmoulins, and does not love Williams; Desmoulins hates them both; Poll (Miss Carmichael) loves none of them."

There is one little touch which may be added. Johnson loved little children, calling them "little dears," and cramming them with sweetmeats. His cat, Hodge, should be famous amongst the lovers of the race. He used to go out and buy oysters for Hodge, that the servants might not take a dislike to the animal from having to serve it themselves. Boswell, no friend to cats, suffered at seeing Hodge scrambling up Johnson's breast, whilst he smiled and rubbed the beast's back and pulled its tail. Once, when Johnson was staying at a house in Wales, the gardener brought in a hare which had been caught in the potatoes. The order was given to take it to the cook. Johnson asked to have it placed in his arms. He took it to the window and let it go, shouting to increase its speed.

Mr. Thrale died suddenly in April, 1781. Johnson was deeply affected by the loss of a friend whose face, as he said, "had never been turned upon him through fifteen years but with respect and benignity." Thrale had made him one of his executors, leaving him a small legacy; and Johnson took, it seems, a rather simple-minded pleasure in dealing with important commercial affairs and signing checks for large sums of money. The old man of letters, to whom three hundred a year had been superabundant wealth, was amused at finding himself a man of business, regulating what was then regarded as a princely fortune. The brewery was sold after a time, and Johnson bustled about with an inkhorn and pen in his buttonhole. When asked what was the value of the property, he replied, magniloquently: "We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice." The brewery was in fact sold to Barclay, Perkins, & Co., and became the largest concern of the kind in the world.

During the Winter of 1781–2, Johnson's infirmities were growing upon him, and he went to Mrs. Thrale's, as the only house where he could use "all the freedom that sickness requires." She nursed him carefully, and expressed her feelings with characteristic vehemence in a curious journal.

A change, however, was approaching. Toward the end of 1780 Mrs. Thrale had made the acquaintance of an Italian musician named Piozzi, a man of amiable and honorable character, making an independent income by his profession. The friendship between Mrs. Thrale and Piozzi rapidly became closer, and in 1782 they were discussing the question of marriage.

Johnson, sickly, suffering and descending into the gloom of approaching decay, was present like a charged thundercloud ready to burst at any moment, if she allowed him to approach the chief subject of her thoughts. Gradually she became more petulant to Johnson than she was herself aware, gave palpable hints of being worried by his company. Johnson intrusted his forebodings to Miss Burney, and declared that Streatham was lost to him for ever.

At last, in the end of August, the crisis came. Mrs. Thrale thought it desirable to go abroad and save money. It had moreover been "long her dearest wish" to see Italy, with Piozzi for a guide. The one difficulty (as she says in her journal), was that it seemed equally hard to part with Johnson or to take him with her till he had regained strength. At last, however, she took courage to confide to him her plans for travel. To her extreme annoyance he fully approved. He advised her to go; and told her daughter that he should not accompany them, even if invited.

Johnson wished to go to Italy two years later; and his present willingness to be left was probably caused by a growing sense of the dangers which threatened their friendship. Mrs. Thrale's anger appears in her journal. He had never really loved her, she declares; his affection for her had been interested, though even in her wrath she admits that he really loved her husband; he cared less for her conversation, which she had fancied necessary to his existence, than for her "roast beef and plumb pudden," which he now devours too "dirtily for endurance."

The decision to leave Streatham was taken. Johnson parted with deep regret from the house; he read a chapter of the Testament in the library; he took leave of the church with a kiss; he composed a prayer commending the family to the protection of Heaven; and he did not forget to note in his journal the details of the last dinner of which he partook.

No immediate rupture followed the abandonment of the Streatham establishment. Johnson spent some weeks at Brighton with Mrs. Thrale. After another Winter in London, during which Johnson was still a frequent inmate of her house, she went to Bath with her daughters, in April, 1783. A melancholy period followed for both the friends. Mrs. Thrale lost her younger daughter, and Johnson had a paralytic stroke in June. A correspondence was kept up, but his old playful gallantry has died out. The old man evidently felt himself deserted, and suffered from the breaking-up of the asylum he had loved so well.

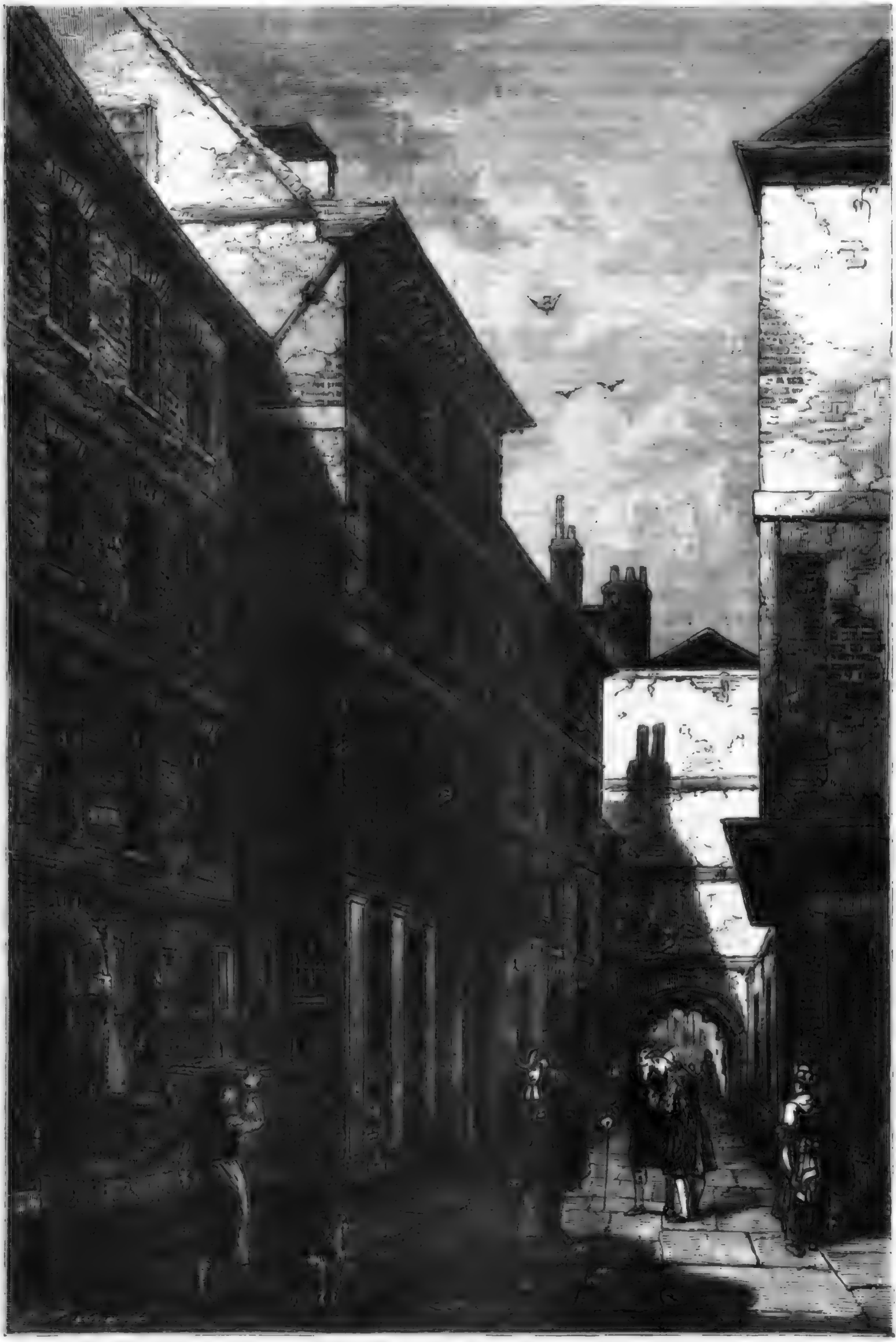
After much suffering in mind and body, Mrs. Thrale was married to Piozzi in June, 1784. She announced her marriage in a friendly letter to Johnson, excusing her previous silence on the ground that discussion could only have caused pain. The revelation produced one of his bursts of fury.

Mrs. Thrale replied with spirit and dignity, and ended by declining further intercourse till Johnson admitted in his reply that he had no right to resent her conduct; expressed his gratitude for the kindness which had "soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched." He then took leave of her, with an expression of sad forebodings.

Meanwhile Johnson was rapidly approaching the grave. His old friends had become memories of the past; and the gloom gathered thickly around him. The old man clung to life with pathetic earnestness. Though life had been often melancholy, he never affected to conceal the horror with which he regarded death. He frequently declared that death must be dreadful to every reasonable man. "Death, my dear, is very dreadful," he says simply in a letter to Lucy Porter in the last year of his life. Still later he shocked a pious friend by admitting that the fear oppressed him. "I am afraid," he said, "I may be one of those who shall be damned." "What do you mean by damned?" asked Adams. Johnson replied passionately and loudly, "Sent to hell, sir, and punished everlastingly." Remonstrances only deepened his melancholy, and he silenced his friends by exclaiming, in gloomy agitation, "I'll have no more on't!" Often in these last years he was heard muttering to himself the passionate complaint of Claudio, "Ah, but to die and go we know not whither!" At other times he was speaking of some lost friend, and saying, "Poor man—and then he died." The peculiar horror of death, which seems to indicate a tinge of insanity, was combined with utter fearlessness of pain. He called to the surgeons to cut deeper when performing a painful operation, and shortly before his death inflicted such wounds upon himself in hopes of obtaining relief as, very erroneously, to suggest the idea of suicide. Whilst his strength remained he endeavored to disperse melancholy by some of the old methods. In the Winter of 1783–4 he got together the few surviving members of the old Ivy Lane Club, but the old place of meeting had vanished, most of the original members were dead, and the gathering can have been but melancholy. He started another club at the Essex Head, whose members were to meet twice a week, with the modest fine of threepence for non-attendance. It appears to have included, as might have been expected, a rather "strange mixture."

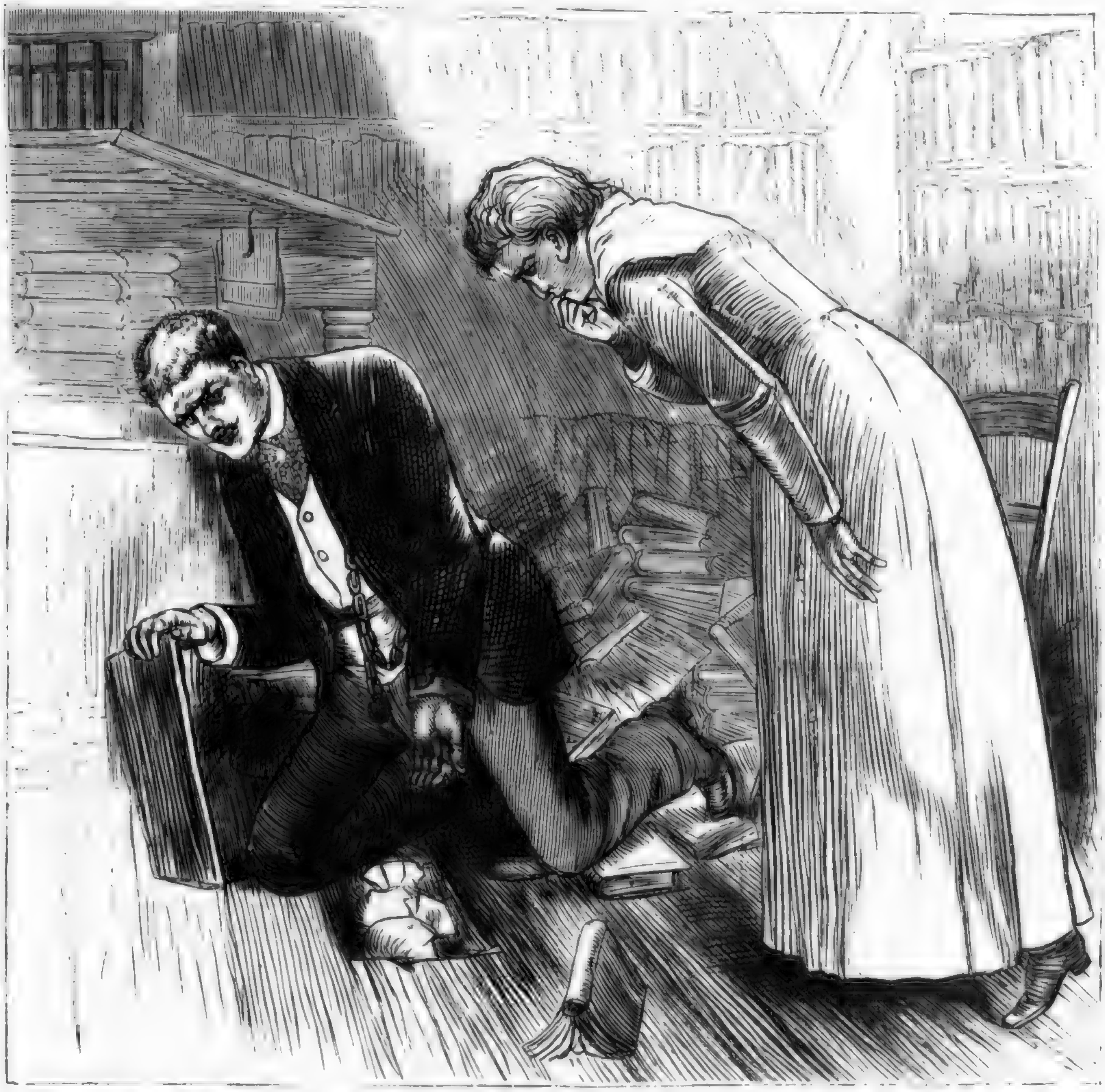
As the end drew near, Johnson accepted the inevitable like a man. After spending most of the latter months of 1784 in the country with the friends who could give him most domestic comfort, he came back to London to die; he made his will, and settled a few matters of business, and was pleased to be told that he would be buried in Westminster Abbey. He uttered a few words of solemn advice to those who came near him, and took affecting leave of his friends. Langton, so warmly loved, was in close attendance. Johnson said to him tenderly, *Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.* Windham broke from political occupations to sit by the dying man. Once Langton found Burke sitting by his bedside with three or four friends. "I am afraid," said Burke, "that so many of us must be oppressive to you." "No, sir, it is not so," replied Johnson, "and I must be in a wretched state, indeed, when your company would not be a delight to me." "My dear sir," said Burke, with a breaking voice, "you have always been too good to me," and parted from his old friend for the last time. Of Reynolds he begged three things: to forgive a debt of thirty pounds, to read the Bible, and never to paint on Sundays. A few flashes of the old humor broke through. He said of a man who sat up with him, "Sir, the fellow's an idiot; he's as awkward as a turnspit when first put into the wheel, and as sleepy as a dormouse." His last recorded words were to a young lady who had begged for his blessing: "God bless you, my dear." The same day, December 13th, 1784, he gradually sank and died peacefully. He was laid in the Abbey, and the playful prediction which he made to Goldsmith has been amply fulfilled:

"Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis."



DOCTOR JOHNSON IN BOLT COURT.

The names of many greater writers are inscribed upon the walls of Westminster Abbey; but scarcely any one lies there whose heart was more acutely responsive during life to the deepest and tenderest of human emotions. In visiting that strange gathering of departed heroes and statesmen and philanthropists and poets, there are many whose words and deeds have a far greater influence upon our imaginations; but there are very few whom, when all has been said, we can love so heartily as Samuel Johnson.



LEONIE: EMPRESS OF THE AIR.—"THE WOMAN IS BY HIS SIDE INSTANTLY, GREEDILY PEERING INTO THE HOLE SO CURIOUSLY EXPOSED, IN WHICH HAVE BEEN HIDDEN FOUR MUSLIN BAGS FILLED WITH FIVE-DOLLAR GOLD PIECES."

LEONIE: EMPRESS OF THE AIR.

By GERALD CARLTON,

Author of "Eileen Aroon," "Jasper Delaney," "Adam Ferguson," "Mark Mereton's Money," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.—ELOISE D'ANCRE.

At the period at which our story opens there existed in the neighborhood of the Bowery a narrow, unsavory passage, which, for want of a better name, we will dub Burkett's Court.

Dingy as the place looked, it was alive all day with the gay singing of birds, for a number of men trafficking in the more common feathered pets had taken their abode in it. Indeed, almost every second store was packed with cages containing dainty prisoners. The other windows for the most part were filled with faded dresses and seedy coats, dubious boots, and shirts yellow with neglect and dust.

Were it not for the dismal hairdresser's at one end, a seller of tobacco and cheap literature in the middle, a fishmonger's on the opposite side, and a drumly second-hand book store at the far corner, it might be said that Burkett's Court belonged exclusively to bird-sellers and retailers of old clothes.

The Court itself was gloomy; there was no brightness about it, but in none of the houses was the gloom so pronounced as in that occupied by Ezra Isaacs, dealer in second-hand books.

A musty, forbidding place it was, cased with grime and crammed with tattered volumes, waiting disturbance to belch forth clouds of suffocating dust.

To-day as we look into the old book-store, a lamp suspended from a beam burns feebly, emitting just sufficient light to attract the eye to the mystery of the black sides and the dimness of the dull recesses. It shows, too, a woman seated upon a dusty box, sewing fitfully. The white stuff upon which she is engaged stares spectral-like through the gloom, while her burning eyes, large and fascinating, pierce the obscurity.

See, if you can, a thin, supple, wiry form, slightly below the middle height; a low, long forehead, black hair, thick and somewhat shaggy eyebrows; a large though delicately cut nose; a tight, thin mouth, and a broad, certain chin; complexion exquisitely clear, and gently tinged about the cheeks; but for the rest coldly white.

These are some of the characteristics of Eloise d'Ancre, a woman destined to play an important part in this narrative. Her age is twenty, and for the time she is housekeeper to Ezra Isaacs.

Evidently not dexterous with her needle, many an angry exclamation escapes her as she blunders in her work. At length her patience is exhausted; needles, cotton and stuff are thrown from her, and stamping her foot, she mutters between her fixed teeth:

"I hate this beastly drudgery. There; I'll do no more! I was made for something better than stitch, stitch, stitch. Buried in this dirty, grinding, dismal hole, what do I see or know of pleasure? Oh, for money and the power money brings! Clothes fit to wear, attention, comfort. I will have it one day. I know—I feel—but I *will* have it. Then to scorn and trample, as I have been scorned and trampled upon. It will be delicious. The poor? Bah! I detest the poor. Fawners—mean and hateful and nasty. How glorious it is to make them cringe and feel the heel, and I, carriage-driven, sweep on radiant in diamonds! It must come. Meanwhile, anything to escape these pitiful, lumbering books. To be even the wife of a paltry clerk is better than my present lot. Let me have the lesser first, and the greater shall soon follow. Some little start, and then——"

Her reflections are interrupted by the sudden entrance of Ezra Isaacs himself. A man of shabby figure, with great stoop-shoulders—shuffling and morose-looking. His long, peaky face carries a pointed beard and quick, ferret-like eyes, while a seamless cloak, reaching to the ground, envelopes his meagre form. It is not unlike the worn covering of some ancient tome, and is equally as dusty. He looks as though he had once been tied in a knot, and when released had failed to straighten himself. The bends and twistings are still obvious; so distorted, indeed, is he that he writhes as he walks; and what a high-pitched, snappy voice the man has!

"How much have you taken?" he demands, with a snarl, as he hovers over the woman. "How much, you—you—limb?"

"Nothing," carelessly returns the girl, picking up the discarded work.

"You lie, you jade! You witch, you lie! Show me your pockets. Ugh! You hide it, you artful hussy; I know you hide it. You rob me. Yes, me. Great Prophet! *Me!* No one in all the morning? Oh! oh! I shall be ruined. Why do you laugh, you wicked, worthless woman? I say you rob me. You are a thief. You know you are a thief."

"I know you'll make me one," she returns.

"Steal, eh? Ah! ah! nothing here, Miss Treachery, to steal. No, no; only the books. No moneys, no treasures here. Ah! ah! ah! nothing here, you vixen. You shall be in the store no more; you pilfer when you sell a book."

"Old villain!" The words are scarcely audible.

"Eh, what? What do you say, deceit and lies? What do you mumble?"

"You need not concern yourself," she answers. "I shall leave you shortly. I am going to get married."

"Married!" and the old fellow gives an owl-like screech as he reiterates the word, and dances wildly round her. "Married! S'ho, s'ho, s'ho! Married! Hear her! Married! You graceless hussy—marry and leave me? Do you forget what I have done for you? Didn't I take you when you were ragged and starving? Haven't I clothed ye, you jade? Have you not been fed upon the fat of the land? Talk no more of such rubbish. There, take your dinner," throwing a greasy little parcel into her lap. "Beautiful beef, fourteen cents a pound, as I'm a pauper."

"Pooh! two ounces of dog-meat," she replies, in disgust.

"It's false. Here's five cents; get a loaf. You may have a new one to-day for a treat. Quick, I must be out again."

The moment the woman leaves the store Ezra moves a pile of books from one of the corners, and closely examines the floor.

"Safe!" he cries, joyfully clapping his knotty hands and writhing horribly; "safe! Ha, ha! They'd never think of looking in such a place as this for my money."

He has barely time to replace the heap, however, when Eloise returns.

"A beautiful dinner," exclaims Ezra, with fervor, breaking off, as though unconsciously, a piece of the loaf and a good mouthful of the beef; "fit for a queen. Be a good girl now. See what I do for you. I waste my substance upon you. Don't rob me, and some day I'll—tut, tut, if you rob me I'll have the law. I'll have the law on you."

Left alone, Eloise munches the scanty fare in silence. Her thoughts are busy, however. At length she mutters:

"Rob him? More unlikely things than that happen, Boss Ezra; but there's precious little here, I guess, to take. Anything would be better than this drudgery. There, I'll wait no longer. If Dick asks me to be his wife to-day I'll marry him."

A hand is laid upon her shoulder at this moment, and she starts nervously.

"Good gracious, who's that?" she exclaims.

"Who is it? Who should it be? Who, but your faithful adorer, Dick; your own Tomkins."

CHAPTER II.

"GOLD—BRIGHT, SHINING GOLD."

MR. RICHARD TOMKINS was a lawyer's clerk—ignorant, ostentatious; and, like many of his kind, he succeeded, though his income was slender, in placing upon his unhappy person a vast amount of adornment.

His necktie itself was a wonder. An ornate pin, presumably of the finest gold and the most precious stones, reposed upon it. This display was gracefully balanced by a huge diamond finger-ring, which, judging from its size, must have been of extraordinary value, while his clothes were cut in what he believed the latest fashion. Expatiating upon the transcendental beauties of his coat, he once observed to his fellow-clerk:

"This, they tell me, is the sort of thing they are doing just now for the young swells of Fifth Avenue—in a word, the genuine article, my boy. This flap, you see, is quite new; in fact, Slocum assured me on the quiet that it wasn't every one he'd allow to have it just yet. Must keep the cream a little select, you know."

His dress first, because it is the only striking thing about Mr. Tomkins. The face is an ordinary one, with small greenish eyes and a saucy leer.

He is a dangerous fellow, for there is much venom in his nature. He believes himself to be "doosed 'cute," and perhaps there is some foundation for this estimate. Nothing like a low-class lawyer's office to sharpen the faculties and to generate cunning.

Mr. Tomkins shakes his head knowingly as he informs his friends that it will be essential for them to rise exceedingly early in the morning should they have any intention of over-reaching him; and he inquires at the same time, playfully, whether they have ever heard of such an animal as a weazel, and, if so, if they think much of the chance of catching him asleep.

A frequent passer through Burkett's Court, the strange beauty of Eloise d'Ancre and her wondrous eyes attracted him.

For many weeks he regularly bought a book, which proved no great draw upon his pocket, for there was a prodigious box outside containing an amazing assortment of dilapidated pamphlets, old plays and effete song-books —price, indifferently, five cents.

Mr. Tomkins chatted, and bashfulness finding no place in his moral dictionary, it was not long before he (as he described it), "popped the question," and asked Eloise to be his wife.

Now, in the ordinary way, marriage was the last thing such a character would dream of; but it was Tomkins's rare "'cuteness" that suggested the idea.

"I'm afraid," he confided to a friend, "I'm afraid she's awkward-tempered; a bit of a jiber. But when the job is properly finished *we*" (Mr. Tomkins laid great emphasis on the pronoun), "will put the bearing-rein on. She'll go quiet enough then, I reckon."

To-day, as it happened, he awaits his answer. He is very confident, in excellent spirits, and scarcely the least bit anxious as to the turn events may take. Notwithstanding her "awkward temper" and her "jibing propensities," he has too high an opinion of his own excellent qualities to contemplate for a moment the possibility of his being refused.

"Well, my beauty," Dick cries, gayly, "sweeter than the honeysuckle, softer than the rose, how am I? On the fair mountain of Hope, or in the valley of Despair? Do I return to-night to dream of bliss, or to embrace the cruel waters of oblivion—*alias* the limpid Hudson? Are you agreeable to share with me the noble sum of twenty dollars per week, with a sweet little elysium in prospective, in the shape of a snug tobacconist's, or is it evangelical magazines and old plays, as usual?"

"Don't talk to me of books—I hate them," she says, with some asperity.

"Very well, then," Dick returns. "Rather the fragrant Havana, the full-flavored Cuba, the sober cheroot, or——"

"Do hold your tongue. I am in no humor for fooling."

"My love, my all, I obey," Mr. Tomkins rejoins, with a melodramatic flourish.

Eloise regards him severely.

"And so," she says, slowly and quietly, "you have the audacity to ask me to marry you upon the miserable pittance of twenty dollars a week?"

"Well," Tomkins responds, "I certainly do make you an offer of my hand, my heart and my home, but it did not suggest itself to me in the light you put it. Oh, you vixen," is his silent commentary, "if I do get you into harness, *won't* I use the whip."

"Do you know," she continues, "that I should think ten times the amount a week no extravagant sum. Can your little mind grasp *that?* I say that I should think two hundred dollars a week not too much to satisfy my desires."

Mr. Tomkins is amazed.

In its wildest dreams his imagination had never even approached a sum like that. Over ten thousand a year. Why, it's absurd.

"Whew!" he whistles. "G-r-acious! Well, hang me. Burkett's Court and two hundred dollars a week—whew! I've always heard that woman's brains can't stand books, and general session me if this don't beat all." Then to himself, "I'll shake this out of you, my lady. I guess you won't come it that way over *me*."

"You see," Eloise resumes, "there is much difference in our ideas."

"I see," is Tomkins's uneasy rejoinder.

"I wish you well to ponder over this, and to thoroughly understand it. Let me be frank with you. You shall know the truth, even if it lacerates you. You are no more to me than this broken box. I care no more for you than this tattered book. If I marry you it is simply to escape the drudgery of this miserable den. Expect from me no love. You will get no hate. You are utterly, absurdly indifferent to me. If you, recognizing this, and believing me to be, as I am, in earnest, still ask me to be your wife, I say Yes, upon one condition—the ceremony must be performed with the utmost expedition."

"I've read a lot about courting," exclaims Dick Tomkins, regarding her with as much wonder as his face was capable of expressing, "I've heard a lot. I've had some experience myself, but anything to equal this I've never heard of, read of, nor seen. It sounds very grand, and it may be the way with first-class mashers, heavy swells and the genuine article; but general session me if I like it. Its just this," he continues, "I'm willing to give my hand where I've parted with my heart. If that's good enough for you, I'll chance the rest."

"She's a queer one," he ruminates, biting his lips; "a regular uncaged one. If the cigar caper doesn't turn out O K, I'll put her on the stage. Guess she'd take there with the best of 'em, and there's money in it."

"Come," he says aloud, "let's have no more beating about the bush; give us a kiss and call it settled."

After this they get on more comfortably, chiefly because Eloise says little, and Dick rattles on to his heart's content.

He perches himself on a substantial pile of books, and with astonishing loquacity details his future plans—the joys and glories of the cigar trade.

His enthusiasm gets into his legs and into his arms. He gesticulates to such an extent that the heap of books is scattered, and he lands on the floor.

"Ups and downs of life," he laughs. "As I was saying, there's only one objection to your serving in the store; your sweet little hands will turn——Hello! how loose your boards are, here's a bit of one right out. Oh! by jimminy! G-r-a-cious! Well, I *never!* Genuine gold five-dollar pieces, and heaps of 'em. Gracious! What a silly hiding-place to put so much money in."

The woman is by his side instantly, greedily peering into the hole so curiously exposed, in which have been hidden four muslin bags filled with five-dollar gold pieces.

The eyes of both burn with voracity as this sight catches their gaze, and then their faces meet in a craving, burning look.

"When will old Isaacs return?" Tomkins asks, in a low tone.

CHAPTER III.

"NO MARRIAGE IS POSSIBLE BETWEEN US—THE WHOLE COURSE OF MY LIFE IS NOW CHANGED."

ELOISE'S eyes meet his; his form is figured on her retina, but there is no responding sensation produced on her brain. Still before her is the glittering, glorious, intoxicating gold. In imagination her dress is already silken, and diamonds flash from her neck. A rich carpet receives her daintily-clothed feet, and around her is the most costly furniture.

The picture is suddenly blurred. A nudge from Dick Tomkins, as his gasping voice repeats his question, brings her rudely back to the sordid realities of Burkett's Court.

"When will old Isaacs return?" he reiterates.

Eloise regards the over-dressed form before her with disgust. Never had he appeared so mean and vulgar as now. She actually shudders as she gazes upon him. That *she* should have contemplated marriage with such a creature! Faugh!

"Why?" she coldly asks, as she carefully replaces the board, and piles the books as they have been previously arranged. Then she quietly resumes her seat upon the box, and commences sewing.

Dick notes these movements with a rueful face.

"Why?" he reiterates, doggedly; "come, I like that, and a minute ago you looked as if you could have eaten the lot."

"I don't understand you."

"Oh, don't you? Don't you?" he continues, in the same tone; "then you must be precious hard of hearing. I say you looked as hungry as a shark after it, and now you're going on as if nothing had happened. That won't do—I guess not."

Her head is bent over her work, nor does she look at him as she replies, harshly:

"What *has* happened? If you cannot speak plainly don't speak at all. I can make nothing of you."

Eloise is a puzzle to Mr. Tomkins. After the eager, greedy look, her coldness and apathy are unaccountable.

"I wonder," he reflects, "what her little caper is. I expect she means going for the lot; but no, no—Tomkins to the front—Dick ain't the boy to get left." Then aloud: "Well, when I looked at you, general session me if I didn't think it was all settled. I never saw any one look so longing in all my life."

Eloise stamps her foot with impatience.

"What's settled? What does the stupid mean?"

"Why, the money," Dick blurts out.

"Oh, the money. Mr. Isaacs prefers to keep it there. He is no believer in banks, though he might have found a safer hiding-place." This is spoken with the most supreme indifference.

Dick is staggered.

Surely he must have been mistaken? But no; he cannot forget that look.

"I made sure," he went on, "that you meant having it. That would be something like to start a place for the——"

"What?" she cries, springing up and regarding him with amazement and indignation. "What? you atrocious little scamp; rob my benefactor—rob the man it is my duty to protect? You unmitigated scoundrel, how dare you propose such a thing to me?"

"Humbug!" Dick bawls, defiantly. Her epithets roused him; he lost his hesitation and gathered courage; his eyes shone wrathfully, and her burning gaze and flushed face failed to quail him. "Humbug!" he reiterates; "you meant having them right enough, and you've got some plot on now, durn me if you haven't. I don't mean being left—see that. Perhaps I'm only a little clerk; perhaps I can only earn twenty dollars a week; perhaps I'm nobody—see that. But I've got a heart and I've got feelings; I've got a mind that can ferret out a thing or two—see that. And little clerks with paltry twenty dollars a week have a nasty knack of turning, they have—see that. If you play any tricks with me I'll make you suffer for it—general session me if I don't!"

He paces the store rapidly, and his eyes gleam with passion.

"You are a vile fellow to talk to me like this," retorts Eloise; "a pretty fellow, indeed, to cover me with low abuse because I refuse to rob my employer. I've a good mind to call a policeman to you."

"I don't believe it is his money at all. It's treasure, that's what it is; treasure that's been there ever so long."

"Oh! if you really thought that," returns the woman, in a quieter tone, "it is of course different."

She has her own reasons for desiring a termination of the conflict. She has, in fact, misjudged her man. Her indignation she had imagined would cover him with confusion; would silence—awe him. His outburst is totally unexpected; it is a warning, and she accepts it as such. Dick Tomkins might work a considerable amount of mischief.

"You are not so unreasonable as to expect me to steal," she says. "I might as well tell you to rob your employer's safe."

"It's a rare disappointment," he rejoins, sulkily; "I made certain we were all right when I saw it. Some women," he continues, maliciously, "take a pride in bringing their husbands a little money. But I generally find that those who talk so grandly about what they can spend are deuced bad ones at getting."

Eloise bites her lip, but does not reply.

"However, if it can't be, it can't be; so there's an end of it. I'll keep my eye on you, my beauty," he soliloquizes, as he regards Eloise with no pleasant gaze. "You're up to something, I can see. If you have any of that money I mean getting a fair share, so look out."

"Ill-gotten wealth would do us no good," she remarks, demurely, dropping her eyes; "it would bring but a curse."

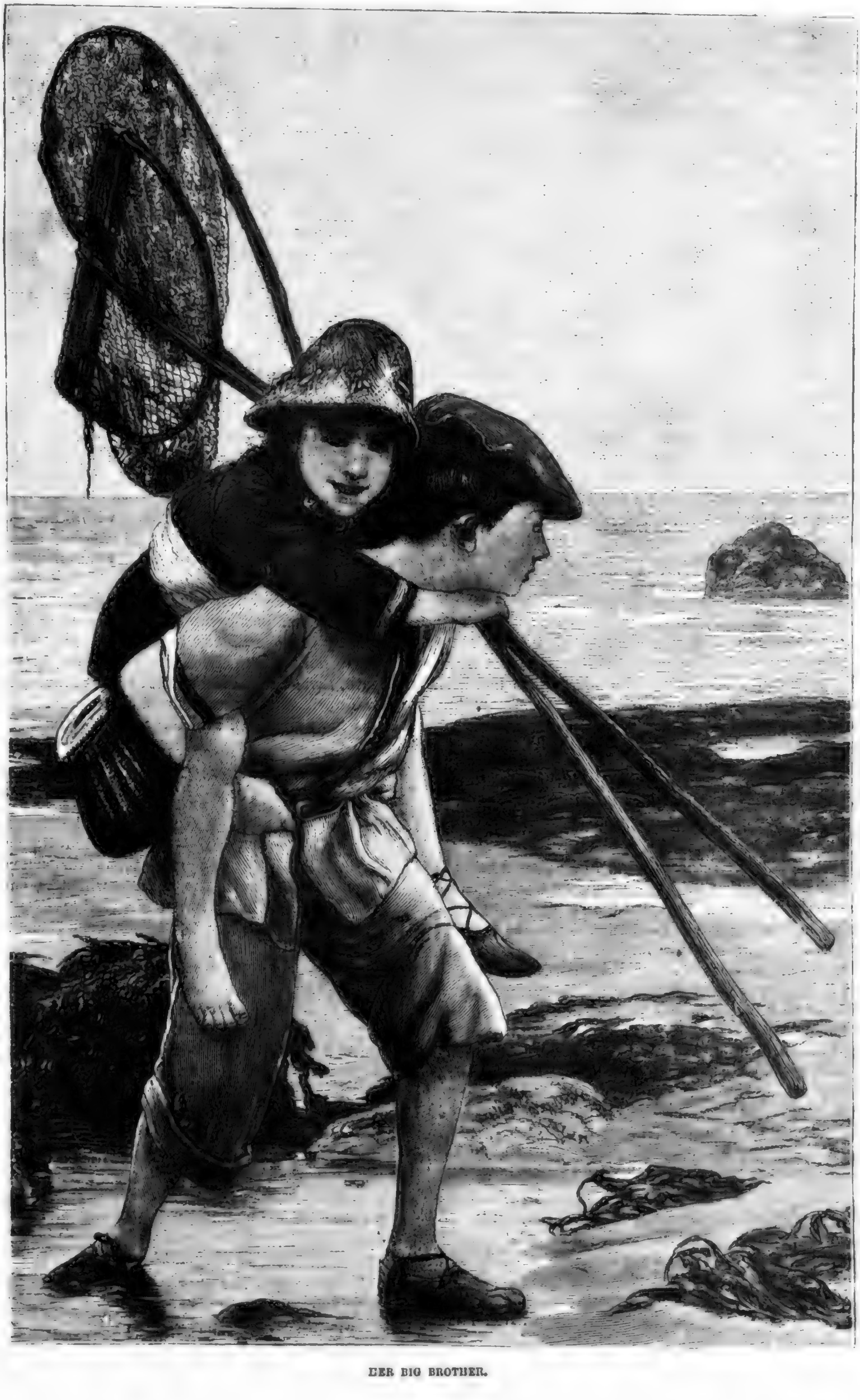
"Ah, I daresay," he sneers; "*you* wouldn't touch it, would you? Oh, I can't see; not worth a cent. I should like a lot of this sort of curses, and chance what followed. I could do with their coming in like coals, a hundred weight at a time. I'd submit to 'em appearing with the regularity characteristic of the morning milk. I'd have a constant supply laid on like water. But there, what's the use of making a fuss about a few hundred, when I could marry a woman worth forty thousand a year if I liked."

"Forty thousand!" smiles Eloise, incredulously.

"Forty thousand a year," repeats Dick, dwelling on the word unctuously. "That's the sort of caper, I reckon, fit for the avenue, heavy swells and the genuine article. One? Bless you, I know two—forty thousand each. What do you think of that, eh?"

"I wonder, Dick," says Eloise, "that you honored a poor girl like myself with your attentions."

"Well, you see, it's like this: Fancy goes a long way in these matters. If I was all head, I shouldn't have gone for you—due entirely to a throbbing, bursting heart." Mr. Tomkins places his hand over his spleen, evidently



HER BIG BROTHER.

under the impression that that member is thereabout. "Head said, No; heart said, Yes. Heart won in a canter."

"I feel flattered, I assure you."

"That's the proper caper. I am aware of two young ladies," continues Mr. Tomkins, "who'll have forty thousand a year each, and the joke is there are only three people who know they are coming into this wealth. They don't know themselves. Out of these three individuals there's only one eligible for matrimony—yours obediently, faithfully and truly."

"Forty thousand a year!" muses Eloise; "that is something worth working and scheming for."

"I should think it was."

"How paltry this little gold seems beside such wealth. One would do much to get a sum like that," says Eloise.

"Oh, you think that a deviation from the straight course would be justified for such a sum, do you? But how about the curses? Well, come, never mind; it's no good rowing. Give me your hand, and I'll tell you all about it. You know my boss's got a lot of queer clients. There's an old fellow who lives in some out-of-the-way place in New England who is the queerest of the lot. Got loads of money—eighty thousand a year, and a lump more. He lives all alone, and never sees a friend or relative—strikes me they've all pretty nearly forgotten his existence. I saw him about eight years ago, when I first went there. He hasn't been in New York since then. You better guess we were pretty startled to see him stalk in some weeks ago. Such a grim-looking figure, if there ever was one. Long white hair covered his shoulders; his face was so wild that he looked mad; great staring eyes—I never saw such large ones. Yours are the nearest to them I've ever met. A fine man, but his looks frighten you. He was a long time with the boss—at last I was called in. I saw what was up in a minute; he had been making his will. I and another witnessed his signature. I'm a funny sort of fellow; I've got a queer love for reading wills. I've read them all in our office, and I made up my mind to have a go at this one; in fact, I couldn't rest till I'd seen it. It don't matter how I got it; perhaps I've a key that fits the boss's safe, and perhaps I haven't. That don't matter. I read this one clean through that night, and a regular old caution it was, I can tell you. It seems the old boy, when he was a youngster, acted badly to some girl or the other, and then deserted her. About a year ago his conscience began to worry him, and he employed us to discover her whereabouts. We soon ferreted her out—at least we got news of her. She died. So his repentance came a bit too late. There had been a child—a girl; there was no doubt that she was dead, too. However, he never believed this. He declares that she lives. First, then, he leaves the whole of his money to this girl; but as she is dead, that's nothing. Then, in the event of our failing to find her, he leaves eighty thousand to two nieces, whom he has never seen; but they are only to have the money on one condition. It is this: they must be married before the expiration of two years from yesterday—not from his death, mind you. He ordered very precisely that they are on no account to be told of this provision. He doesn't wish them to marry just to get the money, or to be carried off by fortune-hunters."

"Supposing they fail to fulfill this condition?"

"Then the money goes to a nephew—a regular loafer; an out-and-out scamp. If one isn't married he gets forty; if they both remain single, then he gets eighty thousand. Death, of course, being equivalent to non-marriage. A queer will, ain't it?"

"I've read of more extraordinary ones," is Eloise's reply. "Are the girls likely to marry?"

"Don't know; I've never seen them. If I hadn't come across you I should have had a try for 'em. I often hankered for a bit of old Courtlandt's money."

"What?" shrieks Eloise; "what name did you say?"

"Courtlandt."

"Good God!" she exclaims, sinking upon the box.

"Gracious me, what's up—what's the matter?"

"And the nephew's name—Herbert Gaythorne?"

"Yes," falters Dick, looking at her in consternation. "Don't give me away, for goodness' sake. I wouldn't have told you for the world if I'd thought you knew any of the parties. What a fool I am. What's her game now, I wonder?" he asks himself, as he gazes at her.

She is sitting immovable. Her great eyes are fixed, and her face is rigid.

"Don't stare so," he ejaculates, in alarm; "you look so awful."

She rises slowly.

"You may go," she says, with peculiar calmness.

"Go?" he cries; "what do you mean? We have settled nothing yet. What about this marriage?"

"No marriage is possible between us," she retorts, decisively; "talk no more of such a thing. The whole course of my life is now changed."

He stamps his foot with passion. He shakes his fist menacingly at her.

"I won't be played fast and loose with," he petulantly whimpers; "I won't be made a fool of—see that. If you don't marry me you sha'n't marry anybody else, so there——".

"The best place for you is outside," remarks Ezra Isaacs, who had just entered, taking him by the collar and quietly dropping him on the sidewalk.

"Curse her," hisses Mr. Richard Tomkins, between his set teeth, savagely kicking over the box of five-cent pamphlets (unromantic assistants to his tender passion). "Curse her; she shall smart for this!"

CHAPTER IV.

"I WILL KILL YOU—YOU CANNOT HIDE FROM ME!"

THE majority of the inmates of No. — Washington Square are enjoying, at the various restaurants, the repast which men term lunch, when Mr. Herbert Gaythorne, lodger, third floor, back room, is contemplating his breakfast.

There is a decided suggestion of stale tobacco-smoke in the room, with a hint of vapid beer. The atmosphere is mawkish and depressing, while the occupant himself looks anything but bright or cheerful.

His legs are stretched and wide apart; his hands plunged into his pockets; his hair, ragged and untidy, has evidently not yet been brushed; it is of a sandy color, and runs down his cheeks in pointed whiskers.

A mustache of a similar hue partially conceals a thin-lipped, ill-shapen mouth, and to a great extent hides the complete absence of teeth upon the right side.

More particular examination shows that the tiny nose deviates slightly from its point, and the idea occurs that at some distant period Mr. Gaythorne had been engaged in an exceedingly unfortunate pugilistic encounter, in which, probably, his antagonist had it all his own way.

Then there is a nervous twitching of Mr. Gaythorne's eyelids, and it is easy to see that the gold-rimmed glasses dangling upon his breast are necessary. Were it not, they would still be worn.

Herbert Gaythorne, no matter how dilapidated his garments might be, would on no account part with so useful and ornamental an appendage as his glasses. It is worth noting that there is a vast amount of difference between the foppery of this gentleman and the foppery of Tomkins. With the former it is natural, and not to be abandoned; with the latter it is assumed, and ill-becomes the wearer. The one amused; the other disgusted. Mr. Gaythorne had associated with gentlemen; slangy and disreputable as he now is, poverty cannot hide many indications of refinement.

"I don't see much sign of the roast and the boiled today," he muses, as he rises to adjust his glasses. Two envelopes on the table attract his attention. "What a funny thing I did not see them before," is his mental exclamation.

Considering that he is terribly short-sighted, the fact is not so curious as he imagines.

"Ah, one from Maggie; money, too—the wild roast and the boiled loom in the distance. Confound it all," he cries, in a disappointed tone, as he examines the letter; "only five dollars. It's too bad of her, really it is. Let's see what she's got to say."

> "MY DEAR HERBERT," he reads: "I was very pleased at receiving your letter, but I do wish you could do better in New York. I wish you had never gone there; our house has been a wretched one since you left. Pa says he will never have you enter it again. Oh, Herbert, dear, do be a good boy, and you will make us all happy. Pa declares he will never see your face again; he says that you have disgraced us all; he has forbidden us to write to you even. But I know you will atone for the past, and that all will yet be well. Do, there's a good, dear Herbert, for our sakes. Poor Ada is so miserable about you; I heard her sobbing all night long. She sends her love. She does wish so that she could help you; but you know you had all her quarter's money. I send you five dollars, it is all I have in the world, and I had to borrow that. Edward called yesterday and wanted to take me out, but I could not go, for I had no gloves. I dare not ask papa for more, he would be cross if he thought I sent you money. I hate the name of that wretched New York. I do hope you will be a good boy, and come home to be with us as you used to be. With love from both of us, your affectionate sister,
>
> "MAGGIE."

"Umph!" grunted Mr. Herbert, placing the letter in his pocket. "She is a good little girl, but I can't understand what she wants with money. Let's see what the other is. From my old love—the inextinguishable one—Eloise d'Ancre. What can *she* want? The old tale, I suppose—money. I thought that lawyer fellow had taken her off my hands."

The ill-written, dirty scrawl ran as follows:

> "DEAR HERBERT:—You must meet me to-night at nine o'clock, at the corner of Burkett's Court. I have something of the utmost importance to communicate. Upon no account fail. Much depends upon your coming. ELOISE."

"That's good enough," he exclaims, decisively; "that's quite good enough. When she writes like that there's something in it. Nine o'clock, the corner of Burkett's Court, and Mr. Herbert Gaythorne will meet. She's a sensible girl, and no humbug about her. First an eye-opener, a walk down Fifth Avenue, a little billiards, and then for Eloise d'Ancre."

Gaythorne's walk is practically a waltz. With stick held at arm's length, hand at either end, he waltzes down Fifth Avenue. Nine o'clock finds him with the same slim partner waltzing at the corner of Burkett's Court, gazing in every direction but the right one for the expected lady.

"It's a funny thing," he says, as Eloise takes his arm, "that I didn't see you. Which way did you come?"

"I am glad you are here," she returns, in a low tone, slightly tremulous; "it was very important to both of us that we should meet. There is a grand future before us."

"What is the scheme, my dear?" he asks, anxiously.

"It is one that will lead us to wealth—real wealth; forty, or, perhaps, eighty thousand a year."

"Eighty thousand a year!"

"Yes, think of that. If we make up our minds to have the eighty I am sure we can. Alone, neither of us stands the slightest chance. We must work together."

"I'll do anything, if there's a likelihood of its producing the roast and the boiled. Let mine be the evening part. I can't get up early in the morning."

"Pooh! you do not understand me. You must marry me."

"What?"

"Marry me—and at once. There must be no delay."

"Marry you?" he reiterates, gazing at her in astonishment. "Marry you? Now, now, now, my dear little Eloise, do be reasonable. What do you think my landlady would say," he continues, playfully, "if I were suddenly to appear on the scene with a bride—a real, live bride—a bride that can play the deuce of a caper when she's put out? That confiding landlady would say unto that erratic and unpunctual young man, 'Depart. Skeedaddle! Find another suite of apartments.' Seriously, old lady, it can't be done. The finances at the present moment amount to two dollars, all told, and you talk of marriage. I always regarded you as a girl of sense——"

"Hush!" she cries, excitedly; "I must return in a moment. Do not be foolish. Marriage with me means certain, positive, actual wealth. Do you think I would marry you unless I saw some bright prospect in the distance? Whatever my old love was, we quite understand each other *now*—you deceived me, and I suffered for it. I never upbraided you; but, Herbert Gaythorne, if you thwart me now, if you stand between me and a brilliant future, as there's a heaven above me I'll kill you; I say," she continues, in a low, hissing voice, her large, staring eyes flashing fire, and her limber fingers clutching eagerly his arm, "Herbert Gaythorne, I will kill you—you cannot hide from me!"

CHAPTER V.

"OH, YOU VIXEN! SEE ME USE THE WHIP!"

HERBERT GAYTHORNE uneasily releases his arm at the threat of Eloise d'Ancre. There is something in her words and wild manner which absolutely terrifies him.

"What folly this is!" he manages to blurt out. "I object to the marriage as much for your sake as my own. I have nothing to support you on. Tell me what your scheme is——"

"Not a word until we are man and wife."

"Hang it all," he adds, persuasively, "you must acknowledge yourself that it is a queer go. Now, if I only had a little money——"

"See this," Eloise interrupts, dragging him from the dark entry in which they had been talking to the gas-lamp—"see this?"

Mr. Gaythorne, notwithstanding his shortness of sight, does see it—sees it with an exclamation of surprise—sees it with irrepressible joy, satisfaction, and astonishment—"it" being a muslin bag full of five-dollar gold pieces.

"About a hundred here," he says, handling it fondly. "It's a long time since I've seen so many shiners. Are these for me?"

"Four bags like this will be my marriage portion in hand, bright, shining gold. Are further arguments required to satisfy you as to the expediency of our immediate union?"

"None whatever; I am more than convinced. Two thousand dollars! Why, I'd marry one of the Salem witches for that. You know what I mean, Eloise?" he pursues, hastily, seeing how uncomplimentary his speech has been. "We were always good friends."

"And good friends we must remain. We cannot afford to quarrel now. No," she answers, in reply to a suggestion of his—"no; this bag must not be touched. I have three five-dollar gold pieces in my purse; take them and do the best you can with them. Be here the day after tomorrow at nine in the morning; I shall be ready."

Mr. Herbert seems considerably disconcerted at the sight of what now looks to him a contemptibly insignificant sum.

"A few dollars more or less——" he pleads.

"It cannot be, I tell you. If this bag be interfered with—— But no matter. I tell you that it cannot be," she went on. "Do not fail me. I must go; I have already overstepped my time. Good-night. Remember, nine o'clock."

"If this had happened a few years since," almost sighs Herbert, "we should not have parted without a kiss."

"Bah!" and she laughs savagely. "I thought only of love then."

"And now?"

"Wealth and vengeance!"

"Vengeance!" echoes Herbert, in alarm.

"Vengeance on a world that has so ill-used me. Good-night."

She walks a few paces, and then returns suddenly.

"You have two sisters?"

"Yes," he replies, regarding her with surprise.

"Are either of them engaged or likely to marry?"

"What on earth——"

"Answer me quickly; I can't wait."

"One is engaged——"

A cry of rage escapes Eloise, and she stamps her foot impatiently.

Herbert Gaythorne is astonished at her totally inexplicable anger.

"And the other?"

"Is, I believe, free—not engaged."

"Nor never shall be! Don't question me now. What is the name of the man to whom the one is betrothed?"

"I don't see——"

"Tell me his name."

"Edward Delmar."

"What is he?"

"Manager of the New York and Havana Bank."

"Ah! Again good-night."

And the thin, snake-like form, closely muffled, stole noiselessly into the obscurity.

"I don't half like her mood," mutters Mr. Gaythorne, as he waltzes rakishly away. "She did look evil, and no mistake. But there—if she tries any nonsense with me I can easily leave her."

Out of the gloomy court of the dreary street, out from the heavy darkness, bounding lightly into the road, suddenly appears our legal acquaintance, Dick Tomkins.

"You're a pretty one," he soliloquizes; "a nice member of the community to be behind a tobacconist's counter, you are. So you're going to sell me, are you? That's your caper, is it? I knew you meant vice. Oh, you wicked woman, to rob me of my heart and my confidence, and then give me away like this. All right. Go on. Do all the plundering, run all the risk, have all the work, and Dick Tomkins will enjoy the spoil—luxuriate in the specie. Tomkins, there's a future before you; Fifth Avenue swells and the genuine article will be nowhere. Oh, you vixen! See me use the whip!"

And a moment later Tomkins had followed in the direction of Herbert Gaythorne.

CHAPTER VI.

"LEONIE, EMPRESS OF THE AIR."

TWO days after the meeting faithfully narrated in the preceding chapter, Mr. Richard Tomkins, having completed his elaborate toilet, stands before the looking-glass, fondly examining his precious figure.

Dick lives in a tiny house in the neighborhood of Central Park; he lives, in fact, with his sister. She has a small independence; but had she not, her brother would, out of his own slender income, have provided for her. His fraternal instincts are strong, and his love for and generosity to her, his only relative, are the best traits in his character.

With the aid of a silk handkerchief he is getting upon his hat a gloss which threatens to rival in its dazzling properties the resplendent door-knocker of his little cottage.

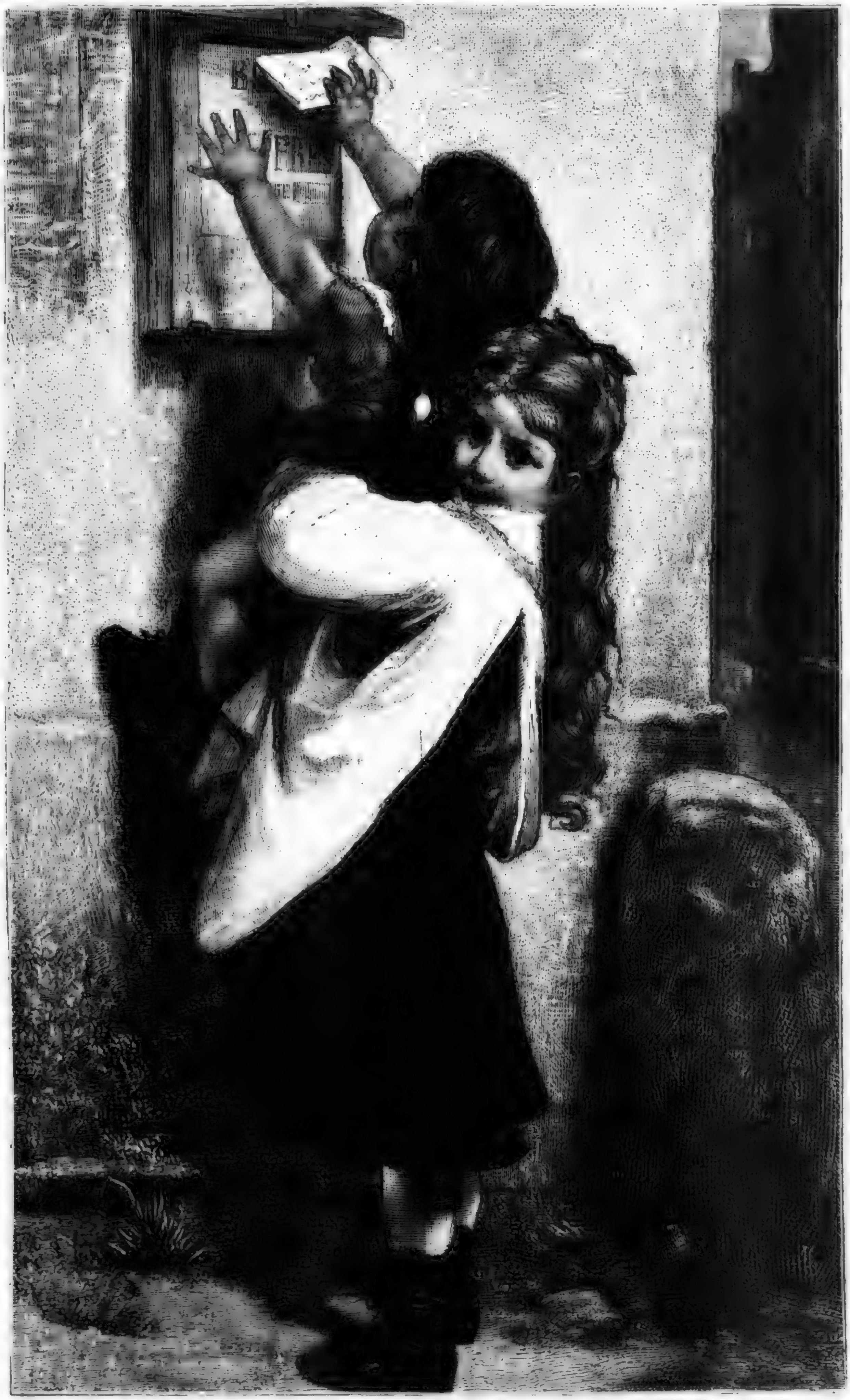
"The day of vengeance and the hour of triumph," says Mr. Tomkins, unctuously, quoting the last novel he had read. "The skeleton at the marriage feast. They won't look blue when they see me upon the scene. Oh, no; I guess not! I feel that savage with her," he continues, using the handkerchief with vicious swiftness, "that—there, I could pinch her. After all, though, General Session me if I don't think it's happened for the best. As the song says, 'If she be not fair to me, what care I how fair she be?' Two thousand dollars at old Isaacs'. Oho! I'll have at least half of it, and not a cent less. She's clever; but she didn't think I was listening to all her precious plans. I knew they'd come the next night. It wasn't in reason that they wouldn't meet again before this morning. 'I must take fresh apartments,' says he. 'On no account,' says she; 'you can explain to your landlady that you are going to get married; take the parlors, which you say are to let, and there we will remain for a time.' Ah! ah! ha! good, my lady, good. You didn't think the little clerk with the paltry twenty dollars a week was listening, eh? You didn't think that the man you had despised and trampled upon had followed your loafing lover and settled things with the servant? Oh, no; I guess not. Half-past twelve you're timed to reach Washington Square; one o'clock will see your fond admirer with a thousand dollars in his pocket, or Miss Eloise d'Ancre—I beg her pardon, Mrs. Herbert Gaythorne—will spend her honeymoon in the Tombs. I think that's good play. I rather think it's very excellent play; it occurs to me that it's the proper caper; if it isn't, I should just like to know what is?"

"What on earth are you doing? You'll be terribly late at the office," cries the admonitory voice of his sister.

"Don't worry yourself," says Dick, entering their tiny sitting-room; "no office for me to-day. This is my idle day, on which I am going to do the most important business of my life. I shall return by six; be ready, Ann, and I shall take you out."

"Oh, Dick!"

"I will so. And I'll tell you what's more; if you're a good girl, I'll give you a new dress; and what do you think of that?"



THE LETTER-BOX.— FROM THE PAINTING BY LOBRICHON. —"ONE SMALLER THAN YOURSELF IS SOMETIMES USEFUL."

"What do I think?" she exclaims, giving him a hearty kiss. "I think you are the best and most delightful brother ever girl had—there!"

A bright, plump, enthusiastic little woman, this sister. Very demonstrative, and possibly very common; but a merry, guileless soul for all.

"What time are you going?" she adds, after a pause. There is a trace of anxiety in her voice which does not quite escape her brother's notice.

"You seem in a rare hurry to get rid of me; I'm off now. Give me a kiss for luck. You see this; it's a five-dollar piece, isn't it? When I return I shall have two hundred of 'em."

"Gracious!"

"Think of it, my pet. One thousand dollars! And that will lead to another thousand, and so on. Good-bye. Be a good girl."

In the most airy manner Mr. Tomkins leaves the house, and with a twinkle in his eye and a saucy grin upon his face (calculated to do prodigious damage to susceptible female hearts), he passes on his way.

Ann stands for a moment watching with genuine admiration the retreating figure. She has a high opinion of her brother's talents, and is a firm believer in the elegance of his conversation.

"A thousand dollars! I wonder where he'll get that from. I'm sure, I hope he'll be successful. It will be such a shock to him when he hears that I am going to get married. I shan't like leaving our house," she sighs, and a tear courses down her cheek; "it's such a dear, dear place."

"I can't think," ruminates Mr. Tomkins, jauntily subduing each blushing damsel as he passed, "what's up with Ann to-day. Doesn't seem to want me in the house a moment. I suppose she's going to give the little place a thorough overhauling, and it wants it, too."

This is one of the fictions which enliven the Tomkins household. It is a cherished Tomkerian tradition that the house wants a "thorough overhauling" four or five times a week, notwithstanding that the sharpest eye fails, after a most diligent search to discover one speck of dust on the daintily-kept residence. "A thorough overhauling" it had, too.

Woe to the man who entered its sacred precincts with muddy boots, or a dripping umbrella. Woe to the careless person who spilled his crumbs, or the man of audacity who would presume to smoke in the wee parlor, so severe in its tidiness. Dick sternly rebuked the offender, and Ann's reproachful glances were things not readily forgotten.

"I'm early yet," communes Mr. Tomkins, as he leaves his horse-car in the vicinity of Bleecker Street. "I'll have a gentle walk round, and steady myself for the coming triumph. I wonder how old Isaacs looks now. If he hadn't thrown me out as he did I might have given him some assistance. I'll have a look at him, and then for Washington Square."

Tomkins is deprived of the satisfaction of twitting the ancient dealer about his misfortune—the bookstore in Burkett's Court is closed.

"This is queer," Dick mutters. "I shouldn't have thought that under any circumstances he would have closed his store. Surely," he continues, with a shudder, as a horrible idea suggests itself, "surely she hasn't murdered him! But no, no, I don't think she would do *that.*"

Unable to quite shake off this ugly thought, and filled with a vague feeling of terror, Mr. Tomkins called at No. — Washington Square.

The door is opened by a hard-featured, sharp morsel of humanity, enveloped in an enormous apron, begrimed and greasy, and bearing a pail within a foot or so as high as herself.

Dick nods knowingly to the antiquated infant, and is about to enter.

"Do you not know," says the mite, in a sharp, decisive voice, stopping him, "that they are away?"

"What?" he gasps, seizing her arm.

"That the gentleman's gone."

"Gone!" echoes Dick, falling back against the wall and staring at the child vacantly. "Gone!"

"Don't I tell you? He was away early this morning."

"In a carriage?" falters Dick, anxiously. "Some chance of finding them if they used a carriage."

"No, no. He just walked."

"Gone!" groans Dick. "Sold, hoodwinked, befooled, beaten! And so near, too. Curse 'em, the villains! But I'll find 'em. I won't rest till I find 'em. To be left like this, when it was within my grasp. On the very verge of triumph, and then to be frustrated. It's wicked, it's downright wicked, that's what it is."

He almost cries with vexation.

"She shall suffer for it, if it's years before I find her, the vixen. They're spending the money now," he whimpers; "my money, the wretches. If I don't find 'em soon it will be all gone. I feel angered to that degree that I could punch her, I could."

"Where's the use crying?" says the old-fashioned little servant, philosophically. "You must just take what's sent you."

A letter-carrier hands her a letter.

"Miss Courtlandt," he says.

"She can wait, I can't go to her just now. It *is* a big one," she adds, eyeing it critically.

At the second mention of the name Dick starts.

"Courtlandt," he muses; "why, that's the name of the old fellow in New England with all the money. Miss Courtlandt! Gracious! Supposing the child isn't dead after all? Supposing this should turn out to be the identical one? What a chance; whew! That would nicely upset all Mrs. Gaythorne's little plots. All the money goes to the daughter. It isn't likely it will come to anything, but general session me, it's worth inquiring into. He told me himself he would give a few thousands to find her."

His reflections are interrupted by the appearance at the door of a tall, magnificently-dressed woman. She is exquisitely formed, and the large-featured, bold face is strikingly handsome. Her tone is imperious, and her manner reckless. The stuff she wears is rich in quality, but the colors are glaring, and her whole appearance is "flashy." Her fingers are covered with rings, and conspicuous jewels are attached to her dress. The rouge-pot has not been spared. In a word, she is surrounded by an unmistakable atmosphere of vulgarity, notwithstanding her beauty and the grandeur of her figure.

"You little wretch—you pig!" she cries, twisting the child's ear till the little thing yells with agony. "Have I not told you to bring me my letters on the instant? You little beast! I shall kill you one day."

She snatches the letter from the trembling girl and tears it fiercely open.

"The idiots!" she exclaims, contemptuously, then scatters the letter into a hundred fragments and sails grandly down the square.

Tomkins quickly overtakes her.

"Pardon me," he says, in the most conciliatory manner. "You are, I believe, Miss Courtlandt?"

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She turns upon him furiously.

"You come from that hag, Mother d'Albo? I know you do. Tell her I will never pay her—never, never, never! Tell her if she sends you again that I will twist your wretched neck into a million knots. Ah! See! Tell her that."

Tomkins hastens to explain that he is totally unacquainted with the lady whose misfortune it is to have kindled Miss Courtlandt's ire; that his business is entirely of a pacific nature, and that it might be much to her advantage to listen to him quietly.

"You are a fool, or a liar, or both," is the lady's amiable retort. "Say what you want with me. Must I wait upon every puppy that stops me in the street?"

"It's this," returns Tomkins, nettled. "If you're *the* Miss Courtlandt I want, I can introduce you to eighty thousand a year; if you're not, there's an end of the matter."

"Now, *mon brave!*" says the strange lady, smiling upon him, "now you talk with charming reason. I see we shall be excellent friends. Ah! your name? Richard—Richard Tomkins—delightful! I foresee, Monsieur Richard, that we shall be great friends. You shall get this money for me, my handsome Richard—*mon bon ami.* And you shall be rewarded. I am not yet married. You hear, Richard? Not yet married. Courtlandt I am. What else? Ah, Richard, what else? What else, think you, my honest Richard? Leonie, Empress of the Air—you have heard of me?"

Mr. Tomkins has not only heard of her, he has seen her and trembled at her mid-air flights.

"Applause! Bah! I care not for it. I see below me faces blanched with fear, and the eager, fierce gaze of the fiends who watch for me to make a slip. They glare hungrily. I slip, I destroy myself, and, *hey, presto!* joy! But, my good Richard, eighty thousand a year? Ah, that will cheer me when my eyes cease to shine, when I am old and wrinkled. Who was my father? The world. Who was my mother? The world. Heartless, wicked parents. Who taught me my tricks? D'Albo, the gypsy. Who flogged and tortured me? D'Albo, the gypsy. Who starved and lashed me till my hot blood spurted into his face? D'Albo, the gypsy. The tyrant, the demon! Who gloated over my sufferings? D'Albo, the gypsy. Who has lost his eyes and now starves upon the world? D'Albo, the gypsy. I turned upon him in my strength. He robbed me of all joy in life; he sent me headlong to perdition. I only seized his eyes, when I might have clutched his heart."

The woman speaks loudly, and with a savage satisfaction awful to hear.

Dick would give much to be seen in the company of so celebrated a woman as Leonie, Empress of the Air, whose marvelous feats were the theme of universal wonder. But he trembles at her vehemence, for she is, indeed, a fearful creature.

"Your mother," he says, "supposing you to be the right party, died with this same D'Albo, the gypsy. He declares that her infant also perished. This may have been a lie, told for some purpose of his own. There's one thing—you are exactly like old Courtlandt. Of course, we shall have to work up the legal proofs. I'll see the firm at once——"

"No, my excellent Richard; we shall keep it out of the lawyers' hands, and work together. If you succeed—if you prove my identity—there shall be wealth for you, Richard—wealth. Come, we will drink; I am fevered."

"This is a strange complication," thinks Tomkins, following the monarch of the air, and feeling about as comfortable as he would were he leading a tigress. "However, there's money in it, and the day won't be such a bad one after all."

They are crossing Washington Square, when he looks back. A lady is at the door of No. —, ringing for admittance.

"Gracious!" cries Dick. "Why, if there isn't Ann. What on earth can she want there?"

Leonie hurries on. Had Mr. Richard waited, he would have seen the door opened, and in a few minutes after, his sister fall fainting upon the step.

Leonie is silent. She thinks. Her thought is this:

"What made me take the name of Courtlandt? I wish to heaven I could remember."

CHAPTER VII.

"ALL WHO OPPOSE ME MUST GIVE WAY OR SUFFER DESTRUCTION."

MISS ELOISE D'ANCRE becomes Mrs. Herbert Gaythorne. The newly-married couple take apartments in the neighborhood of Newark, N. J.

She has no fear of being recognized by Ezra Isaacs. Who will confound the lady-like, well-dressed, delicately-perfumed Mrs. Gaythorne with the drudge of Burkett's Court?

Her dress is a simple, tight-fitting black silk. A tiny white collar encircles her neck, and pretty little cuffs are around her wrists. A gold locket, suspended below her collar, and her wedding-ring and keeper, are her only ornaments. Her black hair is drawn tight to her head. With a faint flush upon her white cheeks, and her eyelids drooped upon her large, fierce eyes, she looks very unobtrusive, very pleasant, and very harmless.

She falls into her new position with rare grace, and no one to see her now would believe that she had not from her youth been surrounded by refinement.

As for Herbert, in his fashionably-made clothes, and with his heavy chain, he presents a very fine figure, indeed. There can be no mistake about *him.* The servants of the establishment unanimously declare him a "real" gentleman. He scatters money lavishly, and for the moment lives at an astounding rate. Eloise does not object to his extravagance; the time has not yet come. When it does, without a shadow of doubt her commands will have to be implicitly obeyed.

Three days after their marriage Mr. Gaythorne might be seen gayly waltzing round the table bearing the morning meal. There is a variety of cunning preparations to tempt the jaded palate; the cloth is of snow, and the sun shines upon burnished silver.

The gentleman with the inevitable waltz looks more rakish than ever, and as he sails round he eyes the table with a prodigious amount of satisfaction.

"Ah," he says, gayly, "before this noble array of the good things of life, the boiled and the roast do not stand the remotest chance. Appetite comes, and dryness of the throat vanishes." With a drawl he commences singing—

"Fair, fair, without compare."

"My dear bride! what a strange thing I did not see you come in. Give me a kiss. By gum, how well you look! I should never have believed that such an alteration was possible. To think of you——"

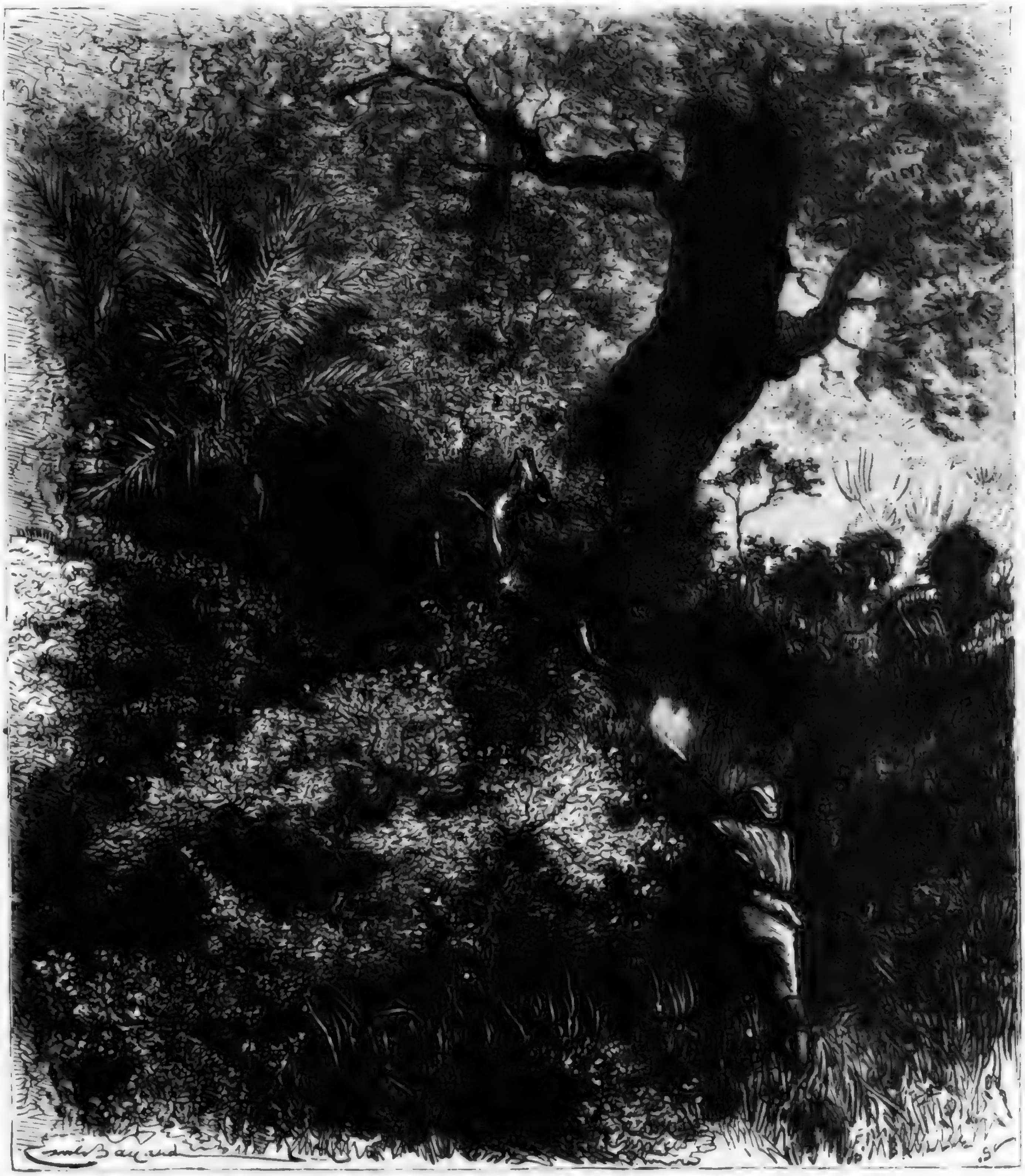
"You are always dwelling upon the past," she interrupts, slowly and quietly. "Forget it. Think that my

PLEASANT READING.—STATUE BY PIETRO GUARNERIO.

life has been anything but what it has been. Think that you met me anywhere but where you did. Forget I ever bore the name of D'Ancre, forget my rags, and—forget Burkett's Court. I wish," she continues, excitedly, "the wretched place were pulled down—razed from the face of the earth. I hate—I loathe the past," she declares, with intense earnestness and a slight shudder. "Cease to think of it; it must for ever remain a closed subject between us."

"Come, don't look so serious. Are my glasses hanging about there loose? Thank you. My bride," soliloquizes Mr. Gaythorne, "is a pretty woman to look at; but she has got a very funny temper." Then, aloud, "There's only this to be said, my love—if your part is to be closed, and you won't open your plans for the future, it occurs to me that the range of our conversational subjects will be rather limited. Try some of this *caviare;* it's delicious—seems to put such a tone upon your palate. You don't want a tone? Oh, very well. What a miserable breakfast you are making—a slice of bread-and-butter and a cup of coffee. You won't look as well as you do for long if you don't be more generous to yourself."

"It was a fortunate thing," says Eloise, in a low tone, as though musing, "that I returned after you that night. If I had not seen that wretch, Tomkins, following you, he might have occasioned us very serious trouble. From what I said, he imagined we were going to Washington Square. I am impatient to know whether my surmise is right. If he has called, and finds we have out-manœuvred him, he will give up the search. He hasn't much time for it, and his means are limited. He is the only one besides yourself," she continues, in a strange voice, "that can establish anything against me—the only one."


SPORT IN SOUTH AFRICA—HUNTING THE KOODOO.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Herbert does not like her tone. He moves about uncomfortably.

"You behaved with rare foresight, my love," he remarks. "If it hadn't been for your 'cuteness, we shouldn't be here now. Old Isaacs would——"

"No," returns Mrs. Gaythorne, calmly. "No, Tomkins may have forced some of the money from us—he may have caused us intense worry, but rather than give him the opportunity of betraying me to Isaacs, I would——"

The eyelids no longer drooped; the great staring eyes gleamed fiercely.

"What?" asks Gaythorne, uneasy under her gaze.

"Have silenced him for ever! All who oppose me must give way or suffer destruction. I have begun the conflict. I will not rest until I have secured the prize."

"Don't look so wild, my charming one. I can't help thinking that it's a pity you don't tell one more—I might help you," is the observation of Mr. Gaythorne.

"At present you can do nothing. What more would you know? I tell you that if your sisters do not marry before the expiration of two years, you come into great wealth. We must scheme to prevent them finding husbands. A few months can make no difference to them. The wealth once yours, you can provide for them as you like. Really we are plotting as much for them as for ourselves."

"Precisely. Mustn't they know?"

"Certainly not. Fancy, Herbert, eighty thousand a year! Once mine, the labor over, the anxiety at an end—ah, then I will enjoy life!"

In her visions of the future she does not see her husband, Herbert Gaythorne, with her and eighty thousand a year? No, no; she shudders at the idea. To toil and to slave, and have him dragging at her side—never!

Enjoy yourself, Master Herbert, your cigars and your billiards, your wine and your countless follies, while you may; waltz as you will—eat, drink, and be merry! Do not dream of the future. Your fate is not yet settled, but is in the hands of a woman remorseless and cruel as the baffled tigress—inexorable as destiny.

"So far," declares Herbert, with a chuckle of satisfaction, "all has gone well—awfully well, and there's every prospect of the roast and the boiled coming well forward. What's the programme to-day?"

"To-day I play my first card."

"The first," he laughs. "You won the last, and there's the proof," pointing to the purse upon the table.

"No," she replies, calmly, not a muscle of her face moving. "I seized that. The next I play for. I commence the game to-day."

"Let me see your cards."

"The first card will show you Mrs. Carados, a lady from Havana, becoming familiar with your sister's sweetheart—the manager of the New York & Havana Bank."

"Mrs. Carados being," observes Herbert, airily, "a dark little woman with very large eyes, at present in apartments of——"

"Who," resumes Eloise, "has a thousand dollars or more that she wishes to deposit in some place of safety."

"And who," suggests Herbert, "firmly believes in the stability of the New York and Havana Bank."

"She is anxious," proceeds his wife, "to obtain some light employment in the country."

"Residence of my worthy father—Reverend Laurence Gaythorne—preferred?" he queries, gayly. He leans back in his chair, and he supports his head with his clasped hands, regarding her with the utmost satisfaction.

She is calm and serious.

"This idea held, most certainly," she promptly answers, "but not hinted at."

"Well?"

"Well? Then I wait and see the other side play."

"Excellent! Excellent!" shouts Herbert, enthusiastically, jumping up and waltzing wildly round the room; "what a head you've got." He stops suddenly.

"I'm afraid that we've made one mistake," he says.

"What's that?" she demands, impatiently.

"I don't like the idea of trusting that 'private detective' fellow to watch my old residence."

"I was anxious—indeed, it was of the utmost importance that I should know whether Tomkins was moving in the matter or not."

"Quite true; but you see a man like Tomkins knows most of these fellows. They may even be friendly. Why, if the private detective fellow told Tomkins who employed him, there would be a deuce of a caper. By gum, he might be round here at any moment. Gracious me," he adds, in consternation, "fancy that!"

"There is danger," she acknowledges, thoughtfully; "there certainly is danger. Danger remote, it is true, but danger which must be met—danger which must be provided for. These men, after all, cannot be indifferent to the interests of their employers; if such were the case, they would get no business."

"They go where the money is," is the reply. "It is a matter of dollars and cents with them. In my opinion there's not a 'Private Detective' Office in the country honest. It's true there's nothing in this case to excite particular interest. But I do suggest that there is just the possible chance of our being betrayed."

"Then we must act cautiously," returns Eloise. "The man will be here in a few moments, and while you speak to him I will examine the street from the window. If the house is watched I'll discover it. Either way we had better leave here immediately. While I return to New York, you remove our things to Philadelphia. Take apartments there, and await me at the Tontine House. If there are spies about they will follow me and leave the coast clear for you. I will come back here as if nothing had happened. Having seen me safely housed for the night, they will probably leave me until the morning. When all is safe I will join you. But on no account show your face here, though you have to wait for me a week or longer."

A knock at the door prevents her proceeding further. A servant enters, and announces "Mr. Nathaniel Ferrett."

(*To be continued.*)

SPORT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Hunting the Koodoo.

Starting with a Makololo for a little shooting in the jungle, my guide informed me that the elephant-ground was a long way off, and that it was too late now to go there, but that he thought he could show me some ngoma, which the natives call the koodoo (*strepsiuras kudu*) before dark.

After crossing, in rear of the village, about half a mile of ground, which was cultivated with Indian corn and cotton, we entered a stunted forest, where the footprints of different kinds of antelope were to be seen at almost every step, showing an abundance of those animals.

Prominent amongst these was that of the koodoo, by far the most beautiful, though by no means the largest, antelope in Africa; and it was not long before I found myself unexpectedly within a hundred and twenty yards of five of them. One was a fine buck, who, with his gray hide beautifully striped with white, and his large, spiral horns, stood in the midst of four females, all ranging full on in line, and gazing intently in the direction from which I was coming.

We saw each other almost at the same instant, and one of the does turned sharply round and disappeared. It

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was all but a matter of a second to draw a bead on the chest of the fine buck and fire. He fell where he stood; and as the others turned to fly I took a snap shot at one of them, but it ran away as if untouched.

I was much pleased at obtaining this fine specimen of a male koodoo, as I had looked forward with more anxiety to killing these animals than almost any other in Africa. Having cut off the head, I handed it over to the native who accompanied me, and followed up the track of the female. A walk of a few yards showed she had been hit. Large red drops of blood lay in her wake, and we hurried on. I soon observed her walking quietly along about fifty yards in front of me, and it required the greatest caution to keep within that distance of her unperceived till she should turn one way or the other, and offer a more favorable shot. At last she did pull up, turning broadside on to me; but, with all the cunning of these wary animals, guarding her entire shoulder with a stout tree, close to which she stood.

I took a steady aim at the ear, a measure I should have hesitated to adopt had the head borne a fine pair of horns instead of an ugly pair of ears, and fired. Rigby again did its work, and the doe bit the dust. On examination I found that the bullet had gone through the head, literally smashing the skull to pieces. My sole object in killing this animal was that I might have specimens of the skin of both sexes.

As it was now growing dark, I found it necessary to leave the skins where they were till morning, and accordingly returned. Within a hundred yards of where I had killed the last animal, a bush-bock ran past me at a distance of seventy yards; but I missed him, the ball passing over his back in a good line. On my way to the boat, and not very far from the village, I saw the fresh spoor of elephants and buffalo, but it was too late to dream of trying to follow them up that night.

WHAT BECOMES OF BOOKS.

The world has never had so many books as to-day, and but for the destroying agents that keep pace with the progress of book-making, the present rapid multiplication of books would soon usurp for printed volumes an undue share of space suitable for their preservation. The rain and the sunshine, the frost and the thaw, gaslight and heat, mold and decay, children and servants, prepare the books in modern households for the kindling of fires sooner or later, or for the junkman—the modern undertaker of literature.

It is estimated that not less than 25,000 new books are published every year, running through editions numbering from 1,000 to 25,000 volumes. There are 1,100,000 printed books in the British Museum Library, and there are 3,000,000 books in the Bibliotheque Nationale of Paris. Our American libraries are wonderfully large for a new country, and it is believed that there are larger collections of books in libraries now than ever before. Bibliophiles of to-day do not trust the old stories of the enormous number and value of the books destroyed at Carthage and at Alexandria. Even with the steam press, which has been working a half century, it is extremely difficult to collect a half million different books in a modern library, and the accounts of old writers of the wonderful extent of ancient libraries are doubted, because of the scarcity of books before the invention of printing.

While some bibliophiles estimate that probably not one-thousandth part of the books that have been are still extant, they are not disposed to mourn their destruction, for doubtless mountains of rubbish were removed, which, if the cleansing fires had not come, would have rendered destructive measures necessary for sheer want of space in which to store so many volumes.

The libraries of MSS. collected by the Egyptian Ptolemies were doubtless famous throughout the world, and when they were burned in Cæsar's Alexandrian war, B.C. 48, at Alexandria, and again by the Saracens, A.D. 640, an immense loss was inflicted upon mankind; but although Gibbon, the historian, accepts the story that 700,000 volumes were thus destroyed, many book-men gravely doubt it. These volumes, like all of the manuscripts of the early ages, were written on sheets of parchment, with a wooden roller at each end, so that the reader needed only to unroll a portion at a time. The next great destruction of books was at Carthage, when 500,000 books are said to have been burned.

With heathens burning Christian writings and Christians retaliating upon Pagan literature, books disappeared rapidly in the twilight of civilization. Mohammed destroyed books because if they contained what was in the Koran they were superfluous, and if they contained anything opposed to it they were immoral. Twelve thousand books printed in Hebrew were burned at Cremona in 1569, and at the capture of Granada Cardinal Ximenes made a bonfire of five thousand copies of the Koran. The great monastic libraries fell under the teeth of time in the Reformation. The books were destroyed to scour candlesticks, clean boots and light fires. Some were sold to grocers and soap-sellers for wrapping purposes, and a merchant, for forty shillings, bought two noble libraries containing paper stock enough to last him ten years. Many books from the first presses, including Caxton's translation of the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, and probably his *Lyf of th' Erle of Oxenforde*, were torn up to cover the bottom of pans in the baking of pies.

The great fire of London, in 1666, reduced many priceless collections to cinders, including an immense stock removed for safety to the vaults of St. Paul's Cathedral. A curious heap of scorched leaves, looking like a monster wasp's nest, may be seen in a glass case in the British Museum, as a relic of the fire, in 1731, at Ashburnham House, Westminster, which partly destroyed the Cotton MSS. These books, by the exercise of much skill, were partly restored, although charred almost beyond recognition.

With all the devastation of fire, some fate seems at times to have guided the flames about precious books, for there are many rare old pages which have come through fierce heat with only a loss of their bindings and their margins, while they retained an untouched oval centre of plain print. About one thousand volumes were thus saved from the Offor collection, when it was burned in Wellington Street, London.

Mohammed II., when he captured Constantinople, in the fifteenth century, ordered the books of all the churches, as well as the 120,000 manuscripts in the library of the Emperor Constantine, to be thrown into the sea.

The destruction of books has been greatest, doubtless, from natural causes. A broken pane of glass in a cathedral library in England admitted the tendril of an ivy-branch, which grew and grew, until it attached itself to a row of books worth hundreds of pounds. Then, in rainy weather, it conducted water as though it was a pipe, along to the tops of the books, and soaked them through and through. The rain coming in over a skylight in one library of rare books, rotted some Caxtons and other early English books, one of which, in spite of its rotten condition, was sold for $1,000.

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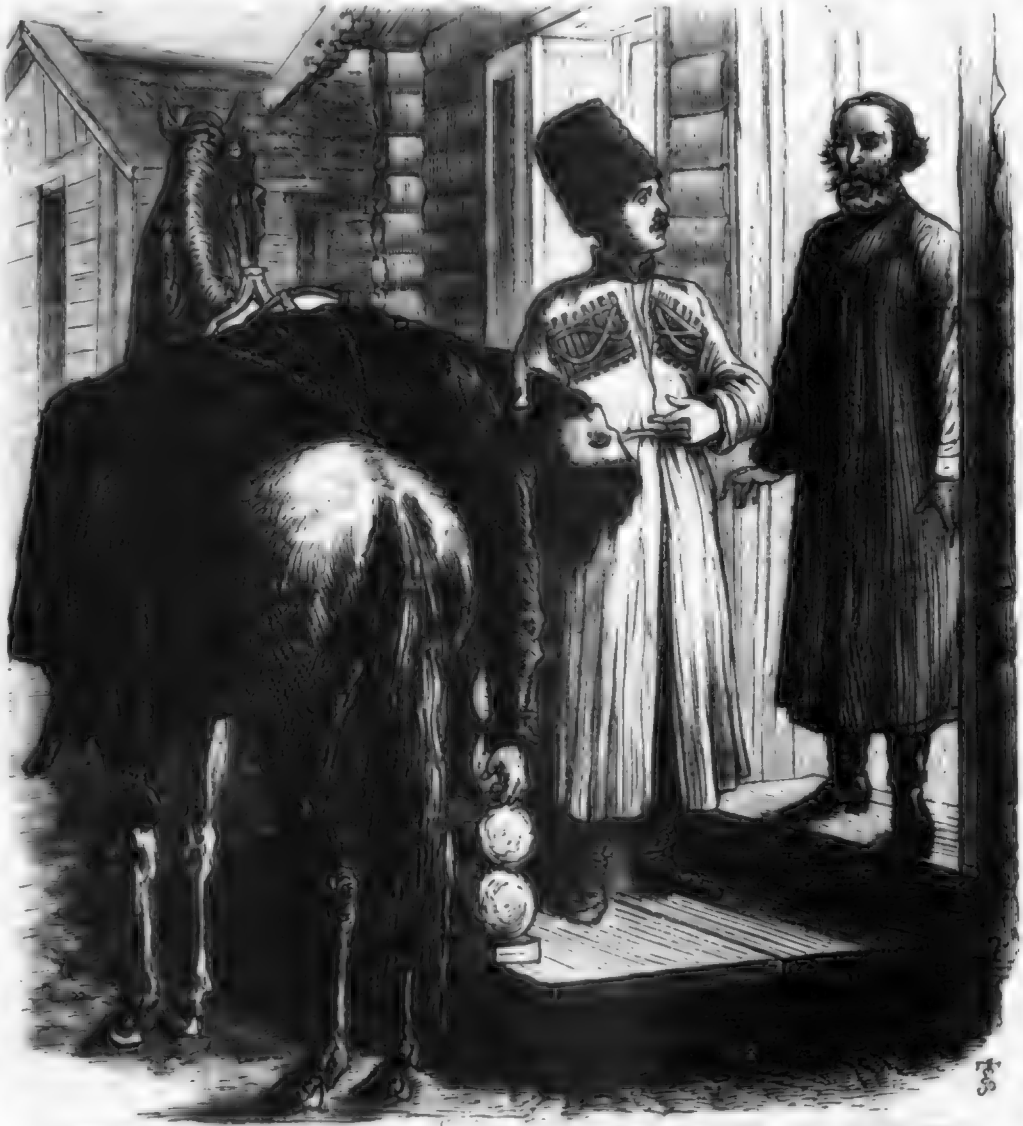
LASSOING A SPECTRE.—A COSSACK'S EXPLOIT.

Some few years ago, toward the end of December, all Moscow was startled by the rumor—at first vague and doubtful, then more and more distinct—of a hideous figure which showed itself nightly just outside one of the principal "barriers" of the city, terrifying all beholders with the veritable semblance of a demon—horns, tail, fiery eyes, and all.

After a time, however, it was whispered that every one who had been "interviewed" by this disagreeable promenader had ended by finding himself minus his watch, purse, or some other valuable—a fact which aroused suspicions that the pretended demon was, after all, only some daring thief, requiring the exorcisms of the police rather than those of the clergy.



LASSOING A SPECTRE.—"THE COSSACK, MAKING HIS SALUTE, SAID: 'I'VE CAUGHT THE DEVIL YOUR EXCELLENCY. WHAT ARE YOUR EXCELLENCY'S ORDERS ABOUT HIM?'"

Such, at least, was the view taken in the Bureau of Police itself, where the matter was being discussed one night by some dozen members of the "force," with the addition of such details as popular rumor or their own lively fancy suggested.

Suddenly a young Cossack, recently enrolled, who had sat perfectly silent during the whole conversation, arose and said, quietly but firmly: "It's against orders to let the devil walk about! I'll just go and tackle him."

So saying, the adventurous lad went forth, saddled his horse, and set off in quest of the pocket-picking demon, taking with him no weapon save his "arkan"—a short lasso, as formidable in Cossack hands as in those of the American "Gaucho."

It was dark long before he reached the barrier, but a faint gleam of moonlight showed him a ghastly figure, which seemed to rise out of the earth at his approach, and said, in a hollow voice:

"Halloa, there! I *want* you! Come down with me to my kingdom below."

The sinister summons was barely uttered when the noose settled around the speaker's neck, and the half-throttled demon found himself jerked from his feet and flung violently to the ground.

The Cossack bound him hand and foot, trussed him up behind the saddle, and started back through the town at full gallop, utterly regardless of the cries of astonishment that followed his course, and the crowd that gathered at his heels like a snowball.

Meanwhile, the chief of police, having gone to bed earlier than usual, had just fallen asleep, when he was aroused by a violent knocking at his door and a shout of:

"Your excellency! your excellency!"

"What the deuce is the matter?" cried "his excellency," savagely, adding a brief but forcible apostrophe.

"The devil, your excellency," answered a voice from without.

"The devil?" echoed the great man, somewhat startled at the announcement of such a visitor, despite the appropriateness of the hour.

"There's a Cossack below, your excellency, who says he has caught the devil, and wants to know what he's to do with him."

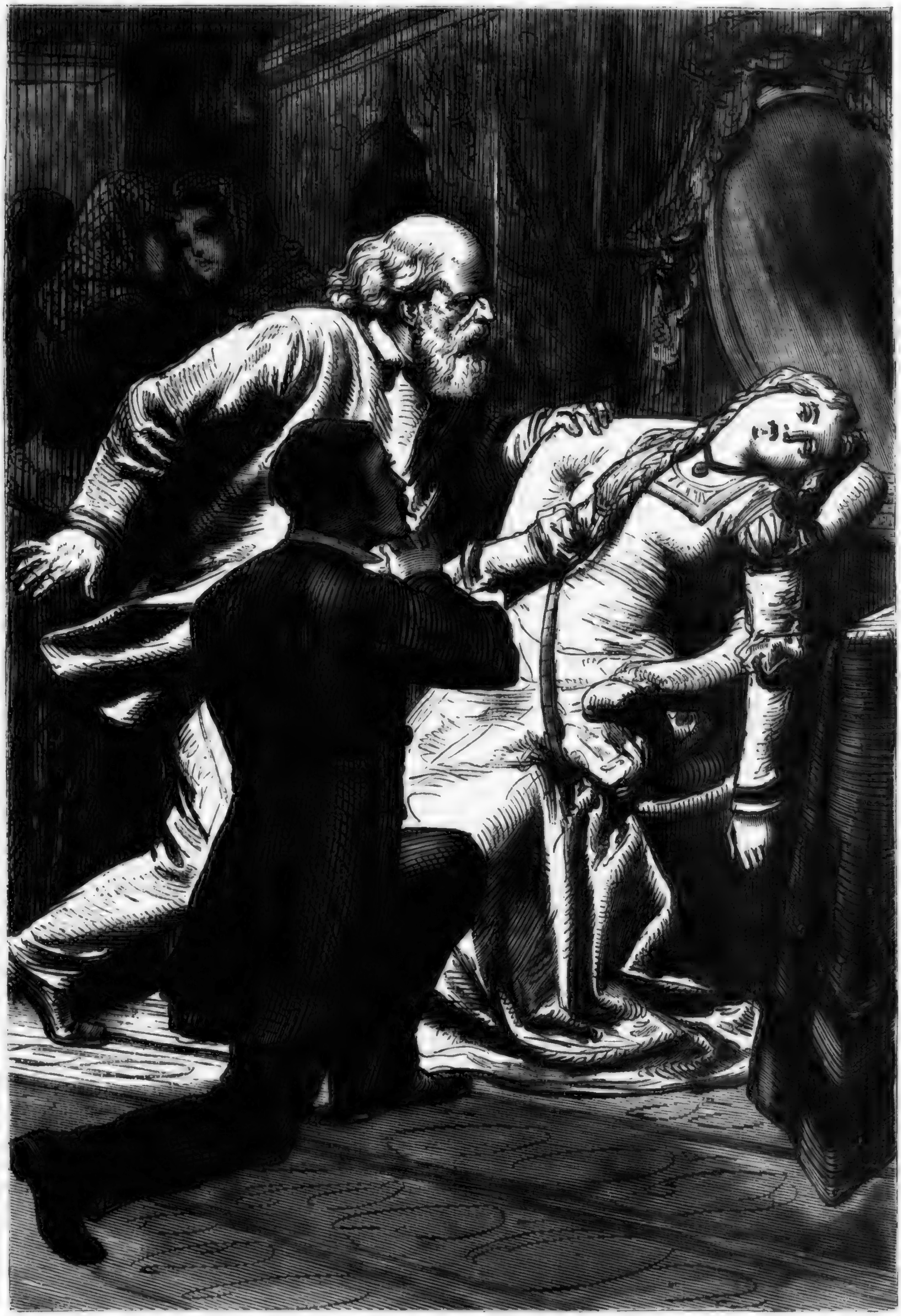
A sudden recollection of the "barrier demon" at once flashed upon the chief's mind, and he comprehended the whole affair.

Hurrying on his clothes as quickly as possible, he rushed downstairs, and found at the door the horse with his ghostly burden, while the Cossack, making his salute, said quietly: "I've caught the devil, your excellency. What are your excellency's orders about him?"

Stifling a laugh at his follower's coolness, the chief ordered the prisoner's disguise to be taken off, when the features revealed were those of a noted thief, for whose apprehension a large reward had been offered.

The rascal was promptly packed off to Siberia, while his captor received in full the recompense to which he was so well entitled.

Every year of our lives we grow more convinced that it is the wisest and best to fix our attention on the beautiful and the good, and dwell as little as possible on the evil and the false.



BERTA'S SACRIFICE.—"THOSE WHO ANSWERED THE PIERCING CALL SAW STEPHEN BURNETT KNEELING BY THE GREAT ARMCHAIR, THE FATHER BENDING OVER THE FAIR STILL FACE WITH MOANS OF UTTER MISERY."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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PERFECTION : TWO SONNETS.

I.

ALL-CONSCIOUS of a power that strangely came
And thrilled each nerve, a maiden lingered long,
Seeking some noble subject pure and strong,
That she might paint, and win a golden fame.
But all her seeking was but fraught with shame:
She sought perfection and she sought in vain;
Men, women—heroes, heroines—the stain
Of long life-journey's tarnished every name.
And then she took her brush, half in despair,
And traced a child's face delicately fair,
Unmarred by sin and sweet with every grace;
And these the words she wrote beneath it there:
"Perfection is not; but its noblest trace
Is surely hidden in a child's sweet face."

II.

A dreamer read the lines and turned away,
His soul all stirred within him—"Can it be?
Perfection nearest found in infancy?
The early dawning brighter than the day?
The molded figure weaker than the clay?"
And then before his eyes cloud-fancies passed,
And in their misty shapes he traced at last
Grand noble faces, bright with purest ray;
Faces all marred, but rich with wondrous glow
Refined with fire and purified by woe—
Women in weakness of their womanhood,
Men in their strength, living for other's good;
For as in gold are set fair jewels of price,
Most perfect lives are set in sacrifice.

BERTA'S SACRIFICE.

By S. Annie Frost.

"HERR SHENFELD'S? Yes, sir. Across the street. The small white house with the garden in front."

The young man who had requested the direction, with a brief "Thank you," nodded and strode across the street to the white house. It stood close upon the skirts of a large German city, but its surroundings were somewhat more rural than its close proximity to the city might have led one to expect. The little front garden was a mass of Summer bloom, and the vine-wreathed porch was shady and inviting.

The stranger lifted his hand to the primitive knocker, then paused and sat quietly in the porch, without any demand for admittance. For, out upon the clear Summer air, from a room whose low windows opened upon the porch where he waited, there floated a voice that held him spellbound. A voice free as a bird's, full of most delicious natural sweetness and power, and cultivated to the most exquisite artistic perfection.

Exercise followed exercise, holding in mute, listening patience the stranger upon the porch.

He was a man with the free, erect form and grace of an Indian, the head of an Apollo, and the air and dress of a young nobleman. Yet, withal, carrying about him that indescribable ease of manner, combined with independence, that proclaims a citizen of the United States to a foreigner, in whatever clime it may please him to sojourn.

He listened with the air of a connoisseur well pleased, following the intricate passages with a soft patting of his delicately-gloved hand. Once he leaned back on his bench, and, gently lifting a corner of a dingy curtain, peeped into the room. No one observed him, so he studied the inmates for several moments.

At the piano he saw an old man with a thick-set figure and thoroughly German face. Gray hair, very thin, fell in long locks over a shabby coat. Large blue eyes were fixed upon the open music before him, following every note of the singer's voice with critical attention.

And the singer? The hidden spectator felt a sense of disappointment looking at her. Her voice had associated itself in his mind with a majestic queen of opera, radiant in beauty, gorgeous in attire.

This was what he saw: A slender girl of eighteen, of medium height, dressed in a very much worn calico of dingy blue, with a huge apron of brown check over it. Hair of pure golden yellow was dragged off a small, oval face, and made into a heavy coil high upon the head. Eyes of deepest brown, shaded by black lashes, shone from under arching black eyebrows. Eyes large and lustrous, looking doubly so in the pallor of a pure, utterly colorless complexion. And the mouth, that would not disfigure the face, though open to let out the glorious voice, was small and adorned with pearly, even teeth.

While he looked the soaring voice dropped low, and the girl spoke:

"It is late, dear father. If I do not make the soup you will have no dinner."

"Go, then," was the reply, in deep, guttural German, followed by a heavy sigh. "Ah! when the people once hear your voice, we will not need to make our own soup, my Berta."

For reply she dropped a kiss upon his brow, and left the room, singing merrily a saucy aria.

"Bah!" cried the old man; "do not waste your voice on that!"

"Ah, it rests me! Those long exercises are so tiresome," she called back from a room beyond.

There was silence then, save for the low ripple of the merry aria, sung in a soft, subdued voice, and coming like a faint Æolian harp to the listener on the porch. He rose up then and sounded a rousing peal upon the knocker. The old man opened the door.

"Herr Shenfeld?" the stranger asked, in a very passable German accent.

"That is my name, sir. Will you walk in?"

Accepting the invitation, the stranger explained his errand. He was seeking a quiet home for a few months' sojourn in the city, and at the hotel had been sent to Herr Shenfeld's.

"I have rooms," was the old man's reply, "but if you are a student they will not suit you. I am leader of the orchestra of the —— Theatre, in the city, and I train voices for the stage. So there is very little quiet here. It is the objection always made to the house."

"It will be no objection to me. I am not a student, but traveling for pleasure, and want a few weeks' rest. I shall probably be away from home most of the time. Can I see the rooms?"

"Certainly."

They were found to consist of a moderate-sized sitting-room and bedroom, handsomely furnished, though the rest of the house was dingy and meanly appointed.

The stranger, giving his card, upon which was engraved "Stephen Burnett, New York," engaged the rooms at once, and in answer to his host's inquiry, said he preferred taking his meals with the family to eating in solitary state.

"I will go over to the hotel and send my trunks here," he said, "and be back to dinner."

"In two hours," said Herr Shenfeld; and, escorting his lodger to the door, he hastened to the kitchen. "Berta, the rooms are taken by a young milord from New York. He never questioned the price, and will be here to dinner. Send for Gretchen, my child. You do not need to make the soup when there is a lodger."

"But to-day, father, I must make it. There is no one to go for Gretchen."

"I will go—I will go! Put on your good frock, Berta!"

But Berta did not leave her post until the strong-armed servant, who came and went, as the necessities of the small family required, was actually in the kitchen.

Then she went quickly to her own room, the barest of attic chambers, and, dressing rapidly in a woolen dress scarcely less worn and dingy than the one she took off, but finished with soft lace ruffling at the throat, she opened an Italian grammar. While she studied, softly speaking the musical words, her fingers flew over a piece of knitted lace, fine as a cobweb, growing rapidly under her hands.

For Berta Shenfeld, whose father pictured her ever in the future as one of the triumphant queens of song, lifting him with herself high above all poverty and sordid toil by the might of her genius, led, in the present, a busy, hard-worked life.

The child of an Italian mother, who abandoned her hope of fame to settle down as Herr Shenfeld's loving wife, she had known mother-love only three short years, when death left the German music-teacher widowed and desolate.

For years he grieved as only deep, tender natures can, then he wakened to a new hope. Berta inherited her mother's voice! It became a labor of love with the old music-teacher to train her for the stage, and in his heart sprang up ambitious dreams that became the very mainspring of his life.

Meaning ever to lift the child to the highest place in the world of song—his only world—he taxed every power of her mind for that one aim. She was educated well, by skilled professors, especial attention being paid to languages, that she might be, in a measure, at home in every great city to which her father fondly hoped she would be summoned.

But it required money to pay professors, money to allow Herr Shenfeld to give Berta the hours of time taken from other pupils, and so a floor was fitted up for lodgers.

When it was occupied a servant did the household labor, when it was vacant—and that was three-fourths of the time—Berta was cook, seamstress, housemaid. The long, slender fingers that could evoke the very spirit of music from violin or piano, were skilled in all culinary arts, could sew and knit, sweep or scrub, as occasion required.

And they were never idle. Mother-love would have seen that the pure, sweet face was far too pale, the little figure far too slender. Mother-love would have detected the spirit-light shining in the large dark eyes far too brightly. Mother-love would have wept for the *spirituelle* beauty, and striven to win more of earthly strength for the tender form.

But the father, worshiping the child, saw only the power of genius in the low, broad brow and the glorious dark eyes; was proud of the precocious intellect that grasped and conquered every difficulty of study put before it. While the brave, bright spirit was so steadily true, the father never questioned the strength of its earthly tenement.

And the child, knowing fully the future planned out for her, was obedient to every rule, and said nothing of the horror of that future to her own heart.

Shy and reticent, she turned cold and sick whenever she thought of facing crowded houses, of being thrown amongst strangers behind the scenes, of acting with people utterly unknown. It was part of her education to go often to the opera, and no one knew of the sleepless nights that followed, haunted by a nightmare-dread of her own future.

She knew intuitively that no strength of mind, no devotion to study, would ever make her an actress. By the power of her voice alone she must win the place her father coveted for her. And it needed the actress's devotion, the ability to merge personal identity in mimic life, to conquer the womanly modesty that shrank from the life on the stage. It was not that she undervalued the genius that could reign there; could counterfeit the passions that move an audience to enthusiasm, but she knew she never could possess it.

And so, when her father would walk home beside her, and rapturously talk of the hour when the applause, the triumph would be hers, she could only sigh faintly, and hope the disappointment would not be more than he could endure. For every day the conviction was pressed more deeply upon her heart that her father's whole life-scheme was built upon her success or failure.

So she studied and practiced, knit fine lace to sell, through Gretchen, to supply her simple wardrobe, cooked when the rooms were empty, poured over her books when they were full, and grew daily in delicate, frail beauty.

She flushed a little when at dinner the new lodger greeted her with the respect he might have offered the queen of song her father hoped that she would be. Never in her life had she been treated as anything but a child, and it was a novel pleasure to receive the quietly courteous attentions of this American milord.

With the intuitive penetration of natural refinement, she understood the position at once, and Herr Shenfeld chuckled inwardly to see how quickly see substituted a gentle, womanly dignity for the childish modesty of her former manner. She found the words, too, to answer the gentleman's conversation, and even made merry once or twice, when he hesitated for a German expression, by speaking a few words of broken English.

The meal was a pleasant one, for Stephen Burnett had the art of making himself at home, and winning friends readily.

Before he returned to the solitary grandeur of his own room, he had won the cordial liking of both his host and Berta. And in return he gave them, too, a meed of cordiality he had never before felt in the same relations. A host to him, in five years of European travel, had never before represented the head of a home, and a hostess was apt to figure in his recollections as a she-dragon.

But this old music-teacher, in his shabby coat, with his short, fat figure and broad German face, was a gentleman in manner and speech, while Berta, whose voice rang yet in his ears—what was Berta?

On that first day, Stephen Burnett could scarcely have answered. But a month later he knew well that to him Berta had become the personified ideal of a young man's dreams. Not all at once had the fair face won its throne in his heart; not all at once had the refined, cultivated mind won his respectful admiration; not all at once had the glorious young voice taken every sense captive. Very gradually the influence had taken in every thought, every hope of his life, and when he wakened to the knowledge, he bent every power to the task of winning her.

So easy a task! The secluded artist-life had never held a hero. Not one of the stuffy old professors, not one of the tinsel-decorated singers, had ever touched the little maiden's imagination, much less her heart, and when it

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wakened all fluttering to the fact that there was room for more than filial affection there, it was conscious, also, that the handsome face and tender voice of the American already filled the niche.

A faint, tender color would creep up to the pale cheeks to greet Stephen's step or voice, and the little white hands would flutter and falter on the most familiar airs when he came in.

The old music-teacher was blind to it all. Berta's future was so fixed a fact to him that he never suspected it was threatened. So long as she was obedient to his call to practice, so long as the voice upon which every hope was built improved each day, Herr Shenfeld asked no more.

But to Stephen Burnett himself the knowledge of his own love brought deep perplexity. He was the heir-apparent of a mammoth American fortune, being the orphan nephew of a widowed, childless aunt, a woman of strong prejudices, who exacted an implicit obedience to all her whims as the price of the heirship.

It had been no easy matter to keep in her good graces, but Stephen had succeeded, congratulating himself heartily upon comparative freedom, when she decided that he must spend a few years in Europe. It was to escape the bondage of his aunt's home that he had lingered so long, and he knew his recall might be expected at any moment.

Wholly dependent upon his aunt's caprices, to offend any of her prejudices, was simply to face beggary.

THE HARVEST MOUSE.—SEE PAGE 727.

And the strongest of her prejudices, the one giant in his path, was her dislike to anything belonging to the stage.

Stephen knew that one whisper of Berta's future prospects would blight every hope of his inheritance. He loved her, and would win her for his wife if love could win her; but he must do it quickly, or her appearance in public would make it imperative to choose between his love and his wealth.

After all, he argued in his youthful arrogance, he could easily settle an independence upon her father when once he held the wealth that would be his, and Berta need never sing save for him alone.

It was simply impossible for him to understand anything of Herr Shenfeld's ambition—to know how utterly powerless money was to purchase the abandonment of his life-dream. An artist in every nerve of his unwieldy frame, he would have stared astonished at the suggestion that there could be any degradation in the career before his child.

And to Berta, the story of her lover's perplexities were but a rude shattering of her tender maiden fancies. He came to her in the soft twilight of an Autumn day, as she sat knitting lace in the little parlor. He prisoned the little white hands, and told her his love, bending his proud head low to catch the whisper that told him he had won the pure, true heart. It was ecstasy enough for many long moments to sit holding the little hands, watching the color come and go in the shy, half-hidden face, coaxing a tender glance from the soft brown eyes.

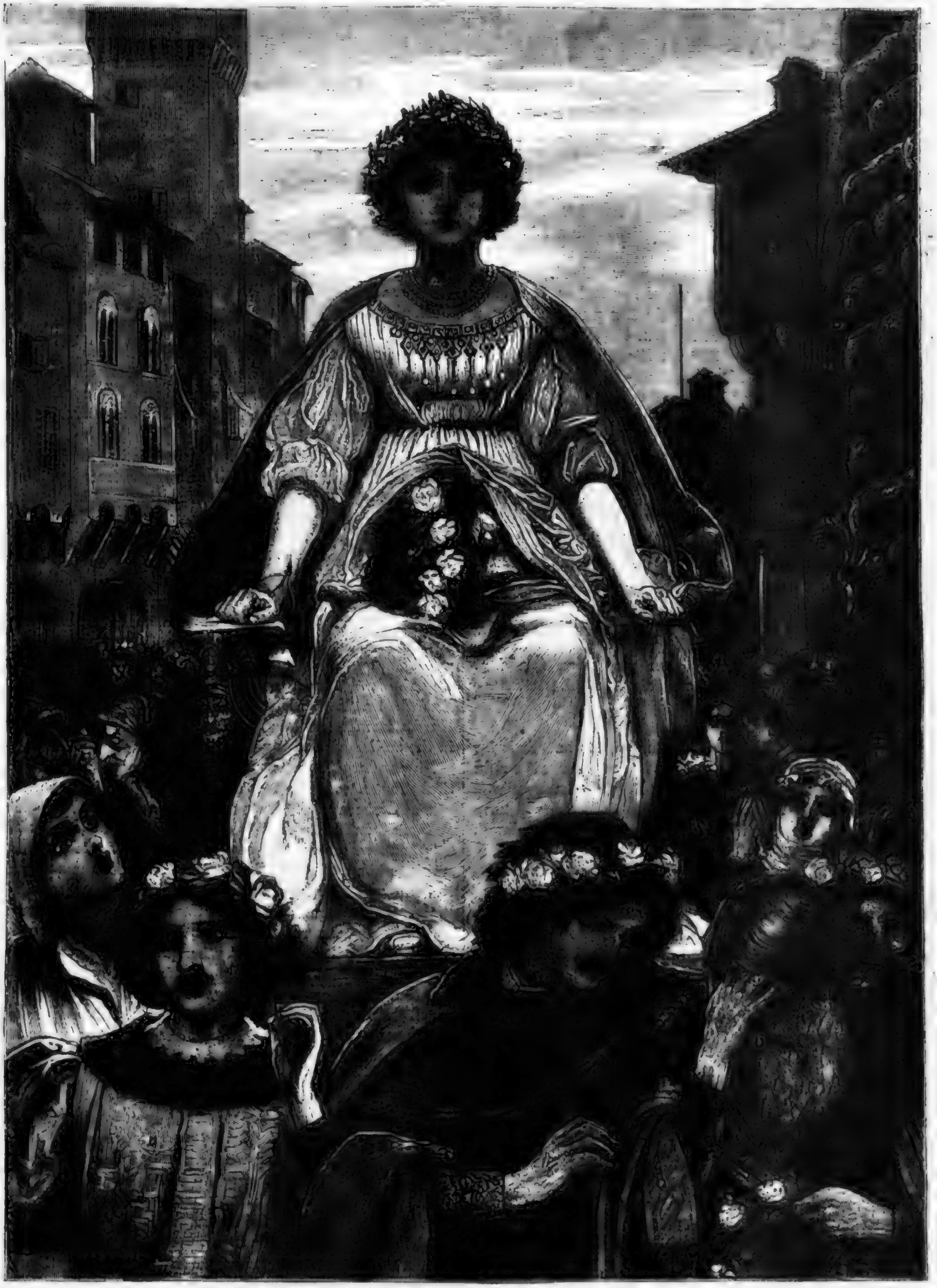
But there was the fact ever before Stephen Burnett, that a day in October had been already set for Berta's first appearance. Already daily rehearsals were training her voice and acting for *Marguerite*, and the score of the opera of "Faust" was the daily practice.

It was none too soon to define the position; and, in lover-like phrases, Stephen pleaded his case. No word of the aunt or threatened inheritence escaped him. Only by his love he pleaded the right to take from Berta's life all toil—all necessity for public singing.

And Berta, shrinking every day more and more from the publicity, feeling with every rehearsal the certainty of her own incapacity to unite the art of actress and singer, heard with a wild hope this scheme of rescue. Never to face an audience, and feel every pair of eyes stabbing her heart. Never to need to be brought into contact with the members of the opera troupe, and simulate the dramatic passions that were mere names to her. Oh, if there could be a happiness added to her love, it was this hope of escape!

Late as it was when Herr Shenfeld returned from the theatre, Stephen waited to see him; and while Berta, humming a blithe little tune, prepared her father's supper, Stephen pleaded his cause.

The utter audacity of the proposal fairly stunned the old German at first. What! coolly ask Berta to relinquish her whole future when the hour of triumph was almost at



BUONDELMONTI'S BRIDE.—FROM THE PICTURE BY H. M. PAGET.—SEE PAGE 727.

hand! Ask him to give his child, upon whose musical education years of study had been spent, to a foreigner, to carry away, leaving his old age desolate! But when Stephen, having exhausted every argument else, brought forward the true one, the old man's patience gave way.

"You want to buy my Berta with your aunt's gold! You want to crush out all her glorious future to coax an old woman's prejudice. I laugh at you. My Berta will win gold—more than that, she will have fame. You do not understand. I would not give my child to an

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emperor if he wanted to waste the toil of years and bury my Berta's genius!"

Much more he said, his voice rising as his indignation increased, and Berta's song ceased as the deep guttural accents reached her in the kitchen, where she was frying sausages for the supper, while Gretchen spread the tray.

It never occurred to the girl, as her heart sank lower and lower under the fiery words of her angry father, that there was any course open to her but obedience to his will, however imperative, however obedience might crush her heart. She had hoped for one brief evening that love might lift her life above the necessity for bread-winning, out of the terrors of a public appearance; but when she followed Gretchen back to the parlor that hope was dead.

She made no remonstrance when her father, in a voice that admitted of no rebellion, bade her put all this new folly aside and think of nothing but the *début* that would decide her whole future. She let Stephen kiss her pale, cold cheek when she bade him good-night, but made no reply to his whispered "Courage! I will win his consent yet."

She knew only too surely that this was labor lost—a vain, hopeless endeavor. She did not try to sleep, sitting beside her window, looking into the night, slowly, one by one, bidding all the fair dreams of the past weeks an eternal farewell.

Her face, when she greeted her father in the morning, was so white, so utterly hopeless, that even his heart was touched.

"Berta," he said, gently, "is it for him you grieve?" and he pointed his fat forefinger toward the lodger's door.

"I love him, father," she said, quietly.

"And would you give up your profession for him? Would you break my heart by wasting all the labor I have spent upon your voice?"

"I will do just as you wish, father."

"That's my good maiden. And listen, Berta. It is for gold, for his rich aunt's favor, that Herr Burnett would snatch you back from the future that you have prepared for by the studies of your whole life. Well, you will have gold soon—gold enough to go to him and bid him laugh in his aunt's face."

Would that be so? Would he forgive her for her artist life if she could give him gold? Berta took this tiny ray of comfort into her weary heart, and hugged it there close, in those toilsome days preceding the *début* upon which her father built such high hope, such dreams of triumph, of future glory, that seemed but an added burden to the recipient in prospect.

The intercourse between the lovers in those last few days of preparation was brief and constrained. Stephen, wounded alike in his love and pride by his inability to move Berta's filial duty, was cold, and, if he spoke, only urged his suit anew, promising everything if Berta would marry him in defiance of her father. And Berta, tortured by such prayers almost beyond endurance, gladly availed herself of the excuses of practice, rehearsal and dress-making to avoid the trying scenes.

On the evening when her success or failure was but a matter of a few hours, she came into the dingy parlor, hoping to find Stephen and win just one word, or even smile, of encouragement to help her through the ordeal before her.

She was trembling with excitement, and a deep crimson stained each cheek. Over her dress was a heavy cloak, the hood drawn up around her face.

There was no one in the parlor, but she stood listening for the familiar step upon the stairs till she was startled by her father's voice.

"Berta," he said, "you know I told you some rich milord had taken an entire stage-box. I have just learned who it is—Stephen Burnett. He has decided to witness your triumph, and to-morrow he will be at your feet."

"Are you sure, father, he has the box?"

"I am sure. You see, I was right. A little resolution on your part has brought him to his senses. Sing your best, and see if he does not lead the applause this evening."

And Berta, with a lighter heart than she had carried for many long days, followed her father to the carriage that was to take them to the theatre.

Already the house was filling fast, for the beauty of the young *débutante's* voice had already been whispered of by the few who had heard it at rehearsals. In the stage-box he had secured, Stephen Burnett watched, with a gloomy brow, the steady stream of people; he called himself hard names for being there, but he could not keep away. Certain that Berta must succeed, he knew well that her success would separate them utterly; yet he could not refrain from witnessing her first effort to win a throne in the great kingdom of music.

As he caught the first look of her face in the picturesque dress of *Marguerite*, he could scarcely refrain from a cry of surprise and admiration. Was that radiant peasant-girl Berta? In place of the dingy, unbecoming dress of everyday wear, the brightly colored costume, the trim velvet bodice and soft white waist set off the pretty figure to perfection; while the tiny feet in the low-buckled shoes were surely never the heavily shod ones that moved about the housework. The golden hair he had ever seen strained back and knotted fast now fell in long, broad braids, while above the broad, white brow, clustered a thousand tiny ringlets, forming a golden halo to the sweet face. But what a face! Eyes full of radiant hope, joy, love; cheeks burning with a brilliant fever-flush; lips parting in the smiles of a happy child!

No wonder a hearty round of applause greeted the beautiful *débutante* as she bent in graceful, half-timid greeting.

The first notes of the pure, sweet voice held the large audience inthralled. With the new hope of shaking Stephen's resolution singing in her heart, Berta threw herself into her part with a happy *abandon* that was a surprise to those who had been rehearsing with her for weeks.

"A great singer, but no actress!" was the future all had predicted, from the manager down; and at the outset she was electrifying them by her power of acting! Not one guessed that the very perfection was gained by the fact that Berta was not acting, but singing out of her full heart. No one of the many who heard the tender love-songs sung with such wondrous effect knew how the love in Berta's own heart soared out in the music.

Herr Shenfeld, as every song wakened new demonstrations of applause, could scarcely see the score upon his desk for the happy tears that welled up into his eyes. His hour of triumph promised to be a proud one, and Berta was nerved to new effort whenever her eyes fell upon his face, glorified, even in its plainness, by his pride and love.

"If only she can keep up! If only her strength does not fail!" the father whispered, as the young *débutante* entered for the final scene.

But his very heart seemed to stop in its pulsations as his eyes rested upon Berta.

"Who will say now she is not a great actress?" he thought, exultantly.

A great actress! Berta had given one long, despairing look into the stage-box as she left the stage in the previous scene. She had seen there a man pale as death, with his face set in cruel lines of stern resolution. The eyes that had met her own had told her, forcibly and unmistakably as spoken words, that the applause that carried her on the wave of popularity to the goal her father coveted was the death-knell of her love.

She took the truth home to the heart that had throbbed with such high hope, and came forward slowly, slowly for the last, sad song. Her long, white dress trailed behind her, while her hands, loosely locked together, fell, utterly nerveless. Her face, white as the face of a corpse, was set in lines of utter, hopeless despair. The great dark eyes looked mournfully at the vast audience, seeing none of them—only the dreary, heart-breaking desolation of her own life. The baby-curls no longer clustered brightly above the white brow, but clung there, dampened by the great drops of anguish wrung from her misery. You might have heard a pin drop in that crowded house as the wailing notes rose upon the air, carrying the burden of the heart's anguish in every thrilling tone.

Old frequenters of the opera, hardened to stage effect in every phase, held their breath to listen; critics whispered low that the lyric stage had found another great actress to interpret song; women paled and wept softly.

For a moment after the last notes died away there was utter silence; then the applause rose, maddening cheers rent the air, and the orchestral notes were drowned in the people's assurance of Berta's triumphant success.

It was all over! the curtain had fallen for the last time. Berta, still deadly pale, had come before the audience to bend in gratitude for their full recognition of her power. Herr Shenfeld, with his eyes lighted by a wondrous radiance, went through the house, stopped every moment by congratulating voices, extended hands, words of cheer.

It was the culminating moment of his whole life! The dreams of years were realized. The toil of years was repaid. Hereafter there would only be a triumphant course before himself and his gifted child. His slow walk to the door that would lead him to the stage was interrupted every moment.

The last to greet him was Stephen Burnett.

"You are going behind the scenes?" he asked, abruptly.

"Yes; Berta will wait there for me."

"I will accompany you, if you are willing. Probably I shall not see your daughter again, as I leave the city at daybreak."

At another time Herr Shenfeld would have felt the full significance of the words, and hesitated before taking Stephen to his child at that hour. But in his excitement he scarcely heard the sentence, hurrying forward now, as the auditorium was nearly empty. Across the stage the two hurried, side by side, meeting little groups of actors discussing the evening's performance, or hastening from the dressing-rooms, cloaked and hooded, to meet the night-air.

Past them all to the green-room. No one was there but Berta. Utterly alone, still in her white clinging dress, she was sitting in a great armchair, her head resting wearily against the back, her long golden hair falling around her, her eyes closed.

"Berta, child, why have you not changed your dress?" her father cried.

There was no glad response to his voice. The long black eyelashes did not move from their resting-place against the pure, pale cheeks. Something in that marble stillness struck a chill to two hearts.

"Berta—Berta!"

The cry burst from Stephen's lips in a voice thrilling with an agony of fear, while all the set sternness of his face was broken up in pleading tenderness.

Still no word, no movement, to assure the father and lover their voices were heard.

Herr Shenfeld, trembling violently, went forward and lifted one of the listless hands. It fell heavily from his grasp, and the cry of despairing horror wrung from him brought every lingerer in the house to his side.

Those who answered the piercing call saw Stephen Burnett kneeling by the great armchair, the father, with moans of utter misery, bending over the fair, still face. But the calm of that marble pallor was all unbroken.

Still and pale, with a faint smile lingering upon the perfect lips, Berta sat motionless, deaf to her father's voice, blind to her lover's tears, cold, dead, heart-broken in the hour of triumph.

For her art she had sacrificed love, and her life was the price exacted.

BUONDELMONTI'S BRIDE.

A modern painter has chosen an incident in Florentine annals, striking enough to form a tragedy. It is of the time when the feuds between great families convulsed those cities of fair Italy, destroyed all feeling of patriotism, and finally led armies from France, Spain, or Germany to overthrow their liberties, and make the once free and prosperous republics mere provinces.

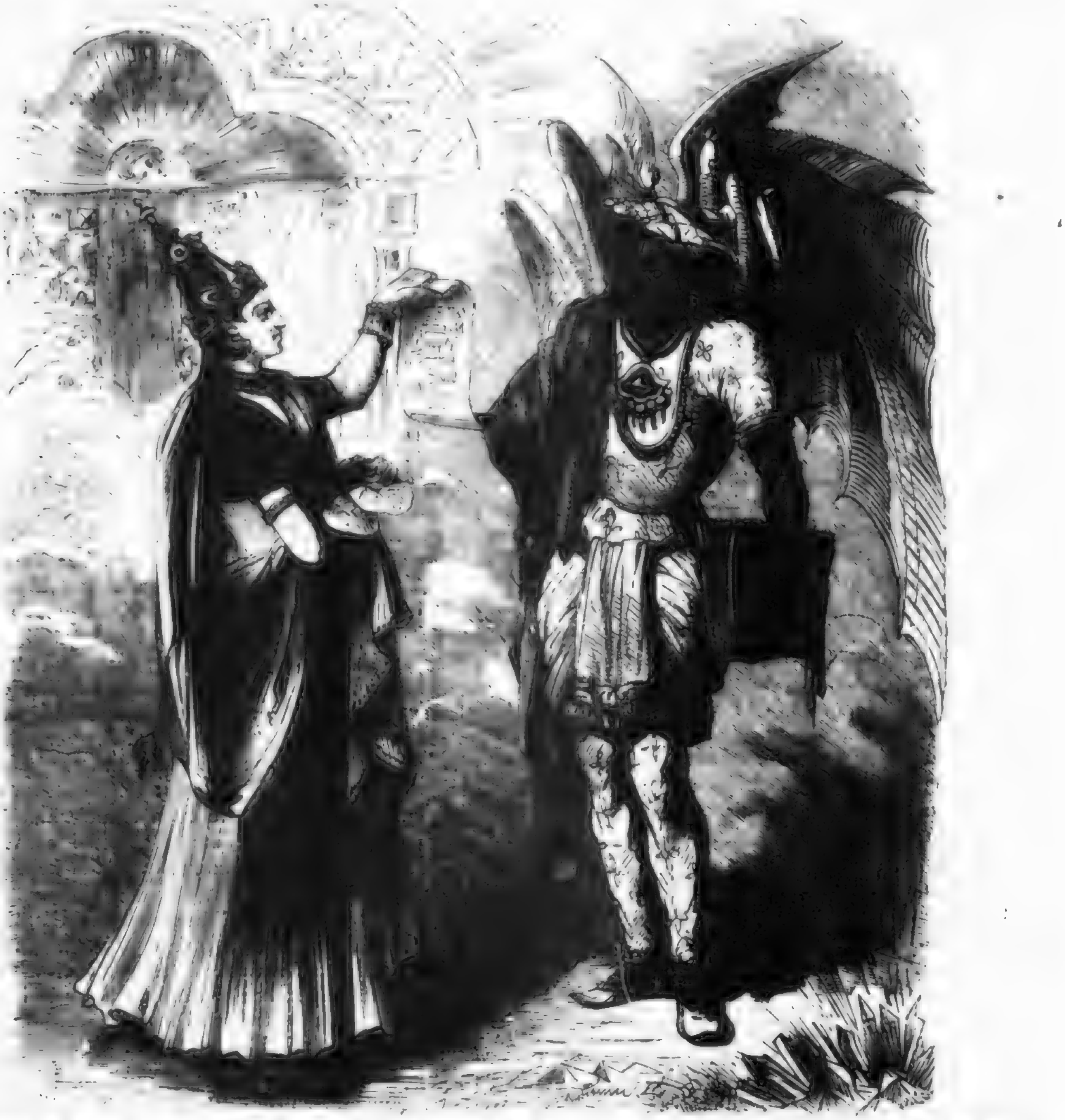
Buondelmonti, a young noble, counseled against the inclinations of his heart to marry a daughter of the rival house of Amedei, proposed for her hand, and was accepted. Peace seemed about to prevail, but the young man already had given his heart to a maiden of the house of Donati, and on the morning fixed for the marriage dictated by policy, took his real love to a church, and became her lawful husband. The enraged Amedei could not brook such an insult. They sought out the bridegroom, and slew him on the spot.

What was the horror of the new-made wife, thus widowed on her wedding day, may be conceived. Madness fixed her countenance into a rigid stare of horror. Laying her husband's head in her lap, the Donati bore her in procession through the streets of the city, rousing the sympathizing people to indignation and fury.

THE HARVEST-MOUSE.

The length of the harvest-mouse, including the tail, is four inches. Its color a beautiful reddish-yellow on the back and sides, the whole of the under parts being a pure white. The head is small, the nose sharp, the eyes large and prominent and jet black. The whiskers are numerous but weak, ears short, the fore-feet small, with four toes and a rudimentary thumb. The nails are long in proportion, and with them the animal firmly holds its food and conveys it to his mouth. The hind feet are much longer and stronger, having five distinct toes, long, and covered with fine hair to the nails. The tail is equal in length to the body, prehensile, thus greatly assisting them when climbing amongst the grass. Weight, two pennyweights and eighteen grains. All the movements of this little creature are agile and graceful. When seated on their hind legs they are capable of extending the body to a considerable angle, like the kangaroos.

A nest, containing a female and three young ones, was taken in a hayfield in the month of June. The young were apparently about a month old. They were all placed in a cage, where the young ones grew rapidly, and in a short time could feed themselves, although the mother continued to suckle them. They were the most playful as



THE VALLEY OF SOULS.—SCHEETALA, THE GODDESS OF THE NEWLY-BORN, ANNOUNCING TO CHIRTA GOUPTA THE DECREE OF BRAHMA.

well as diminutive of all quadrupeds, being in constant motion during their hours of exercise, climbing about the wires of their cage and holding by their prehensile tails, frequently hanging by one foot and the tail. They sometimes feed during the middle of the day, but more generally in the evening, at which time they are most active, between the hours of nine and eleven, and perhaps most part of the night. In their gambols the eye can scarcely follow them, such is the rapidity of their motions, for they dart like lightning, scarcely appearing to touch the ground. Their cage was six inches high from the bottom to the top wires, and it was a favorite exercise to leap from the bottom to the top, in the same manner as the leopards and tigers in confinement. This feat was done by all in succession, as if they were following their leader. When the height of the animal and the spring are taken into consideration, it may be considered enormous, being twelve times as high as itself. They are fond of canary seed, barley, bread or biscuit. They drink frequently, by lapping like a dog. In their state of freedom, the pearly dewdrops must be their beverage, as the fields where they were taken are dry, having no water of any kind.

The nest of this pretty little animal is made of grass, formed into a ball about the size of a cricket ball, and is suspended on a plant about five inches from the ground, sometimes on the head of a thistle. In Winter, the little animal burrows deep into the ground, and makes a warm bed of grass.

THE VALLEY OF SOULS.

Weary of the misery songs of the Western World, weary of its air and steam and pain, weary of polemics and wire drawn romance and faded sentiment! Art thou weary of all this? When that hour comes take refuge in India of the olden time—in the India of Kalidasa, where the King Dushmanta wooes Sacoontala under palms; where the gazelle starts in the quiet noontide at the footstep of the solemn-eyed Brahmin. In the infinitely deep, solemnly joyful India, where man for the first and last time declared and determined to himself what was eternal truth, and in that faith lived and died. In that glorious India which gave to the world a glorious drama, like that of Shakespeare, and the most perfect, sublime poem ever written in the Maha Bahrata—a poem before which the highest flight of Milton is trifling and the genius of the whole West feeble. Believest thou not? Read—and find in it the grand primeval epic of which the Iliad and Song of the Nibelung and all Norse and Finnish Saga Cycles and Slavonian Rukopis Kralodvorskys are reflections, echoes, after-songs.

I might speak much longer of the sentiment of the East, but what I now have in hand is one of its legends, which lies before me in French, and which I translate, trusting that it may prove as pleasing to the reader as it has been to me:

According to an Indian tradition, below the earth, in the second sphere of inferior heavens, whither sunrays never pierce, there lies a vast valley, half-lighted or ever in strange twilight. There are unearthly bluish foliage gleams in phosphorescent light on the trees; the plants, strangely formed, are only crystallizations of different colors, their flowers are wildly expanding gems, leaves of emerald and topaz, calyxes of amethysts, chrysopras and garnet, daisies of diamond, lotuses of all marvels, all gleam and wildfire and mystery and change!

In the midst of this strange twilight all is silence. There is heard neither the song of a bird nor the murmur of a bee. Any earthly being would die there. Even the wind is never heard to murmur among those motionless trees.

A great lake, fed by no source, fills the lower portion of the valley, not with bounding, sounding water, but with a solemn bed of white vapor, which bathes without wetting the feet of mountains, the base of promontories, or winds like a gleaming scarf around shining islands. But there is movement in this silent world. Across the vapory sea flit forms, not of flesh and blood, but almost of the same substance as the lake in which they continually sink and rise. At times they leave it and wander or flit along the silent shore. Dreaming, dreaming ever, lost amid a real unreal, not life, not death—what are they?

They live between their past life and a new life—for they are the souls which await a new existence on earth.

After having been judged by the terrible and incorruptible Yama, at once the Pluto and Minos of the Hindoo hell; after having been duly punished for their sins or rewarded for their good lives; after having been reconciled to Brahma, the Preserver, and Shiva, the Destroyer, they await births on earth and new lives.

One day Chitra Goupta, the angel of green hue and six-winged, came as first minister of Yama, to obtain his souls for the earth, and met before the gate Scheetala, the protectress of children born or about to be born.

The green angel lowered upon her, for he saw in her a rival.

"Comest thou again to importune us with griefs, and to demand for thy nurslings gifts which only the superior gods can accord?"

"I demand nothing more," said Scheetala; "for I have obtained of Brahma what I desire for the benefit of all humanity, and I come to declare his order."

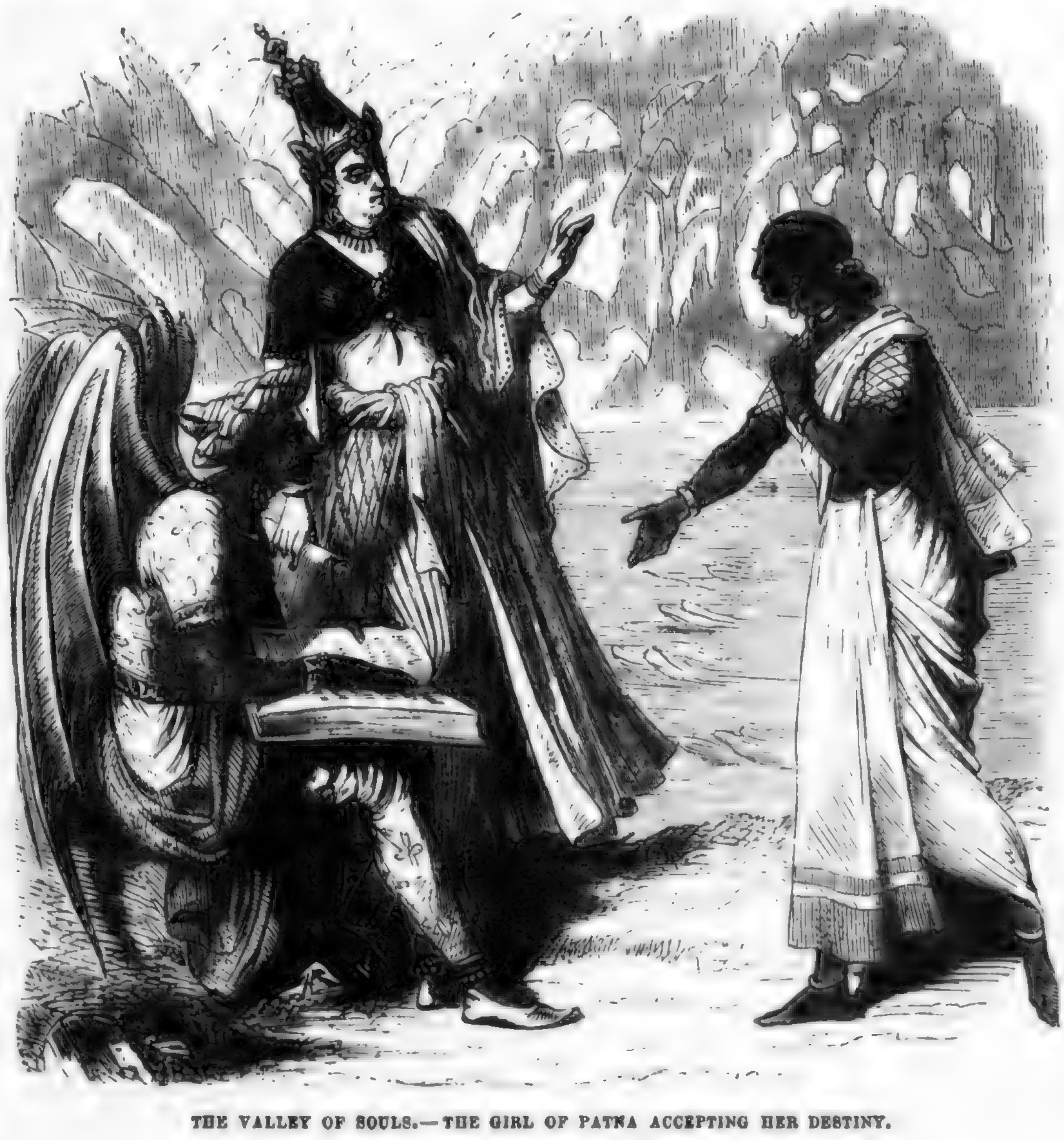
"And that?"

"Listen Chitra Goupta, and be proud to aid me in so great and holy a work. Often man is born to occupy a body not to his liking. From this time he will be made aware of his future destiny, and may accept or refuse it. Such was the prayer I addressed to Brahma, and he has granted it."

The minister of Yama, the lord of hell, burst into godlike laughter. Then again silent, he said:

"Dreamest thou, mother! Did Brahma himself, intoxicated by the soft perfumes of Camalata, or the sweet liquor of the Amreeta cup, did he dream when making this promise? I believe he jested with thee when he made this promise?"

For answer Scheetala drew from her scarlet robe the decree from Brahma, carefully wrapped in the sacred leaves of lotus and of cusha, and gave it to him, while the diamond gate opened of itself before him.



THE VALLEY OF SOULS.—THE GIRL OF PATNA ACCEPTING HER DESTINY.

"The world is coming to its end!" murmured Chitra Goupta, sending out such a sigh that all the airlight souls were blown before it over the lakelike foam before the wind. "What! make man the master of accepting or refusing his destiny! The excess of kindness—oh, ancient mother, has made thee weak; in future there will be no souls to furnish, save to the rich and powerful. Before half a century, kings will be born without subjects, and Brahmins will preach to the deserts."

"Let us try!" said the goddess.

They swept together toward the shore through the silent land

> "Where the cock never crow,
> Where the sun never shone and the wind never blew."

As he approached the lake, the Summoning Angel read aloud from the register of fate the last names on earth of six souls.

As each name was pronounced the lake quivered, a light ebullition appeared at one point of its misty silver surface, then a shadow shot upward and slowly passed to the shore.

Then Chitra Goupta made known to them the decision of Brahma, reading to them also the final clause:

"The soul refusing to occupy the body predestined for it must remain here in the Silent Land among the shadows so many years as it would have passed in that body."

Then he summoned the first soul—that of an old Yoghi or saint, who had left behind in Mysore the tradition of a life passed in holy austerities and the most cruel self-torments.

"Thou," said the angel, "will be born again in an honest family of merchants, removed equally from the honors which disturb reason and the misery which depraves it. Rejoice!"

"Rejoice doubly," added Scheetala, "for I have been allowed to watch thee even unto the end. After having just reached the sweet consciousness of the light of the sun and the kisses of thy mother thou wilt—still wrapped in the robe of innocence—die an infant. This time thou wilt obtain the triumphant prize without having striven, without having suffered."

"Die a child!" exclaimed the old saint. "What! put my lips to the edge of the cup without half draining it—see the gates of life again open on me and pause at the threshold! Better not be born. I have tasted the joys of heaven—I wish to taste those of earth. I will wait."

And with a gesture indicating refusal, he plunged again into the lake.

"Folly is found even in seeking heaven," said Chitra Goupta, and, with a gesture, he called the next soul.

"Excessive virtue is subject to remorse as well as vice," said Scheetala.

The next was a beautiful Bayadere, whose voluptuous dances and grace had been admired by all Benares. Her loveliness had made her one of the chosen ones of the temple, a favorite of the Brahmins while on earth, and of the gods after death.

The beautiful shadow advanced, bounding as in a dance, to the feet of the divine pair, who were seated on a rock of malachite deeply veined with gold.

"Thou wilt be beautiful," said the messenger of Yama "and thy beauty will make thee the wife of a wealthy lord. He will lavish on thee every treasure. Rejoice!"

The soul of the Bayadere thrilled, as with rapture she glanced, like a fawn, around on the endless millions of gems, on the strange wealth which adorned the Land of Shadows, as if anticipating that these in another life would be regarded far differently than here. But before assenting she asked: "Will the Nabaub be young?"

"He will be thrice thy age, but will soon die, leaving thee his wealth, and then thou wilt marry again, one who will be young and beautiful."

"And I, shall I be a mother?"

"Thou wilt not?"

The Bayadere was at once in deep misery.

"Without children! Disgraced again! No children!"

And turning away she sank deep in the lake, murmuring as she vanished in its shades:

"To live without children is to be ever dying."

The messenger of Yama smiled grimly.

"Didst thou expect all this—oh, Mother of the Newly-born? All refuse what all on earth covet. Thy sex, gentle goddess, is capricious as ever, even in the Realm of Shadows."

"If the tree condemned never to bear fruit could speak —oh, Chitra Goupta, it would reply, 'Sterility is a disgrace.' For woman it is worse still. Brahma, the divine, has deigned since the first day of creation to share with her the creative power; almost from infancy she thrills with the aspirations of maternity; a woman herself young anticipates giving birth. Man, a god, thou knowest not the mystery of maternal feeling. Poor Bayadere!—I well understand her refusal."

"'Tis well, Scheetala; but we are in danger of not finding a soul willing to quit this valley. Well, the next is a man—and ambition, the great thirst for honor, moves all his kind. This time I shall not fail."

And, with a gesture, he called the next soul.

"Rejoice!" said Chitra Goupta, as he came upward—"rejoice and thank the gods. Thou wilt be born a king!"

"King!" cried the soul. "A sad and cruel trade is that in these days. To be the executioner of one's own family in order to maintain a firm hold of the people, and then, when one has merited the wrath of heaven and the scorn of man, to become the pensioner or prisoner of the iron armies of the Western world! Never. My uncle was the powerful ruler, the Dekan; he put out my eyes with fire, fearing that I might supplant him, and *he* died a wretched servant of the English. King! I had rather be born in the humblest hut of a Pariah than in the golden halls of the monarch of Delhi."

"The danger is greater even than I feared," said the minister of Yama, "since even wealth and kingdoms are refused. But we are only half advanced. Onward!"

Of two other souls summoned, one was to occupy the body of a banker who would be most unscrupulous in acquiring wealth, but who would be enormously rich, while suffering much at the same time from bad health. The other was destined to be a poor working man, but gifted with strength and health.

"To be misirable and healthy," said the latter, "will be to have a good stomach with the devil of hunger lodged in it."

"Riches in company with suffering," said the other, "is a garment of gold over a corpse."

And so both refused!

"Well, Scheetala," said the Angel of the Green Wings, smiling proudly, "dost thou still believe it to be right to show man his future life, and leave it to his choice to live or not to live? On this condition, as I say, the world would soon be depopulated. Thanks to the prayer addressed by thee to Brahma, there are now five poor mothers who are weeping for their children born dead!"

And the good goddess bowed her head low in shame, making no reply.

"Believe me," he added; "go no further, for no soul will again venture on the road of human life."

Unfolding the register, he was about to erase the six names inscribed, but the last soul still lingered near.

It was the shadow of a poor girl of Patna, whose only lot on earth had been that of suffering. A stranger to pleasure, power or fortune, she had lived for years only for her aged mother, and when at last she was about to be married to one who loved her well, she had perished the day before her nuptials, stung in the foot by a serpent.

"Feeble child of a fatal destiny," said the angel, "I will not say to thee as to others—rejoice—for I have only to offer thee a new existence of pain and suffering. Two souls have just refused wealth and health. Thou art to be poor and in suffering. Wilt thou accept?"

Without retiring, the shadow rested silent, as if a gleam of future happiness was at last gleaming on her dimly.

"Poor daughter of suffering," exclaimed the kind goddess, "accept the privilege accorded by Brahma, and decline. Not only will poverty pursue thee and weakness and pain overtake thee, but finally, after a life of harsh field-labor, thou wilt be burned with thy dead husband."

But the girl's soul asked, hopefully and almost with joy: "But will he be *my* beloved? Will he love me then as he once loved—he for whom I am to suffer so much?"

"For a time—yes."

"Blessed be the holy name of Brahma—I accept!"

A throb, as of rapture, thrilled through all the silent land, the shadowy lives to be threw their pale forms upward to the twilight, and the pale soul, led by the goddess, floated away over the portals of eternity toward the world, while Chitra Goupta rose to the seventh sphere, where the decree of Brahma was registered by Indra.

In his golden book of the chosen names of those who were in future lives to reach the highest bliss, Indra wrote the name of the peasant-girl of Patna.

A POEM BY ROBESPIERRE.

ROBESPIERRE has come unexpectedly before the world as a poet. The following pretty lines, in his handwriting, have been found among the papers of a deceased old lawyer of Toulouse. The *Messager du Sud-Ouest*, of Agen, inserts them through favor of a friend:

A deux époques de la vie
L'homme prononce, en bégayant,
Deux mots dont la douce harmonie
A je ne sais quoi de touchant:
L'un est MAMAN, et l'autre J'AIME;
L'un est créé par un enfant,
Et l'autre arrive de lui-même
Du cœur aux lèvres d'un amant.
Quand le premier se fait entendre,
Soudain une mère y répond.
La jeune fille devient tendre
Quand son cœur entend le second.
Ah, jeune Lise, prends bien garde;
Le mot J'AIME est plein de douceur,
Et souvent tel qui le hasarde
N'en connut jamais la valeur.
Il faut une prudence extrême
Pour bien distinguer un amant.
Celui qui mieux dit "Je vous aime!"
Est plus souvent celui qui ment;
Qui ne sent rien parle à merveille.
Crains un amant rempli d'esprit.
C'est ton cœur, et non ton oreille,
Qui doit entendre ce qu'il dit.

MAXIMILIEN ROBESPIERRE.

VIRTUE pardons the wicked, as the sandal-tree perfumes the ax that strikes it.

THE VICTORIA CROSS.

OF all prizes that men in the army and navy covet, there is none more eagerly sought, more jealously guarded, or more dearly loved than the simple cross in gun-metal bearing the inscription "For Valor."

The Victoria Cross was instituted by Royal Warrant on the 19th January, 1856, as a reward for individual instances of merit and valor in the army and navy. Although many acts of heroism had been performed in both services in the earlier part of the Queen's reign, it was not deemed advisable to make the action of the warrant retrospective, and the heroes of the Crimea were therefore the first who received the much-coveted decoration.

The cross itself is a simple piece of gun-metal, made at first from captured Russian guns, bronze-colored, with the royal crest in the middle, and below, the words, "For valor"; in the centre of the reverse, the date of the act of heroism is inscribed, and on the bar to which the ribbon is attached, the name of the individual and of the corps to which he belongs. On this bar also is engraved a sprig of laurel, and the bar is attached to the cross by the letter V on a red or blue ribbon, according to the service in the army or navy of the recipient. It is not to soldiers and sailors only, however, that the Victoria Cross is awarded, and many civilians who have distinguished themselves by acts of conspicuous bravery have been enrolled among the hero-band.

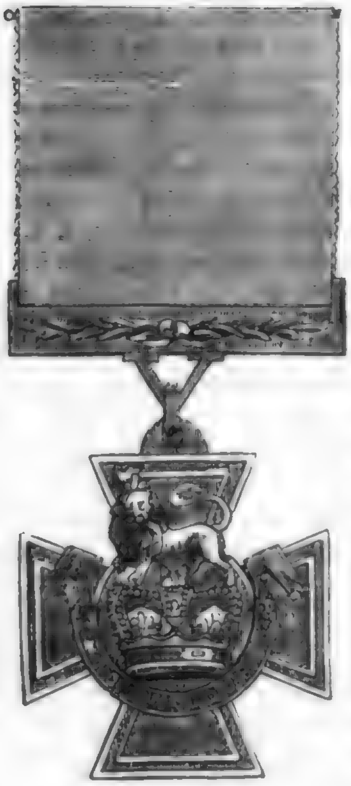
The actual money value of the cross is only a few shillings, but the laurel crown of the Roman cost even less, and decorations are, of course, altogether valueless from that point of view. Many a brave knight has gone into the clash of arms and has fought bloody battles for the sake of a flower from the hair of his mistress, or a scarf which has encircled her fair neck; and in these later times many a man has gone into the deadly breach and through tempests of fiery missiles for the love of country and honor, sustained in the midst of dangers by the hope that some day that simple Maltese Cross devised by the Queen, and always when practicable conferred by her own hand, may rest upon his breast.

The Victoria Cross carries with it £10 a year pension for each non-commissioned officer and private, with an additional annuity of £5 for every additional bar, such bar being added upon each fresh act of bravery equal to the first.

When a gallant act has been performed by a body of men, and the courage displayed by all has been equal or nearly so, it is provided in the Royal Warrant, under which the Victoria Cross was instituted, that "one officer per squadron, ship's company, or detached body of seamen and marines not under fifty in number, and one officer per troop or company, shall be selected from among the officers present, and one petty or non-commissioned officer, and two seamen, private soldiers, or marines per similar body, shall respectively be selected by their comrades."

The first occasion when the Victoria Cross was distributed was one day in June, 1857, when thousands upon thousands of people assembled in Hyde Park, and amid all the pomp of courtly splendor and rejoicing, the Queen fastened with her own hands the decoration on the breasts of men of all ranks and ages, who thought that small medal ample compensation for the loss of arms and legs and for wounds that had left their deep scars to be carried to the grave.

On that day sixty-one crosses were conferred upon as brave a band of heroes as ever stood forth amid the ringing cheers of a grateful and admiring crowd of their



THE VICTORIA CROSS.

countrymen. Forty-seven were given to the army, twelve to the navy, and two to the marines.

If the reader should chance to take up the English Army List, he will find a list of names of about one hundred and fifty officers and men who obtained the cross for acts of gallantry performed in connection with the Crimean war alone, and another long list of heroes who distinguished themselves in the Indian mutiny, and another list of those who earned for themselves and for their country renown in colonial warfare.

Men of all ranks and classes, and the noble and wealthy no less than the obscure and humble, cherish that mark of distinction as the highest the world can give. And it is significant, too, that though honors are thick upon the heads of some, and though they are privileged to attach to their names letters indicating distinguished titles, the initials that stand foremost are V. C., and in courtly parade the adornment which is most conspicuous is the simple bronze Maltese cross, the same adornment that is worn by the humble man whose house is a garret and whose family are children of the soil. And so this cross links all men together; it stands as a symbol of the highest that man as man can attain; it places the hearts and the generous impulses of all men on a common level, and the words "For Valor" are as dear to the noble duke as they are to the unlettered private.

This decoration has not been lavished without judgment, like the cross of the Legion of Honor, and hence it is coveted by all, and has inspired many a heroic act.

ANCIENT SAXON LANTERN.

This magnificent lantern is of Saxon origin, and tells of times when our forefathers had no paved walks, and no lights in the streets. We can imagine that this lantern was used by some rich old citizen, who, with it in his hand, led the way to and from church, his numerous family and retainers following in the rear. Lanterns have not long been out of date. They were common in London a century since, and not seventy years ago they could be found suspended beside the old "fire-buckets" in most of the substantial houses of New York City.

A loving heart and a pleasant countenance are commodities which a man should never fail to take home with him. They will best season his food and soften his pillow. It were a great thing for a man that his wife and children could truly say of him, "He never brought an angry or ill-tempered word across his threshold." The best likeness of heaven ever seen on earth is a well-conducted, happy home.

THE SHELL.

A Romance of Martinique.

On a terrace of the Faubourg St. Germain a young man stood contemplating in a melancholy manner some objects ranged on a small table.

All at once the sound of the bell awoke him from his reverie. He opened the door.

"Doctor! why, it's you!" he exclaimed, in a pleased voice.

"I myself to serve you, unless, indeed, an academician is really something less than nobody or nothing."

"Do you bring nothing newer than that, Master Academician?"

"Better than that! See this letter, stamped 'Monsieur Jules de la Pointe, Quai Voltaire, Paris'?"

"My dear doctor, a thousand thanks! It's a letter from Martinique, and from my sister. Strange I had a presentiment to-day that I should hear from her. Just now, looking at the setting sun, dreaming of heaven up there, where houses do not stop one's glances and dreams, I thought of her."

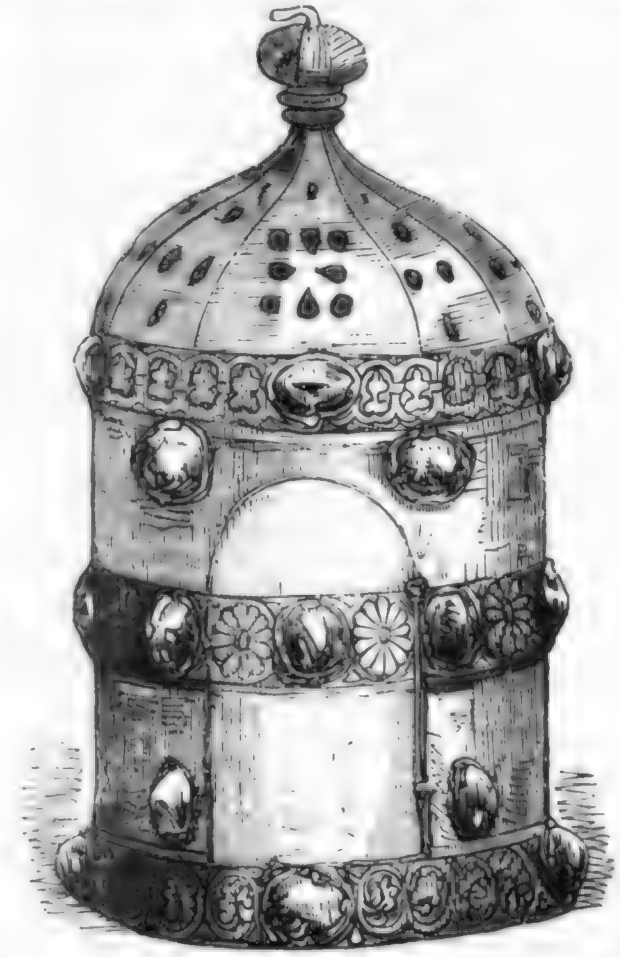
Jules de la Pointe opened the letter with emotion. He seemed to tremble with joy as he read; a tear stole down his cheek.

The doctor stepped out on the terrace. Jules rejoined him almost immediately.

"My sister is married," he cried; "married to the man whom she has loved since infancy."

The man of science squeezed with tenderness the hand of his young friend, as a proof of sympathy. Then followed the usual congratulations.

"You find me," he said, after the event had been duly spoken of, "in admiration before your collection of shells. What exquisite care you have taken of them! What art



ANCIENT SAXON LANTERN.

you have shown in applying varnish to them! A painter could not have shown more art in bringing out the colors. I'm sure you've placed them in full sunlight to recall to them the sun of their tropic clime."

"Yes, doctor, I give them that treat every fine day."

"But," continued the *savant*, "my curiosity is strangely piqued. How!—a conchologist of your talent failing to observe the rules in this manner! Why does this crooked, malformed, battered shell occupy the main place in your collection, while these *tritons' helmets*, *murexes*, and others which reflect all the colors of the rainbow are in the second rank? Well, I'm not familiar with this department of the labors of Linnæus and Lacepede, or I certainly should have placed this glorious prismatic-colored shell in lieu of yon conch."

Jules looked at the absurd shell with a sincere expression of happiness and gratitude.

"Doctor," said he, "what shines most in this world is that which is worth the most. Do you not believe it? You, botanist, do you not prefer a violet to a dahlia? This shell, which excites your disdain, once saved a family; it insured the happiness of my sister."

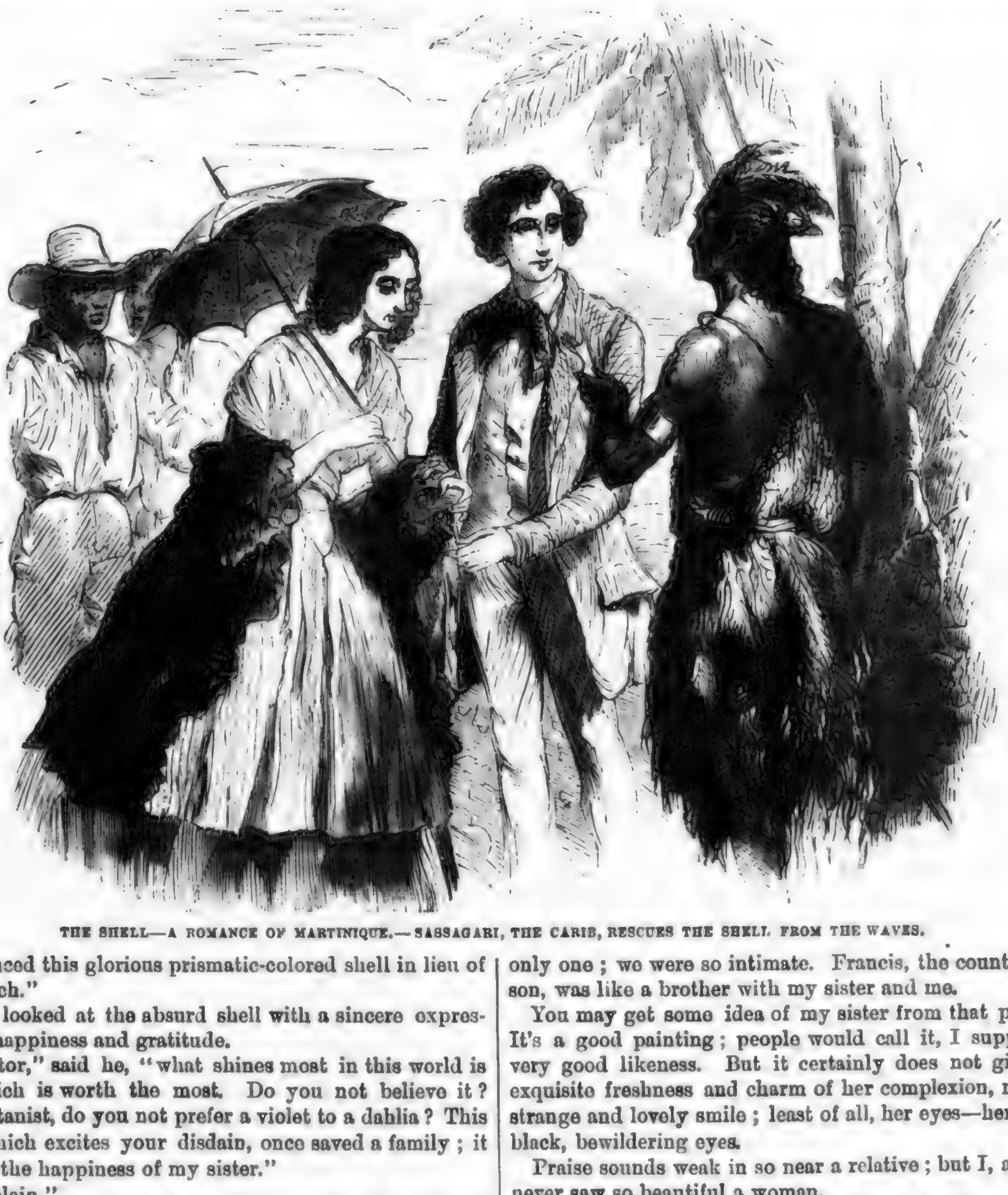
"Explain."

"I shall be happy to do so. Let us draw up to the fire and listen to my story; 'it is the true truth of the good Lord,' as our negroes say in their picturesque language."

You have often told me that you know the Island of Martinique. Then you have heard them speak of the Caravelle. It is a wild isthmus, so-called by the sailors from a Spanish wreck. The sea is always raging wildly enough there. Ah, you should see the waves as they leap madly on the rocks. Then they break into dazzling white foam—sheets a furlong broad—and then fall back in vain. And it is always going on; it never ceases. There my father's house was situated.

But further down the country changes entirely; it becomes perfectly fascinating. The two sides of the isthmus resemble two fairy lakes. It was for this reason that its proprietor, the Count de Saint Croix, called it Beau Sejour, the Beautiful Home.

The Saint Croix family and ours formed, so to speak, only one; we were so intimate. Francis, the count's only son, was like a brother with my sister and me.



THE SHELL—A ROMANCE OF MARTINIQUE.—SASSAGARI, THE CARIB, RESCUES THE SHELL FROM THE WAVES.

You may get some idea of my sister from that picture. It's a good painting; people would call it, I suppose, a very good likeness. But it certainly does not give the exquisite freshness and charm of her complexion, nor her strange and lovely smile; least of all, her eyes—her great, black, bewildering eyes.

Praise sounds weak in so near a relative; but I, at least, never saw so beautiful a woman.

As for Francis, he was as fascinating to the women. His temperament was creole in exquisite tenderness and tropical passion; he had that indefinable grace which we associate only with noble women; but he was Northern in strength of character, and Northern in his personality. Blue eyes, clear as heaven, and curling locks, like the silk of Indian corn. Well, we were all about the same age.

Any one who had seen us three, hand-in-hand, running like deer over the sand, our hair lifted by the breeze, mingling our merry laughter with the murmur of the waves, would have believed that there are some happy beings here on earth.

Our greatest pleasure was to run out on the cayes or sand-bars, and hunt for shells. We left at sunrise, a little basket on our arms. The songs of the negroes, fishing in their log canoes, came to us over the water:

"Nègro pas tini tè-la,
Tè-la c'est à béqué;
Mais Nègrè tini mè-la
Mè-la pasa à béqué.

"Nègro pas tini cann'la,
Cann'la, c'est à béqué;
Mais Nègrè tini cass'la,
Cass'la pas à béqué."

"The negro has no foot of land,
The land's the white man's own:
But the shining sea's beyond the sand,
And that is his alone.

"No sugar-cane the negro sells,
The canes are not his own;
But the negro has the ocean shells,
And they are his alone."

One Winter day we returned from running on the sands. It was an evening foreboding storm. Distant lightnings darted across the sky. Julie was delayed by endeavoring to tear up from a sea-fan a shell. The tide rose until the sandbank on which she stood became an island. The poor girl became alarmed, and lifting her arms, cried aloud for assistance. Her long black braids flapped in the storm-wind, and coiled like serpents around her neck.

The negroes, hearing the cry, came in their canoes. Before they arrived Francis had swam across, and stood by his sister, supporting her.

They carried her beneath the palm-trees which bordered the shore. With her arms entwined around her brother, she cast on him glances of love; but from time to time looked regretfully toward the island.

"Who will bring me my shell?" she cried, at last.

And, as if she had power to command the elementary spirits, there suddenly arose a deep, strange voice, which exclaimed, "I."

A man of copper hue, gray eyes, bushy brows, long hair, dripping with salt water, came forth from the waves, bearing the wished-for shell.

"Father Sassa!" cried all the negroes.

Father Sassa was neither white, mulatto, nor black. He was of the indigenous Carib race. His family, a last remnant of the original tribes found by the Spaniards, had escaped the massacres of civilization, and taken refuge among the rocks of our wild peninsula. But the family had been sadly reduced under the English rule of the island, and Sassa alone survived. He bore the title of cacique, though without subjects to rule. His name was Sassagari, but the blacks, following their custom of giving diminutives, always called him Father Sassa.

He had brought the longed-for shell to Julie. When he first heard her cry he had plunged into the waves.

"Ah! what a horrible shell!" I cried, perceiving a dark mass in the hands of the Carib. "Why, 'tisn't worth the pain it has cost. Throw it back into the sea, Father Sassa.

"To the sea! to the sea!" cried all the negroes.

But the Carib, deaf to these murmurs, advanced with us under the shade of the cocoa-trees.

"Little whites," said he, "you love what shines, and for that reason do not throw away this shell. It is colorless on the surface, but it gleams within. The stars of night have marked its heart."

"What, Father Sassa?" we cried. "Do you mean to say that you can see through the shell?"

The cacique stretched out a hand toward the last rock of the Caravelle, where his little hut gleamed out and vanished every moment in the frequent lightning.

"Come there," said he, "and you will learn more.

And entering his canoe, he disappeared.

The lightning grew more brilliant; large drops quickly falling announced a coming tropical hurricane. We hastened homeward, bearing the shell.

The next morning, the banana-trees beaten down in the fields, the uprooted trees borne afar by torrents, were the only indications of the storm of the previous night. The heaven and the sea rested, calm and beautiful, after their wild passions had been gratified.

We started for the cabin of Father Sassa.

We found the Carib seated on a great stone before his dwelling, preparing nets for fishing.

Seeing us he raised his heavy eyebrows; his strange eyes gleamed, as with a gratified feeling that we had remembered him and what he had told us the evening before.

"Who gave me this twine to mend my net with?" said the Carib.

"I, Father Sassa," replied Julia.

"Who gave me this good knife to cut the twine, make me wooden needles, cover my cabin with reeds, carve my canoe?"

"I, Father Sassa," replied Francis.

"And for that," continued the cacique, "Sassagari follows you wherever you go. Sassagari would let the sharks eat him before a hair of your heads should be injured. Sassagari saw the little master and mistress yesterday struggling against the sea; he went under the water; he saved their shell."

"But what is this shell, Father Sassa?" I inquired: "and what was the meaning of all the sorceries of Zombi (a negro fetish), which you told us yesterday evening under the cocoa-trees?"

"See!" said the Carib, pointing with his finger to the fragments of shells heaped up around his hut—"see what remains of Sassagari, my father, who was the first in these lands to walk securely beneath the deep."

We observed that the shells were of the same kind as ours.

"The white strangers chased our fathers from their home. We are not negroes. To escape from slavery the old Sassagari embarked his family in his canoe, but he would not leave behind him these shells, which bring luck to the fisherman and keep afar the witchcrafts of the water. The whites suspected some mystery. They broke the shells against the rocks. Furious at finding nothing but the white gleam of the shells, they pursued us—we rowed in vain! They shot all except me, who saved myself by swimming under the water. I was alone; the sea did not require my bones. I have caught since then far more than they snapped up, the bloodsuckers. The rock only, besides Sassagari, knows the nest where they slumber. But keep the shell of yesterday, little whites. When it speaks Sassagari will reply. He who sings in the shells the plaints of the sea, and who paints the sunrise on their faces will make the stars of his heaven sink into their heart."

So the Carib spoke. He was motionless, his glance sweeping afar to the verge of the horizon.

We silently left him and gained our cool hall before the burning noon made it intolerable without.

But these early happy days were coming to an end. We were about to quit this pleasant paradise for new scenes.

We grew up. Our parents spoke of sending Francis and me to France. When Julie heard this she sighed—was agitated.

One evening my father came home from the town, and said that passage had been taken for us on board a vessel which would sail in two weeks.

My poor sister, the news was terrible to her. I think I can see her now during those days. She would sit for hours under a great palm-tree looking at the deep-blue sea.

Once when Francis stole up to her, taking her hand, he said, in the tenderest tones:

"My lily, what is it you see there at the bottom of the sea?"

"I see," she replied, "the white sail of a ship which bears you far away—away!"

The count consoled them both, and, passing his hand over the golden curls of his boy, said:

"You love Julie very much, then?"

"Yes, papa, and if I were never to see her again I would drown myself."

The day of departure came. We bade adieu. Julie, pale as a sheet, came to us with her shells. She gave the finest to Francis, and taking me by the hand, said:

"Jules, I give you this horrible old shell; don't forget that I found it that evening when Francis saved my life. Keep it in memory of your sister and of her love for Francis."

* * * * * * *

Six years later, during the Winter of 1747-8, a handsome young man completed a highly successful course of studies at the University of Paris, and entered aristocratic life. It was the Vicomte de St. Croix. From the first day his position was among the very leaders of fashion. The ladies had but one fault to find with him—

"He is cold."

In those three words the reader sees that his affections were still concentrated on Julie.

We made our preparations to return to Martinique. We counted the days with impatience. Francis had, with his exquisite taste, selected the *corbeille* of marriage gifts.

How strangely and terribly are the fairest hopes often dashed to earth!

That, dear reader, sounds to you so trite—so worn! Wait till some pleasant plot of your own, just approaching a delightful *denouement*, is broken in on! How strange, how original, how meaningful will it then seem! What a play of colors and weird shadows will flit over the once dull landscape!

Between our departure and the wedding there came an obstacle. This obstacle was a revolution!

The freedom of the blacks was proclaimed. The Count de St. Croix was ruined. He hoped to save his crop by borrowing. The money was obtained and wasted in vain efforts.

You know with what strange rapidity life advances in such times. It seems now to pass before me like a dream how Francis rose in dignity and energy during this trial! "I will overcome this disaster," he said. "I will not be crushed. I will go to America; a few years of labor and we shall be reunited, and Julie will be mine."

He left soon for Havre and for New York. Not long after his departure his father, the old count, arrived in Paris. He hoped to obtain from Government some indemnity for his lost estates. Every effort was in vain. One morning the poor old count tottered into my room, and, casting himself on the sofa, exclaimed:

"All is lost!"

In sudden alarm I started up to relieve him, and that so suddenly as to overthrow a heavy table. Owing to its concussion the portrait of Julie, which hung on the wall, fell to the ground, and with it *the shell*, which rested on the upper portion of its frame. As the shell fell it separated into two portions, from which rolled three white balls.

I picked them up with a strange wild flutter at my heart. It must—and yet it might not be; but it was, indeed, a vast discovery.

They were the *stars of night*—three extremely large, immensely valuable pearls!

"We're saved! we're saved!" I cried—almost fainting with excitement. "Hurrah—a fortune—a fortune! Return to Martinique—seek for father Sassa. If he still lives we are rich. He has an incalculable treasure in his cave."

* * * * * * *

That very day the first jeweler of Paris gave us thirty thousand dollars for the three pearls.

Shall I prolong the tale? Need I say that we met again in Martinique—that the marriage was solemnized—that we sought the old Indian and cast ourselves, shedding tears of gratitude, into his arms?

"Father Sassa," said Francis, "you told us the truth. We found the stars of heaven in the shells of the sea."

The eyes of the chief shone with a strange light.

"Who were kind to the poor old Indian? Who gave him wood for his canoe, a knife for his fishing? Who were good to him? For all that, children, follow me!"

He placed his hand on a great smooth stone, or rather rock, which seemed cast where it was by the fury of the waves.

"Sassagari goes to the far South. He goes to the hidden land to join his fathers. There they live in the silent city, where all is of gold, where the race of the Incas of the South and of the Aztecs of the North talk the old sacred language of the serpent and of the sun. There the voice of the white was never heard. Children, adieu!"

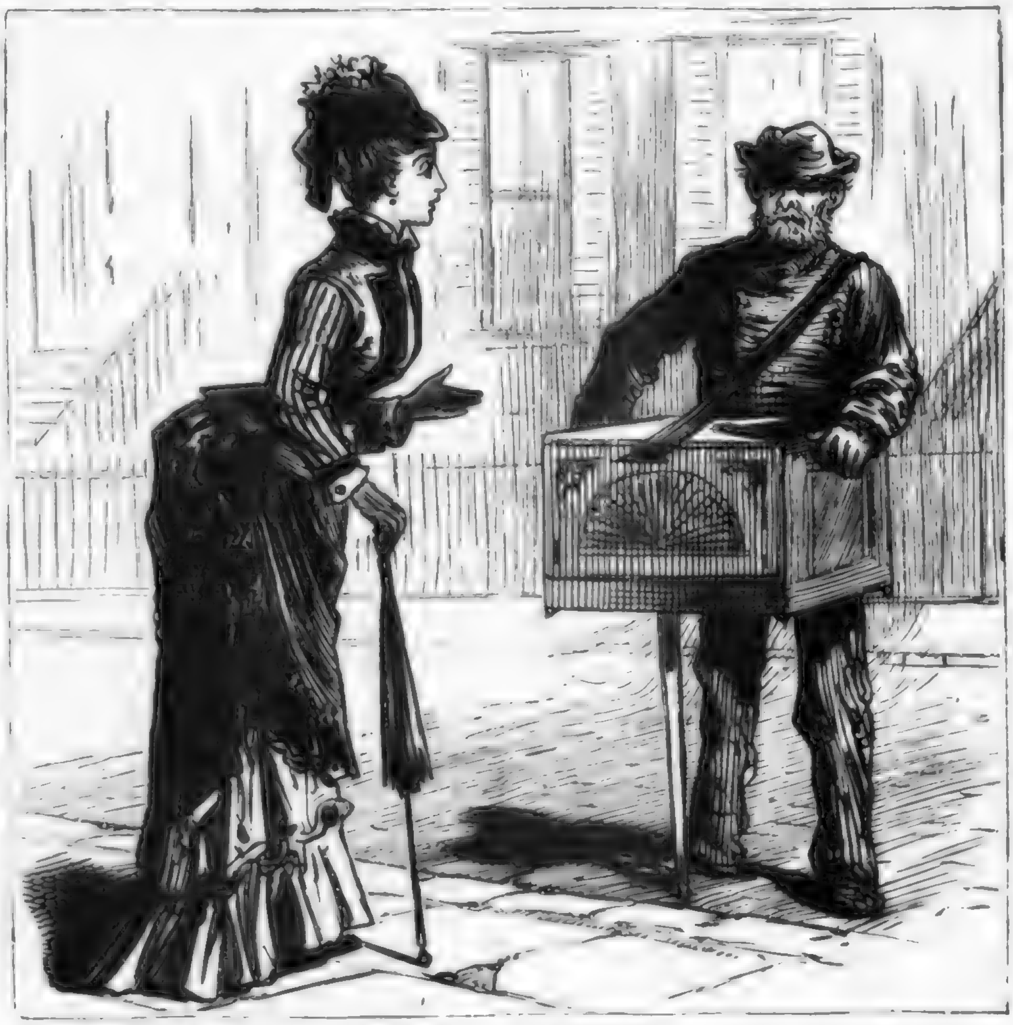
He rolled away the stone. It covered the entrance to a cave in which we saw piled high hundreds of shells containing pearls. We stood bewildered at the sight of such enormous wealth, and then turned to embrace the Carib. He had disappeared. But afar off in the last rays of the setting sun, vanishing in its purple mist, we saw a dark canoe paddled by one dusky form, which waived us an adieu.

We had gained a million. On the grotto we placed the inscription:

TO SASSAGARI,
LAST OF THE CARIBS OF THIS ISLE.

APPETITE AND HUNGER.

The notion that appetite is a low degree of hunger, and hunger an intensified form of appetite, does not seem to be borne out by facts. The two desires or longings are different in their nature. Appetite is the craving of the apparatus of taste, and sometimes of the digestive organs; while hunger is the demand of the organism as a whole, or of some of its parts, for food. Use the words appetite and hunger as we may, there are actually two needs to be expressed, and much mischief arises from confounding them. The one cry for food which we call appetite is an affair of habit, or caprice, and may, for a time at least, be stimulated by appealing to the sense of taste, or promoted by certain cordials and stimulants; but, looking at the matter from a physiological point of view, it is difficult to see what we gain by exciting the organs of digestion to take food, unless the system is in a condition to receive it. The rational mode of procedure would seem to be to wait the expression of a need in the system; in short, to look to hunger rather than appetite as an incentive to the act of feeding, instead of exciting the palate and sense-organs to take food when we have no organic reason to suppose that there is an inner need of it. There are certain evil consequences of the civilized mode of feeding by appetite on the basis of habit which it may be useful to point out. First, separating appetite from hunger, and developing it as an independent sense or function, there naturally springs up a fashion of life which may be described as "living to feed." The purveyor of food trades on the taste and cultivated longings of the consumer, and the consideration what to eat and what to drink comes to occupy a place in the self-consciousness which it was probably not intended to fill, and in so far as this is the case man is more animal, and less spiritual and intellectual, than he ought to be; although it may be conceded that the refined taste of cultivated nature is less offensive than the simple voracity of the savage. There are some who contend that man is the gainer by the development of his appetite. If this be so, the gain is a good not unmixed with evil. Another drawback is that by severing appetite from hunger we lose the indications of quality which nature gives with her orders for food. The man who eats a regular number of meals daily, with a duly stimulated and organized habit, probably eats much more in the twenty-four hours than his system requires, or the organism as a whole is constituted to deal with.



AT CROSS PURPOSES.

Young Lady (just from Rome, with strong Italian sympathies) —"*Mi permetta ch'io le dica una parola?*"

Organist from Limerick (overjoyed at the sound of the language of his ancestors)—"*Honamadioul, Baithershin, mabouchal!*"

A promise should be given with caution and kept with care. It should be made with the heart, and remembered with the head.

THE ROMANCE OF REDLEAF.

"A beautiful woman."

Yes! for that she had been a very beautiful woman, and even now was beautiful in spite of the almost faded look which fatigue, weariness, and, possibly, sorrow had impressed upon her features, was certain.

Nothing could rob the observer of that conviction.

"God help me!"

These words were uttered under her breath, almost inaudibly, as she is sued from the railway terminus in which Doctor Swinton had just noticed her, and gazed along the street which was already covered with the driving snow that had commenced powdering the outskirts of Hartford some quarter of an hour earlier. Doctor Swinton was not only a young man, but a new settler in Hartford.

Nor had he as yet acquired much practice, partly, perhaps, on account of his youth, and partly from his means not necessitating him to hunt up employment, as most young medical men are compelled to do. He had just returned from New Haven, where he had been upon a visit to an elder brother for the Christmas week, and had returned to Hartford on the last day of the old year, in order not to neglect visiting, on the morrow, some half-score of friends who had already, or might, in all probability, soon call him in to act in his medical capacity.

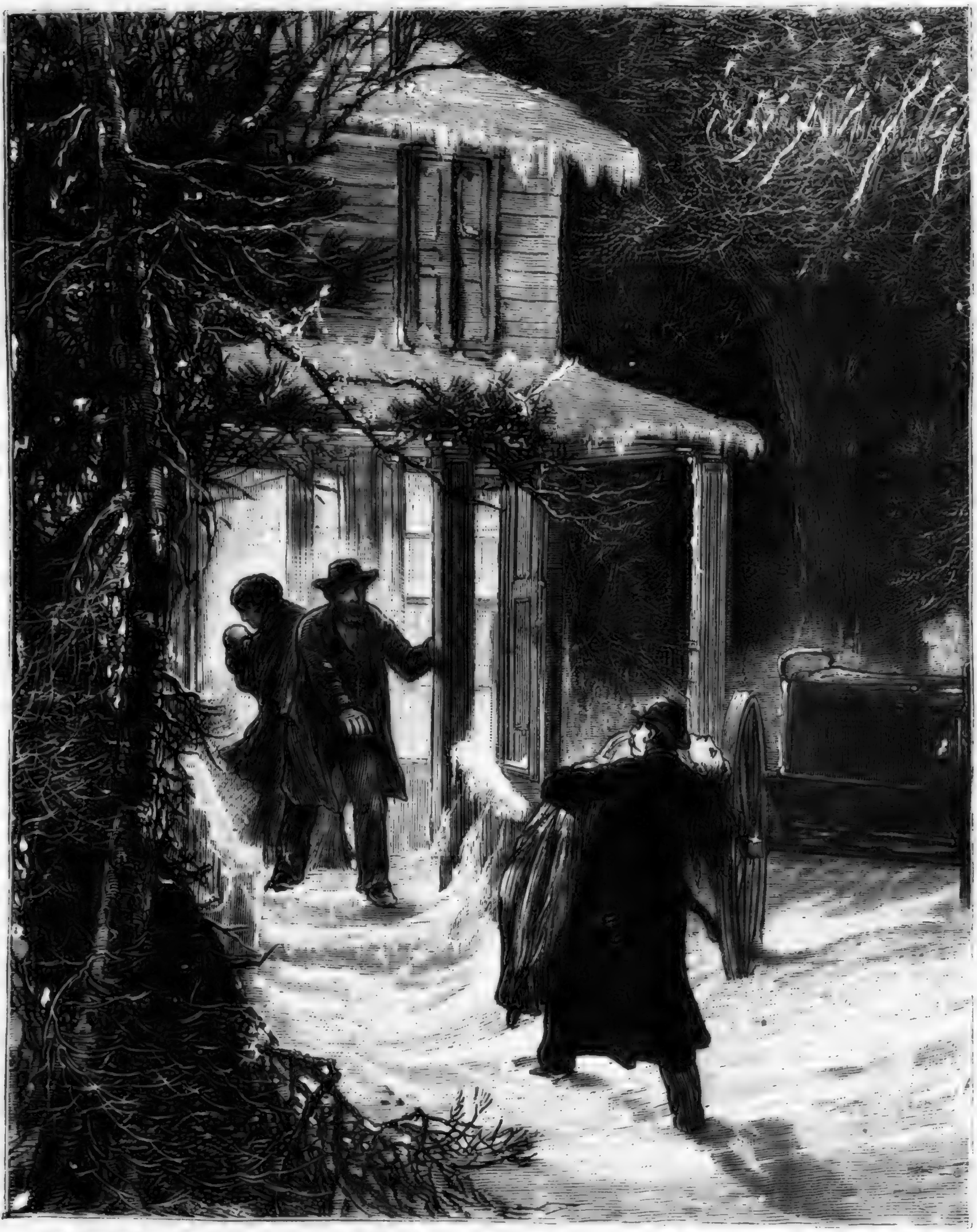
His drag and servant had been waiting for him at the terminus more than half an hour, and he was just going toward it when his attention had been attracted by the figure he had involuntarily called:

"A beautiful woman!"

He might have taken no more notice of her had it not been for that scarcely audible cry which had issued from her lips.

When he overheard it he could not resist the momentary impulse to address her.

It must be remembered he was not over twenty-five or twenty-six years of age.



THE ROMANCE OF REDLEAF.—"SLOWLY AND TENDERLY HE LIFTED THE FAINTED FORM OF HER DAUGHTER FROM THE VEHICLE, AND BORE IT INTO THE KITCHEN."

Lifting his hat with as much respect as he might have done on his introduction to the wife of a millionaire, he said:

"You seem not to have found those who should have been waiting for you, madam! Can I not be of some assistance to you?"

The lady—she was a lady, of that he was certain—started as he spoke, and with her left hand pulled her vail across her features, while, as she did so, he for the first time noticed she had a bundle under her cloak pressed closely to her bosom, which a quasi-professional instinct at once decided was an infant.

Then, through her vail she closely scrutinized his features, as if in doubt whether she dared to accept the assistance he had offered her.

Apparently her scrutiny was satisfactory, for, with what sounded like a gulping sob, she replied:

"Yes, sir! You can, if you are disposed to act so charitably."

The last word rather chafed Doctor Swinton's nature.

As the young not unfrequently do, he entertained a considerable contempt for what the world calls charity, and felt by no means delighted at the stranger's attributing to himself the disposition for charitable action.

It was somewhat stiffly he uttered his next sentence.

"I am disposed, madam, to do you any immediate service you can require."

Without another word, she turned from him and was about to issue from the shelter of the terminus into the fast-thickening snow, when, with a muttered curse on his own hardheartedness, he laid his fingers gently but detainingly upon her shoulder.

"You cannot walk through this snow."

"I must, sir!"

"Allow me to drive you into Hartford, madam."

"I am not going into the city, sir."

"If I may be allowed to ask, where are you going, then?"

For a moment she hesitated, and then, almost with a gasp, replied, as she shook his detaining fingers from her shoulders:

"To Redleaf Farm, sir."

"To Squire Heatherleigh's?" he asked.

"He is my father, sir."

Something he seemed to have heard talked about earlier, when he had first settled in Hartford, and the strange melancholy of old Heatherleigh, to whom he had been summoned some few months earlier, flashed upon his mind, without, however, unraveling the riddle of the daughter of the wealthiest farmer in the neighborhood preparing to walk more than five miles to the home of her childhood in a snowstorm like the present, which had already covered the ground to the depth of an inch.

His determination was, nevertheless, instantly taken.

"Redleaf is more than five miles distant. I shall insist, madam, upon your allowing me to drive you there." She muttered some objection—what, he did not distinctly hear—but, in an imperiously bantering tone, he added, "I could not, of course, object to your putting yourself out of the way by such a ridiculous exposure, but I decidedly deny your right to kill this little one.

As his fingers touched the small form covered by her cloak, the wail that came through her lips cut him to the heart.

Why this should have been so, it would be difficult to say, for the young doctor not only had the reputation with those who knew him of having his heart covered with a tolerably thick skin, but positively believed that portion of his internal organization to be as hard as a nether millstone.

However, the next few minutes were so occupied in bidding his servant dismount, and giving him the small valise he had in his hand, with directions to carry it on to his dwelling in Hartford, in placing the daughter of Squire Heatherleigh with her babe in the drag, wrapping her up warmly to face the blinding snow, and in taking his place beside her, that he had no time to discuss the nature of his present sensations.

"Am I to sit up for you, sir?" was the last inquiry of the servant.

"Most certainly," said the doctor.

Man, however, proposes, and God disposes, as both would subsequently have said if the proverb had occurred to them, as he did not return that night.

The doctor's chestnut mare was a fine animal. He was, indeed, fairly enough, proud of his knowledge of horseflesh, and this night it was justified.

In the very teeth of the storm the gallant brute sped along, and covered the first two miles in very little more time than she would have done it in tolerably fair weather.

When they had first started, Doctor Swinton had heard his fellow-traveler sobbing violently.

He did not interrupt her misery by an attempt at conversation. In truth, he could scarcely have done so, for he knew not what he could say to her.

At length, however, her sobs ceased, and she leant back quietly enough in the vehicle.

Then he thought he would say some words of comfort to her, if he could only have settled in his own mind how to frame them.

This seemed impossible, as he could not remember what it was he had heard of her.

That she had left her home some year and a half since he knew, but no more, and if at the time he heard it alluded to he had known the squire, a not unnatural curiosity might have induced him to inquire into the particulars.

But old Heatherleigh had then been unknown to him, even by name, and the doctor's thirst for knowledge which might trench upon gossip or scandal, was, truth to say, of a very mild or homeopathic class.

In consequence he had left the scandal, if scandal it was, very thoroughly alone.

Now, it suddenly occurred to him the squire might possibly not be overthankful for his officiousness in driving out to Redleaf a daughter who might possibly have disgraced him.

Supposing—but that was utterly impossible, or, at all events, he would not believe it.

At any rate, he has to say something to her, for have they not already passed the third mile, and the last cottage or villa upon the road between Hartford and Redleaf?

"Eh! Is anything the matter?"

Why is she leaning so deadly and heavily against him?

As he turns abruptly toward her with the intention of speaking, she slides from the seat into the bottom of the vehicle, and he hears the sudden wail of the babe, startled by the unexpected jolt from its slumber into frightened wakefulness.

With a jerk, he reins in his mare.

After this he bends down and removes the cloak from her shoulders—lifts the child from her arms, and, as it crows aloud, places it on his knees and protects it from the night-air with the thick bearskin rug which has hitherto been covering his own lap as well as that of his traveling companion. As he was doing so, his fingers have touched her cheek or brow—which, he knows not.

She does not turn it away.

Neither does he hear her breathe, which his keen professional ear must have done, even through the heavy panting of the chestnut, when he chooses to listen for it.

"Yes! as I supposed"—he mutters to himself. "The idiot has fainted, while we have yet two miles and a half before us."

Then he raises her body and rests her head upon his knees—removes the cloak from her face, and throws back the rug, exposing her features to the cold air, as it drives over them laden with snow, for the chance it may revive her—utters a sharp malediction, shakes out the reins with a "Go it, old girl! as hard as you can," to his panting mare, and is once more whirled along the road through the four or five inches of snow which now cover it, in the teeth of the pitilessly pelting storm.

For one moment he had paused.

It was certainly a singular manner and an odd hour in which his only child was being brought home to Squire Heatherleigh.

There must be some cause for her coming back to her father in this strange and unannounced style.

What if the old man should refuse to take her in and compel him to drive her back to Hartford? What if there had been a disgraceful reason for her absence. What if——

This was followed by the malediction which has been mentioned.

A little earlier than this, about seven o'clock, after supper had been over in the large kitchen at Redleaf, where supper was always eaten in a patriarchal manner, the employer, his wife and the farm-hands and domestics eating at the same long deal table, the hale old squire had looked out of the front-door.

"What was it I told you, George, this morning?" he asked of one of his men.

"We war to have a deep snow, squire!"

"And we're having it, George! To-morrow we shall be snowed up."

"Dash it, squire," said the man—"and on New Year's Day, teu."

After this the doorway had been locked, the window-shutters bolted, and the old man and his wife had retired to the small sitting-room at the end of the kitchen, which was reserved for themselves.

His wife, Mary Heatherleigh, seated herself at one side of the open fireplace, knitting, while the farmer, having cleaned his spectacles leisurely and taken up the *Courant* which was lying on the table, opened it and commenced gravely to read the news aloud.

He had been doing so for some twenty-five minutes or less, when he turned his eyes from the paper to his wife, saying:

"Do you hear nothing, mother?"

"I fancy I do, Nathan."

"It is a drag coming up the road to the house, and but I heard yesterday Doctor Swinton was in New Haven I'd swar it was his."

"Nonsense, Nathan! when the snow is two inches deep."

"Four or five, mother. But"—as the vehicle drove rapidly up and passed by the door of the farmhouse—"snow or not, it is the doctor's drag."

"What can bring him here?"

The old man was already at the door as he heard the traveler, whoever he was, pounding on it with the butt-end of his whip, and as he opened it to the impatient summons, saw the snow-whitened figure of Swinton and the chestnut mare covered with a cloud of steaming vapor that testified clearly enough to the speed with which she had covered the distance from Hartford to Redleaf, and especially the last two miles.

"What, in the name of heaven, has brought you here at such an hour and on such a night as this, doctor?"

"An errand of love and mercy," was the grave reply.

To own it frankly, during the last two miles of his unexpected and very uncomfortable drive, John Swinton had been sorely puzzled as to the mode in which he should present the two, very possibly, unwelcome visitors he was bringing with him to Squire Heatherleigh.

During the period he had occupied in covering the distance, however, he had managed to map out all he intended to say, and, considering his utter ignorance of the position which the daughter occupied with regard to her father, it cannot be denied that his plan of action had been very skillfully arranged to prevent any sudden explosion of rage on the part of the old man.

"Love and mercy!" exclaimed the squire, slowly and hesitatingly.

"Of love for your grandchild!" ejaculated the doctor, as he lifted from his drag the now wide-awake child, and thrust it into the arms of old Heatherleigh, "and of mercy for your miserable and suffering daughter."

At his first words, Mrs. Heatherleigh had been inclined to snatch the boy, who was crowing with delight at the light and warmth for which he had so suddenly exchanged his cold and chilly place on the knees of Swinton from the arms of his grandfather; but as the doctor uttered the last, she looked up into his face with a yearning and passionate love, which positively transfigured her somewhat withered features.

"Where is Blanche—my child? Give her to me."

The appealing desire which colored these simple words made them wondrously eloquent.

So much so, indeed, that the smile with which Dr. Swinton turned from her to his drag was half-sanctified by the very unusual tear-drop which stood in his gray eyes.

Slowly and tenderly he lifted the fainted form of her daughter from the vehicle, and bore it into the kitchen.

"Have you a bed ready, Mrs. Heatherleigh?" he asked, in a subdued voice. Perhaps he did not wish to call the old man's attention at such a moment too closely to what he was doing. "This is more than a mere fainting-fit. I shall have to remain near her this night, at all events."

"Take Blanche to our own room, mother!" exclaimed the squire, in a firm voice. But there he broke down utterly, sobbing out: "She is come back at last, my darling!"

In the next instant he had rushed into the sitting-room with the crowing babe, and had closed the door behind him.

No sooner had Doctor Swinton heard what the old man said than with a rapid step he bore the woman, whose beauty had, as it were, compelled him into her service, up the narrow staircase, leading to the principal bedroom of the farmhouse, first having bidden George look after his mare, who was doubtless delighted at her escape from not being driven back to Hartford the same night, and appreciated the warmth and comfort of the stable at Redleaf as she had rarely before done similar blessings in that of her master.

Then, having placed Blanche upon the bed, and given the mother directions what to do, and to summon him directly she showed any symptoms of returning consciousness, he descended to the sitting-room, whither the squire had retired with the child.

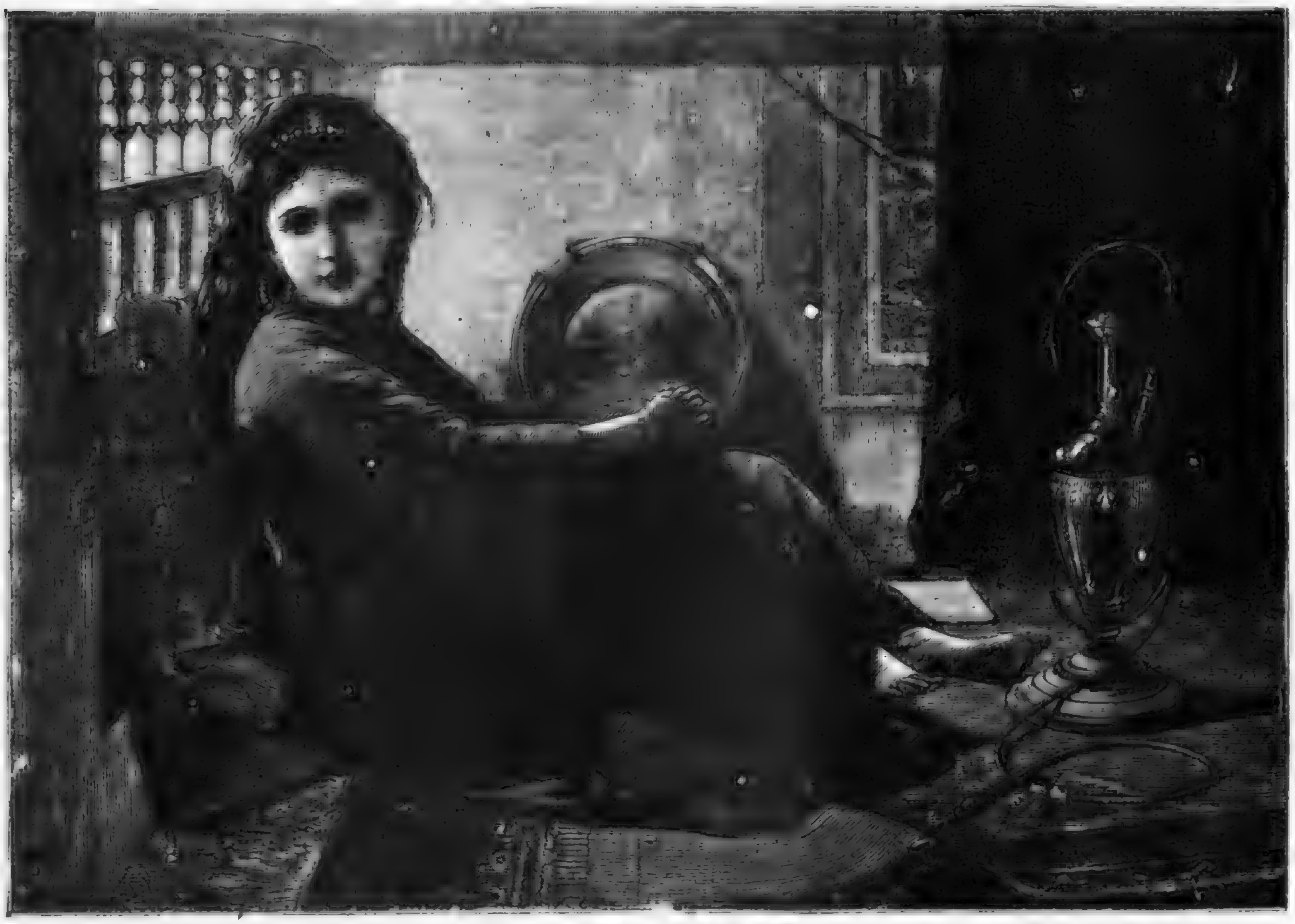
Here he found that old Heatherleigh had displayed a degree of sound common sense for which he was little disposed to have given him credit in such a case as the present.

He had summoned one of his female domestics, after the first few minutes had been passed by him alone with his grandson—for the child was a boy of some seven months—and begged her to give him what he required.

She was the wife of George, and was then nursing a girl of some three months of age.

After the babe had been taken to her breast and appeased its hunger, the grandsire had again volunteered as its nurse, and it was sleeping soundly in the arms of the old man.

Naturally enough, Doctor Swinton was curious to know the history of the woman he had brought back to her parents, but would have been too delicate to make any inquiry respecting it, had not Squire Heatherleigh, after learning how he had met her and been induced to bring her home, volunteered to give him the information, which he did while the doctor was devouring, with an excellent appetite, sharpened by his chilly drive, the cold turkey



LEILA.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 754.

and ham which had been set before him. It must not, however, be imagined that the tale was in any way a continuous one.

The doctor was summoned repeatedly to the chamber in which Mrs. Blanche Woodruffe—he had already learnt her name—was recovering from one fainting fit only to fall into another; and it was about one o'clock in the morning that he at length pronounced her as well as he had any reason to expect, or, perhaps, better, seeing that she had fallen into an exhausted, and in all probability refreshing, sleep, which had been promoted by the stimulants he had from time to time caused to be administered to her.

It was after this he heard from the old man the last portion of her too common story.

Blanche Heatherleigh had been sent to finish her education at a first-rate boarding-school in Boston.

In addition to her remarkable beauty, she had exhibited rare vocal talent, which had made her an almost phenomenal distinction amongst her fellow-pupils when she was barely seventeen years of age.

Naturally enough, this distinction was a matter of personal pride with herself as well as with her parents, more especially her mother; and when, after quitting her place of education, she was requested to act as bridesmaid to one of her schoolmates—her dearest friend, as she phrased it—and accompany her on her bridal tour, permission was given her, although grudgingly, by the squire.

Perhaps he already began to doubt the propriety of having educated her out of the line of life in which, comfortably situated in the way of worldly means as he undoubtedly was, himself and Mrs. Heatherleigh were moving. She accompanied the bride upon this tour, and, as the squire said, was never again herself.

After her return to Redleaf, she was followed by Ralph Woodruffe, apparently a charming and accomplished young man, but, as old Heatherleigh said, and Swinton, from subsequent details, had no reason to doubt, a thoroughly unprincipled scoundrel.

The "fellow" remained at Hartford for three months, until Blanche let her father perceive her infatuation for him. Then was it the squire considered it necessary to make inquiries respecting his character.

All of them resulted unfavorably.

He was only thirty-two, yet had run through a fortune of some sixty thousand dollars; been upon the stage for some three years, served in the navy for a few months, swindled his brother out of several more thousand dollars, and had been for four or five years a confirmed gambler.

"I told all this to my girl," said old Heatherleigh, "but she refused to believe it. Then I entreated her to give him up, and finally, when I found my entreaties were useless, I forbade his visits, and commanded her to see him no more. The result was, one morning some two years since, she did not appear at the breakfast-table. Her mother found her bed had not been slept in. The little fool had gone."

"Is the scoundrel dead now?" curtly inquired the doctor.

"I should hope he was," replied Nathan Heatherleigh, with a savage groan. "But we shall never know, unless she chooses to tell us, and, albeit she is my child, she can be cross-grained. When she is so, she will only do what she wills."

John Swinton was unable to avoid smiling.

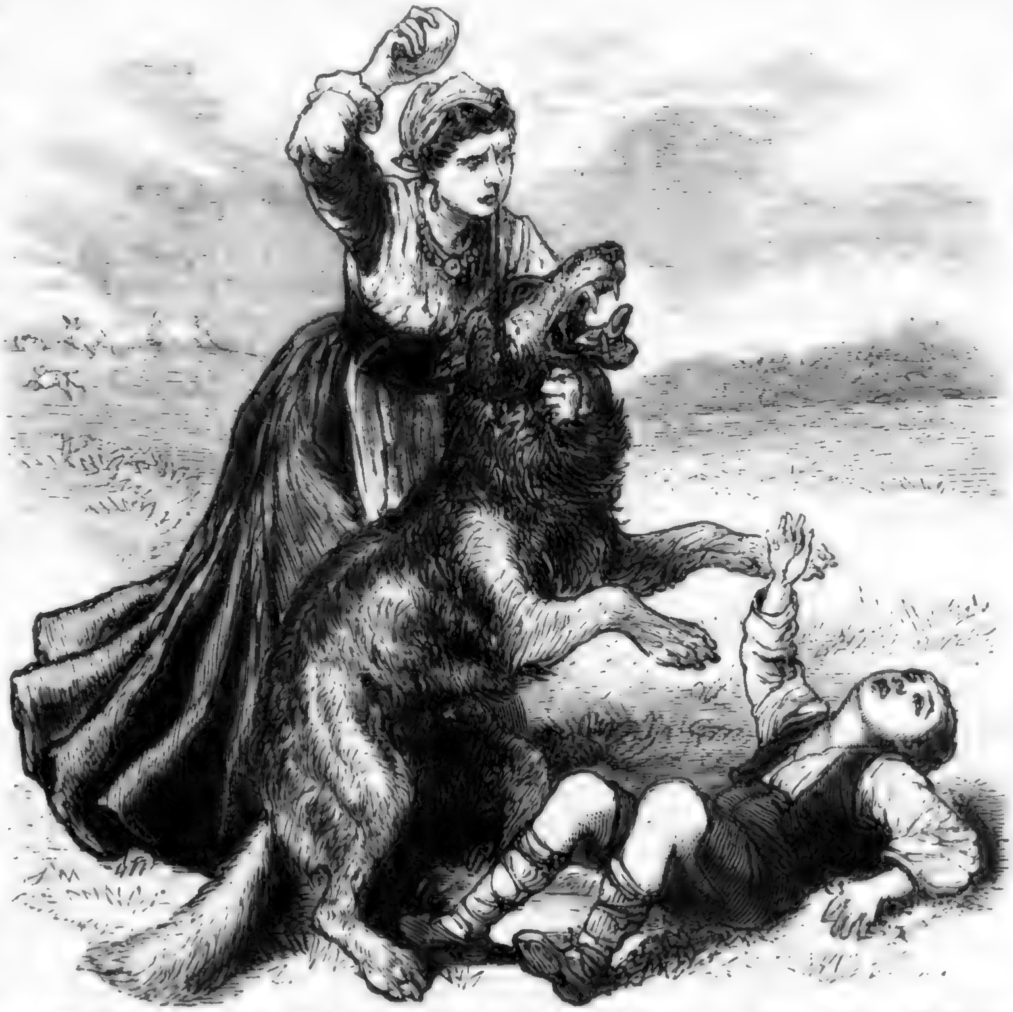
Perhaps if Mr. Heatherleigh had himself been less cross-grained he might have saved his daughter and himself much of their trouble during the last few years.

Naturally enough, the doctor had a bed found for him at Redleaf, and when the morning at last aroused him from a troubled slumber, it was to find the snow of the past night so deep that he was persuaded, for the sake of the sick woman and her child, to tarry that New Year's Day at Redleaf.

In spite of the white covering of the earth, George, however, attempted to pay a New Year's visit to his brother, some three miles and a half distant across the country, but eight miles away by the regular road.

Need it be said that the nine or ten inches of snow which covered the earth precluded him from doing so, and that he returned, toward evening, in a wet and disgusted condition, from which it required a rousing draught of the squire's best bourbon to restore him?

During that morning Nathan Heatherleigh had been called to the bedside of his daughter.



A PORTUGUESE HEROINE.— SHE SEIZED TIGHT HOLD OF THE WOLF, AND THEN, AFTER A STRUGGLE, CONTRIVED TO BLIND HIM WITH A STONE, AND EVENTUALLY KILLED HIM.'— SEE PAGE 743.

There himself and his wife had learned the cause which had induced Blanche Woodruffe to decide upon abandoning her husband.

It appeared that he, in collusion with another gambler, had fastened upon a poor pigeon, whom they had commenced robbing of his plume feathers in the usual way.

This, nevertheless, had not progressed with sufficient rapidity to suit them.

They had consequently arranged a plan to strip him of his plumage in Woodruffe's own dwelling.

For the success of this it was necessary to secure the connivance of the wife of the latter.

"He had reckoned upon my readiness to assist him, and, perhaps," she said, with a flush of shame, "not unreasonably, as he knew I was acquainted with the mode by which he maintained me and himself in comparative luxury. Oh, father! he could not have known the bitterness which had been gradually stifling all my love since I had become acquainted with the ways of his life. Then it was that my whole anguish and reproach found a voice. I told him all that came up in my mind. I refused to be his accomplice. I reproached him for having lured me from a pure and happy home, with the purpose of debauching and corrupting my soul. I told him it was my purpose to return to you, and on my knees supplicate for your pardon in not having believed you when you told me his love would be my ruin, and then—he struck me." As she said this, she bared her bosom and showed the livid mark of his cowardly blow. The squire groaned, and her mother pressed her trembling lips on the discolored flesh. "From that moment, she continued, in a despairing tone, "all my love for Ralph Woodruffe disappeared, and I left him as speedily as I could—for ever!"

This was necessarily repeated to Doctor Swinton.

Singularly enough, as he frankly acknowledged to himself, his only regret was, the pigeon's talons and beak would not probably be sharp and keen enough to slay the hawk if it swooped upon it.

At all events, on the same evening, that of the first day of the New Year, a thaw set in.

It was a very sloppy and rapid thaw, under a dark and gloomy sky, which corresponded with the tone of the doctor's own mind when he decided there was no more necessity or occasion for his medical attendance at Redleaf.

Consequently, after leaving necessary directions for her care, about seven o'clock in the evening, he bade George hitch up his chestnut, and, without bidding any formal adieu to his patient, quitted her, as he mentally said, "for ever."

Curiously enough, his mental phrase was almost precisely the same as that in which Blanche Woodruffe had told her father she had quitted her husband.

Will fate keep it for him as well as it will keep it for her?

John Swinton's drive into Hartford that night was by no means a comfortable or happy one.

That it was not comfortable depended on the state of the road.

Six inches of slushy, thawing snow are not conducive to the cleanly or desirable progress of a drag, even when such a capital mare as the doctor's is whirling it along.

He was not ordinarily addicted to swearing, yet it must be admitted, when a splash of the thickened and cold liquid through which his rapid course lay was dashed by the hoof of his vigorous chestnut, or a wheel which jolted into a rut, or over a stone, up in his face, his perhaps involuntary exclamations were by no means of a too pious

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character. That his drive into Hartford was not a happy one arose from a very different cause.

Assuredly, it was not to be supposed such a well-regulated head and heart as those owned by Doctor Swinton could by any chance have fallen into love at first sight with another man's wife, especially when this other man was a gambler.

"And yet," he could not help saying, "she is a beautiful woman."

Even more—he was unable to avoid telling himself, but that the fruit was, in any case for the present, forbidden, he would most decidedly have attempted to gather it.

Nay! In his practical mode of general thought, he could not but compare himself with the fox in the fable who crouched beneath the wall, watching the bird on its summit with the coveted morsel in its mouth, and hoping it might fall.

But what was the use of troubling himself?

The affair had begun and ended.

It had reckoned itself with the past in something less or more than twenty-four hours.

Yet, as he thought this, he could not but say to himself it was not completely over—at least, not for the present.

And while thinking so, he passed the principal hotel, in which he had stopped while examining the city in which he proposed to locate himself, drove into the main street, and in a few minutes more had paused at his own door.

Nor was it a very great length of time before he was finding fault, most unjustifiably, with his man-servant, and rating his housekeeper.

But as Doctor Swinton was a man of generally equable temper, his offense was condoned by each of them on the score of his being snowed out at Redleaf for twenty-four hours, and having returned with his mare, drag and himself in such a deplorably filthy condition.

"And all," as the housekeeper said, "because he had such a good heart!"

Being a staid and respectable woman of sixty, it need not be supposed that her eulogy implied any wish to entrap it.

On the following day he had apparently subsided into his usual staid and decorous temper.

He even apologized to his housekeeper for his ill-temper on the preceding evening, and bestowed a first-rate overcoat of his own, very little the worse for wear, upon the man.

It would be needless to say that for the moment the latter appreciated "the heart" of his master even more keenly than the housekeeper had done.

Some six weeks later, among the list of new arrivals at the principal hotel, he saw the name of Ralph Woodruffe.

Tossing the paper which contained this item of intelligence from him, he rang the bell for his domestic, and ordered him to bring round his drag to the door as quickly as possible.

Since New Year's Day he had not been at Redleaf.

But now, he must certainly go there.

Blanche Woodruffe should not be left in ignorance, even for a second longer than possible, of her husband's presence in Hartford, if, haply, he had not already made himself visible to her at her father's farm.

"If he has," he muttered to himself, "the old squire is hale and strong, and I trust has thrashed him within an inch of his life."

However, it would be as well to first find out whether he was still at the hotel.

In consequence of this reflection, taking his hat and coat, he stepped round to the stable and bade his servant drive there after him.

This was about half-past eight in the morning.

It was considerably after two when he reached Redleaf, and it was with a grave but scarcely displeased expression of countenance that he drove up to the door.

The squire was standing in it.

He had been apparently expecting him, and, as it seemed, anxiously.

"So you have come at last, doctor! We have been waiting for you."

"I did not know my presence was required."

"You were sent for three hours since."

"For Mrs. Woodruffe?"

"Yes. Her rascally husband is at Hartford, and has written."

John Swinton interposed abruptly:

"He is there no more, Mr. Heatherleigh."

The old squire saw the strange meaning written on the countenance of the doctor, but failed thoroughly to comprehend it.

"What is it you would say?"

"The pigeon he has been plucking has followed him from New York."

"Eh! And——"

"He shot him down in front of the clerk's desk in the hall of the Continental, about half-past eight this morning. I happened to be passing, and was called in. He was unconscious from the time he received the bullet, but only died some hours since."

"May the Almighty be thanked for his mercy to my poor child! Now, go to her, doctor! If she can understand you, the news you bring will do her more good than all your medicine."

"I am sure of it."

Something more than the bare recital of the actual shooting of Ralph Woodruffe may be necessary.

It would seem that he had not only plucked the pigeon itself, but defrauded his own partner in the plucking of his share in the unrighteous gains.

He had, however, sufficient dread of Moses Levick not to propose remaining in the same city with him so long as his wrath was hot.

Therefore he had fled to Hartford with the intention of compelling his wife to accompany him into Canada.

His only delay in following the latter had been for the purpose of consummating the ruin of young Dornton, the pigeon already alluded to, which had taken himself and Levick a much longer time than they had bargained on.

When he had fled to Hartford, he had, however, forgotten that Levick knew where his wife had come from.

That individual rightly guessed the place to which he had fled.

With a blushless face, he had sought out young Dornton, and, disguising as much as possible his own share in the business of stripping him of his tail and wing-feathers, had told the whole truth, as well as where it was probable he would find Woodruffe.

The recital of the mode in which he had been plucked changed the pigeon into a bird of prey, more honest, but more savage than the hawk which had robbed it.

On the same night he followed him.

Next morning he met him in one of the corridors of the hotel.

He had discovered the number of his room from the reception-book at the clerk's desk.

A sharp altercation had taken place, and when the whilom pigeon demanded from Woodruffe the restoration of the money he had been plundered of, and that scoundrel had actually laughed at him, Charles Dornton lost all command of himself.

Plucking a small revolver from the breast-pocket of his coat, he shot him.

It will be needless to say he was arrested, and some months after placed upon trial for murder, when a verdict of "justifiable homicide" sent him out into the world again a ruined man, in all probability to profitably live in the same line of business which had cost Ralph Woodruffe his life.

There is no necessity to enter into the details of the illness which prostrated his unfortunate, or ought she not to be called his fortunate, widow.

For the moment the news which John Swinton communicated to her failed to comfort her as he and the squire believed it might have done.

She was even inclined to reproach herself with being in some way an accessory to her husband's death.

At last, however, the unwearying affection of her mother, the arguments of old Heatherleigh, and, singularly enough, a certain fancy that the attentions of the doctor were not merely professional, won her from her sorrow.

The old color returned to her careworn cheeks, and the past brightness once more illuminated her eyes.

Yet September had come and gone in the Fall of the same year before the lover who, at first sight, had pronounced her "a beautiful woman," dared believe she would listen kindly to his declaration of love.

It was evening, and they were strolling slowly along one of the green lanes in the neighborhood of Redleaf when he made it.

"I had known it long since, John."

His heart beat rapidly as he heard her utter his Christian name for the first time, for he did not know how often she had murmured it lovingly to herself in the solitude of her own chamber.

With an eager cry of joy, he flung his arms around her trembling form, and pressed his lips passionately on hers.

As the surging color mounted into her face, suffusing her cheeks, brow and neck with its pulsing scarlet, John Swinton said, in his own secret soul, she was not only "beautiful," but the "most beautiful woman" he had ever known.

A PORTUGUESE HEROINE.

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* at Lisbon vouches for the truth of the following narrative, which he translates from the *Diario de Noticias:*

At the distance of one kilometre from the village of Fratel, near Niza—*i. e.*, on the frontier of Spain and Portugal, near the town of Portalegre—Theresa Maria, who was carrying her husband's dinner to him in the fields, was told by a little shepherd boy that a wolf was prowling about the place.

Wishing to see one for the first time in her life, she put down her basket and climbed up to a high place to which the boy directed her. There she saw the animal in the act of devouring a lamb.

The shepherd boy began shouting and throwing stones, to see whether it would let go its prey, and the wolf, in its fury, then attacked the poor little fellow, jumping up at his face, tearing the flesh from his jaws, and throwing him upon the ground.

The woman, seeing the boy's imminent danger, in an impulse of heroic self-devotion ran on the wolf wholly unarmed, seized tight hold of him, and then, after a struggle, contrived to blind him with a stone, and eventually killed him.

Meanwhile, the boy whom she had rescued ran, wounded as he was, to seek help in the village. While several villagers were coming up, armed with guns, stones and sticks, to kill the beast and save the woman from its fangs, she was returning to the village covered with blood, and with her arms, hands and face terribly wounded.

She said that at times she was on the point of being overcome, but contrived to keep the animal's throat in the close hold of her left arm, while hitting him hard on the head with a stone which she was able to pick up. She was taken to the Niza hospital.

It is with regret that all will read what I have now unfortunately to add—that exactly a month afterward the poor creature died there of her wounds. She has left eight children, six of whom are very young, and a distracted husband, to mourn her loss; but she found comfort in her last sufferings, and under the pain of such a parting, from the recollection that she had given her life for another. The English and Portuguese have sent some twenty-two pounds as a small consolation to a poor and industrious family who have to mourn a noble heart taken from them.

In a postscript, written two days later, the correspondent says:

"I am sorry, indeed, to have to add to the narrative that the little shepherd boy for whom the brave woman sacrificed her life is dead also. She was allowed to console her dying hours with the belief that she had perished in saving a life. But it was not to be so. The poor child died in the terrible sufferings of hydrophobia. Besides the subscription raised on behalf the bereaved husband and the orphans, another has very properly been started to erect a monument to Niza, so that such a deed may not be forgotten."

WHY THE ROMANS WISH EACH OTHER "A GOOD AUGUST."

Even in the earliest days it was the custom to wish a "good" August and to make presents and to give dinners and entertainments. The reason—for there is a method in all these Roman madnesses—is, that August is the most unhealthy month in the year in Rome. If you escape the fevers until then, you can rarely escape them in August, unless unheard-of precautions are taken, of which you soon get tired.

As rest, sleep and good wine are the surest preventives of Roman fever, the August gifts usually take the form of poultry and wine. If you can eat well, sleep well and never go into the open air while there is a ray of sun, you may escape the fever. But eat irregularly, and drink poor wine and go out during the hot hours, and, sooner or later you will be seized with fever, and Roman fever is not easily forgotten. It begins with a shivering fit that shakes the very room in which the patient lies, nor can the heaping on of eider-down quilts and pillows stop it. It sometimes continues for hours. The teeth chatter and you feel as if suddenly cast naked on an iceberg. When the shivering fit ceases the fever commences, and after that comes a profuse perspiration. The more you perspire the better, for if the patient does not perspire, he is suffering from the worst kind of Roman fever, called the "perniciosa," whose very name makes Romans quake with terror, for it carries one off in a couple of hours.

Surely half the world must be blind—they can see nothing unless it glistens.

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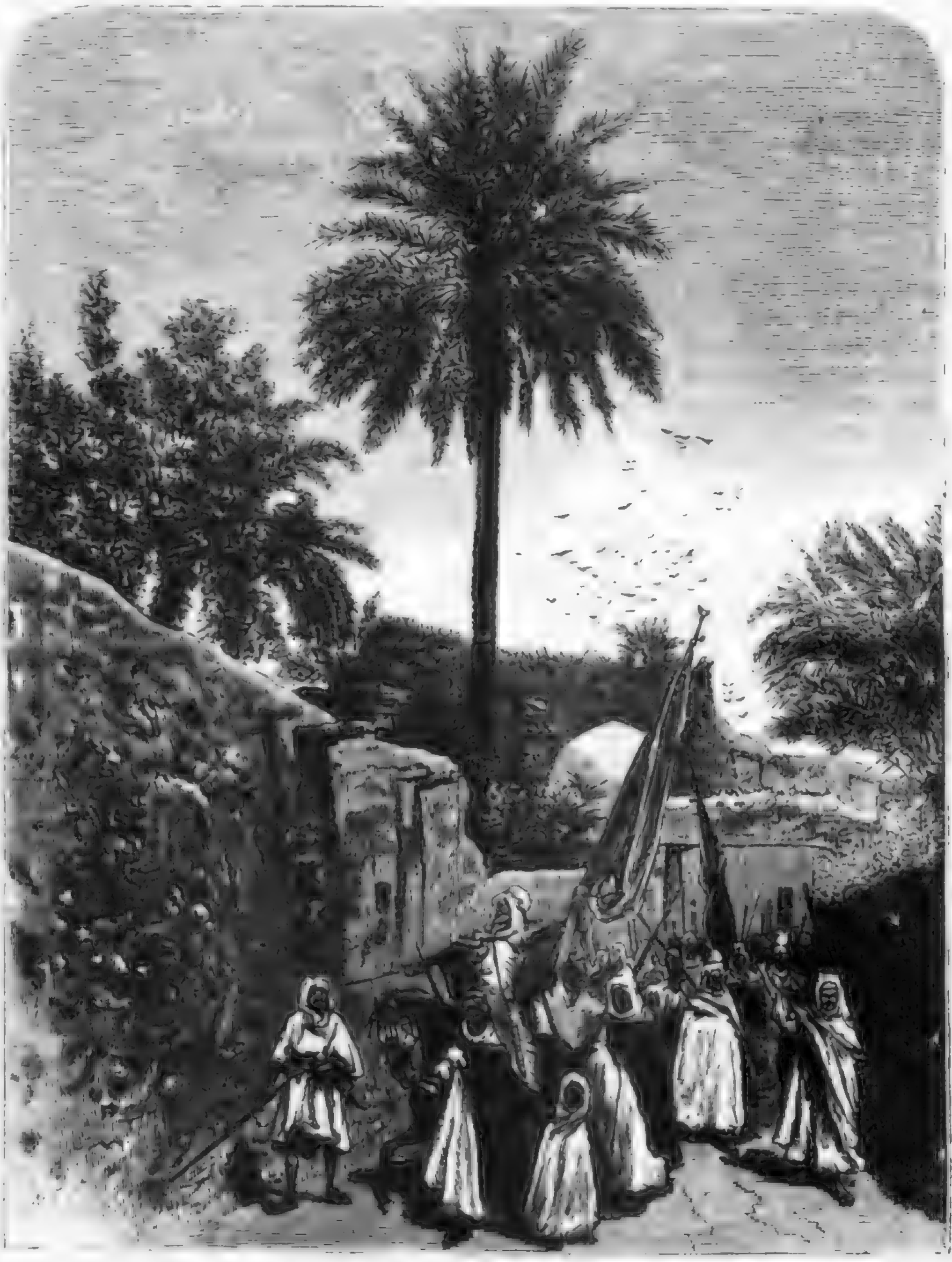
MOHAMMEDAN "HOLY WAR."

By Frederic Daniel.

The French expedition to Tunis has given rise in North Africa to troubles that are likely to be of no little duration. In a word, France has again stirred up the Mohammedan world as it did by the conquest of Algiers in 1830. The expedition has been successful in so far as the subjection of Tunis to French supremacy; but the inhabitants of the province will undoubtedly continue in the same state of chronic insurrection that the Algerians have been in during the last half-century. Already a formal insurrectional movement among the Tunisian tribes is booked to occur before the end of the present year. Several Arab fanatics have been hanged by the Bey (now under French influence) for running through the streets of Tunisian cities and calling on their Arab brethren everywhere to join in a "holy war" against the "infidel invaders."



A MARABOUT ROUSING THE TRIBES TO WAR.

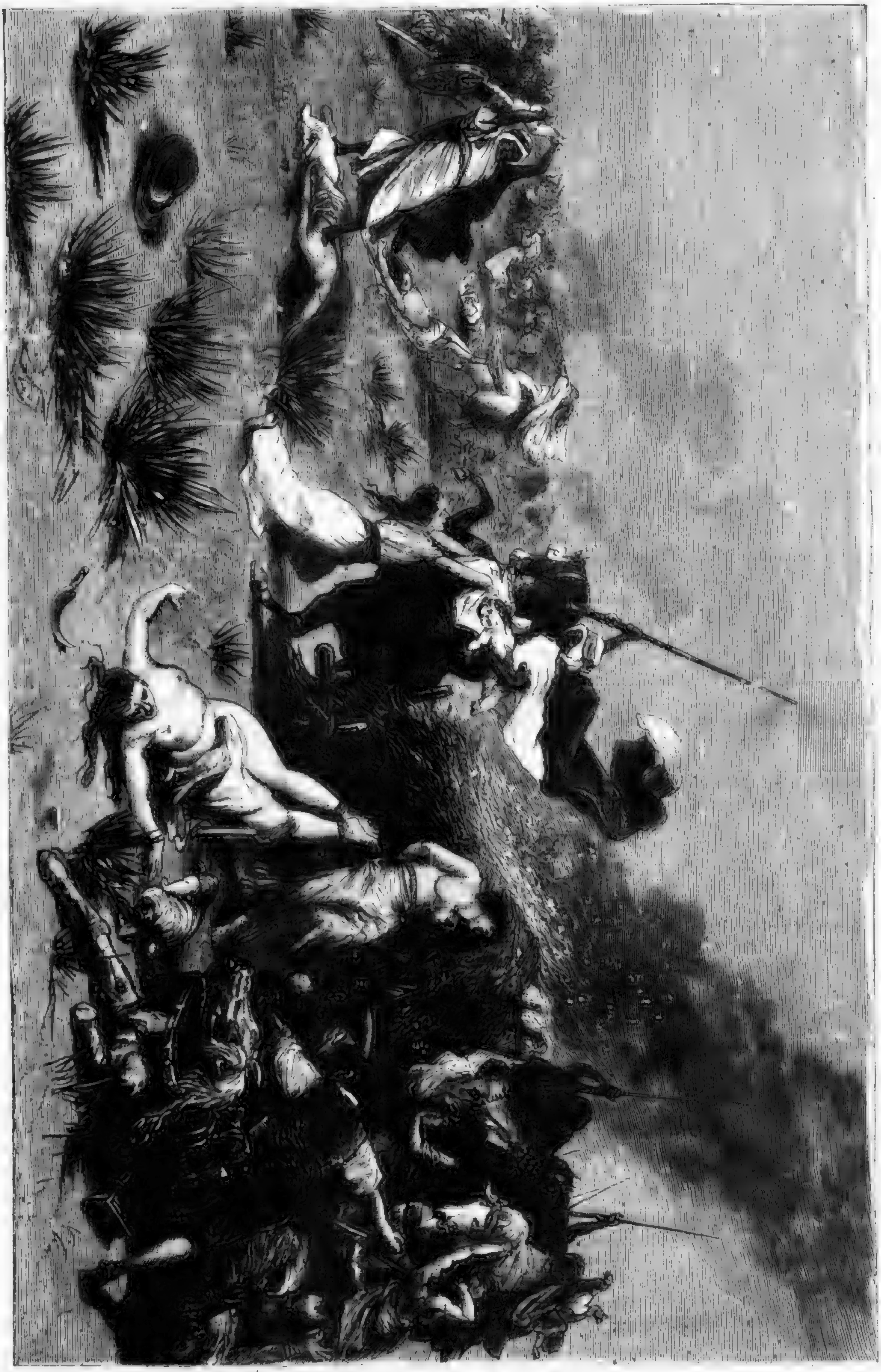
The son of Abd-el-Kader, the famous chief and marabout who caused so much annoyance to the French in Algeria, is exerting himself in behalf of such a war, and, though a Turkish pasha, threatens to visit Tunis for the purpose of hoisting the "green flag" and personally directing "the cause." As to Abd-el-Kader himself, he has been persuaded by the Sultan to forego the pleasure of again drawing his scimitar for Algerian independence, in order to apply himself in a wider field—viz., Panislamism at large. On his side, the Sultan, in his capacity of Caliph, or Commander of the Faithful, has succeeded in uniting all the forces of Islamism under his influence, having displayed considerable skill in inspiring them with a fresh stock of fanaticism as against all modern contingencies.

A census just completed from the best obtainable authorities numbers the believers in Mohammedanism at 175,000,000. No less than 93,250 pilgrims visited Mecca last year. A decided spread of the creed is going on in the heart of Africa. In that dark continent it is reported to be alive and at work proselytizing as fiercely as in the good old days of the Caliphs of Bagdad, of "Arabian Nights" memory.

Each year adds thousands of dusky converts, and the result will shortly be the erection of a sub-Caliphate in Soudan. It is a system which is indigenous to the tropics, as characteristic as the fauna or the flora of the torrid zone; and it may be taken for granted that the Sultan would be highly gratified to exhibit to mankind a "Young Africa" wholly under the Crescent.

The full meaning of the "holy war" idea of Mohammedanism was made exceedingly manifest from the very origin of this creed. Mohammed, its founder, may assuredly be cited in proof of the French wit's saying, "All depends upon one's coming into the world at the right time," for evidently he found everything favorable and ripe for starting just such a monster imposture as he set afloat at Mecca, in Arabia. It may truly be said that he was a man of his age, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the times and tribes amidst which his lot was cast.

The Arabs, more familiarly known as Saracens in the times of the Crusaders, claim to have possessed from the Flood two-thirds of Arabia, properly so-called, the remaining third being subsequently annexed. Arabia, in its original narrow limits, was the tract of land the Greeks



SLAUGHTER OF FRENCH CULTIVATORS ON THE ROAD TO GERYVILLE BY BOU AMEMA.

comprehended under the name of "Arabia the Happy." The soil about its famous city, Mecca, has always been so very barren as to yield no fruits but what are common in the desert. The inhabitants of the city, however, are generally very rich, being considerable gainers by the prodigious concourse of people of almost all nations at the yearly pilgrimage, at which time there is a great fair or mart of all kinds of merchandise. They possess, also, great numbers of cattle, and particularly of camels. However, the poorer sort, of course, live very indifferently in a place where almost every necessary of life must be purchased with money.

The country itself has been noted from all antiquity for the happiness of its climate, its fertility and riches; yet in reality great part of the riches which the ancients imagined were the produce of Arabia came from the Indies and the coasts of Africa. Hence, notwithstanding the great sterility near Mecca, outside this belt the soil on all sides has plenty of good springs and streams of running water, with a great many gardens and cultivated lands.

It is the especial boast of the Arabs that they have preserved their liberty with scarcely any interruption from the very Deluge, for, though great armies were again and again sent against them, all attempts to subdue them proved in the end unsuccessful. They laughed at Assyrians, Medes, Persians, and snubbed Alexander the Great on his march to the East, by declining to send him presents or embassadors. Not even the Roman legions, headed by the redoubtable Cæsars, subdued them. And so to-day the little Arab in the streets of our cities is the accepted type of liberty, he, too, remaining unsubdued under the cuffs and kicks of pedestrians and the other blows of fortune.

The Arabian religion, prior to Mohammed, was gross idolatry, chiefly a worship of the fixed stars and planets, and of angels and their images, as inferior deities or companions of one supreme God, named "Allah," and recognized as the creator of the universe. It was from the running after these inferior deities that Mohammed boasted to have reclaimed his countrymen unto the sole adoration of "Allah."

As for the original language spoken by the Arabians, their great men confidently assert that it was one of the most ancient, its rise being attributed to no less a source than the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel. Several dialects of it have existed and still exist. The Koran, or Mohammedan Bible, is said to be written in the one that has been unanimously dubbed by erudites "the perspicuous and clear Arabic"; one, in short, so copious, according to Arab belief, that no man without inspiration can master it in its perfect extent.

The accomplishments the Arabs chiefly valued themselves on were eloquence, horsemanship, expertness in arms, and hospitality. Their own writers acknowledged freely that they had a natural disposition to war, bloodshed, cruelty and rapine, and this disposition survives in the race. They are so much addicted to bearing malice that they scarcely ever forget an old injury, and this vindictive temper, according to physicians, is occasioned by their frequent feeding on camel's flesh, that creature being most malicious, and tenacious of anger. The frequent robberies by these people on merchants and travelers have rendered the name "Arab" infamous throughout the world. When speaking of anything in their possession, they use the following directness of speech: "I robbed a man of this."

The sciences most cultivated by the Arabians before the era of Mohammedanism were genealogy and history, such a knowledge of the stars as to foretell the weather, and the interpretation of dreams. They seem to have made no further progress in astronomy, which branch they afterward cultivated with so much success and applause, than to observe the influence of the stars on the weather, and to give them names; and this it was obvious for them to do, by reason of their pastoral life, lying night and day in the open plains. The inhabitants, from time immemorial, have been divided into two sorts; those dwelling in cities and those dwelling in tents, the former living by trades and tillage, and the latter by pasturage, cattle, roaming the desert and plundering the caravans; silently folding their tents at one point, in order to steal away and pounce upon some other spot with better pickings.

Such was the condition of the country and the material at hand for his undertaking when Mohammed came into the world at Mecca, November 10th, 570, A.D. At his setting up, the Persian, Grecian and Roman Empires were weak and declining, and Arabia was strong and flourishing; thus he could not have entered upon the scene at a more opportune moment. The Arabians were numerous and hardy; the very jealousies among their tribes enabled him to propagate his ascendency among them, and then weld them into a unity no less necessary and conducive to their future conquests and grandeur. Ere starting out he had mastered the situation, and, as he was a man of extraordinary parts and address, he knew how to make the best of every incident, and turn it to his own advantage. He traveled through his native land as a merchant during his youth, thereby gaining an intimate knowledge of the people he was destined to mold into a scourge of the world.

His ambition was spurred forward by the disadvantages under which he was born. His father, Abdallah, left him an infant in the arms of his mother, and in very poor circumstances, their whole possessions being five camels and an Ethiopian female slave. An uncle took care of him, and, at the age of thirteen, instructed him in the business of a merchant; later on this same relative recommended him as a general superintendent to Khadijah, a noble and rich widow. The young man went to work, and behaved himself so well that this widow married him, raising him to an equality with the richest in Mecca; evidently he was not one to "beware of vidders." She was, perhaps, responsible for the rise of the new faith and its long train of holy wars, for without her he might have been a follower of caravans—a simple pillager of the plain—who knows? Victor Hugo, in his description of Waterloo, says that if it had not rained on the morning of that battle Napoleon would have won, and the destinies of the world might have been changed.

It is certain that the marriage of young Mohammed with the widow brought about a marked change in his life. The advantageous match enabling him to live at his ease, he at once set to work to hatch out a scheme for establishing a new religion, or, as he expressed it, of replanting the only true and ancient one by destroying the gross idolatry around him, and weeding out the abuses and corruptions afflicting his countrymen. He gave himself out accordingly as a Reformer, or messenger sent from God. Ambition and the desire of satisfying his sensuality were the secret motives of his undertaking—a deep-laid design to raise himself to the supreme rule over his country, rather than religious enthusiasm, being at the bottom of his plans.

When this fancy struck him, he affected solitude, and usually retired for a month in the year to a cave in Mount Hara, near Mecca. Before making any attempt abroad, he keenly divined that it was indispensable for him to begin by the conversion of his own household. Having, therefore, retired with his family, as he had done several times before, to the cave, he there opened the secret of his mission to his wife, Khadijah, and acquainted her that the Angel Gabriel had just appeared to him, and told him that he was appointed the Apostle of God. Khadijah, as, perhaps, any other Arab's wife would have done, received the news with great joy, swearing by him in whose hands her soul was, that she trusted he would do all things proper for the good of his country, and of his whole country. She then immediately went and told what she had heard to a cousin, who, not to be outdone in zeal, assured her that the angel sent to her husband was the same Gabriel that had been sent to Moses.

This first overture the prophet made in the fortieth year of his age, which is, therefore, usually called the year of his mission. Encouraged by so good a beginning, he resolved to proceed, and try for some time what he could do by private persuasion, not daring to hazard the whole affair by exposing it too suddenly to the public gaze. He soon made proselytes of those under his own roof; then a few of the principal men in Mecca were gained over to the new way of looking at things. After a short while he began to preach in public to the people, who heard him with some patience until he upbraided them with idolatry and obstinacy, when they would have made short work of him if he had not been then and there protected by his uncle, Abu Taleb, who took an oath to stand by him against all his enemies; and it so happened that Abu Taleb was a very influential man in the city. Fortune favors the bold.

During the next dozen years the new creed began to spread from the very opposition it met with among some of the tribes, the prophet himself being compelled to flee temporarily to a retreat sixty miles from Mecca. In the twelfth year of his mission Mohammed gave out that he had made a night trip from Mecca to Jerusalem, and thence to heaven, where he had conversed with God; he thus secured a basis whence to attribute divine authority thereafter to all his sayings. This happy incident was vouched for by his best friends. His authority thereupon increased until he was secure of being able to make his adherents swallow whatever he pleased to impose on them.

Had his fellow-citizens in the first instance treated him less injuriously, and not obliged him, by their persecution, to seek refuge elsewhere and to take up arms against them, it is just possible that he might have contented himself with an humbler lot, and a moderate respect for his assumed office; but, being once at the head of a little army, and encouraged by success, it was inevitable that he should have expanded into a conqueror, reaching further than he ever dreamed of doing at his outset.

He was confessedly a great lover of women, over whom supreme power gave him full control. He established a plurality of wives as a cardinal point in his religion, which, in this respect, moreover, was in accord with the customs of the country; indeed, had he decided to cut his fellow-citizens off from such plurality, and made the mistake of allowing only one wife per Arab—the same as none at all in Oriental eyes—it is generally admitted that his Koran would have had a slim chance of reverence, and he himself would have been summarily disposed of.

His judgment seems never to have been at fault on any capital point for the successful propagation of his scheme. His personal qualifications were ever available at the critical juncture; he was persuasive, gentle, witty, comely, firm, bold, energetic, all in due season. It is well ascertained that he had little or no book-learning; and of this, so far from putting a stop to his design, he made the greatest use, by insisting that the writings which he produced as revelations from God could not possibly be a forgery of his own, because it was not conceivable that a person who could neither write nor read should be able to compose a book of such excellent doctrine, and in so elegant a style. For this reason he is called in the Koran itself the "illiterate prophet," and believers glory in their master's ignorance. Withal the plan of religion he framed, the design and artful contrivance of the written revelations composing his Koran, are proof positive that they were coined in his own brain, though outwardly fashioned and polished by the erudition of assistants.

After securing a firm foothold, he sent out his followers to teach Islamism, or the new faith. At first he claimed to proselytize only by peaceful methods, but ere long his enemies in Mecca and elsewhere compelled him to violence in self-defense. He therefore formed the nucleus of an army by promising Paradise to all who swore to defend his person from insults and attacks. From this time on he relied on the sword. The truth is, he resorted to force as soon as he could use it with any show of success against his enemies, who in the beginning had been in overwhelming odds against him.

No sooner was he enabled to make headway than he gave out that God had allowed him and his followers to defend themselves against all infidels or unbelievers; and at length, as his armies increased, he pretended to have divine leave even to attack them, destroy idolatry, and set up the new faith by the sword. The first passage which he incorporated in the Koran as confirming his authority to use arms is said to have been that laid down in the twenty-second chapter, after which, of course, a great number to the same purport were revealed, as suited his convenience. The twenty-second chapter says: "Permission is granted to those who take up arms against the unbelievers; and God is certainly able to assist them, for God is strong and mighty."

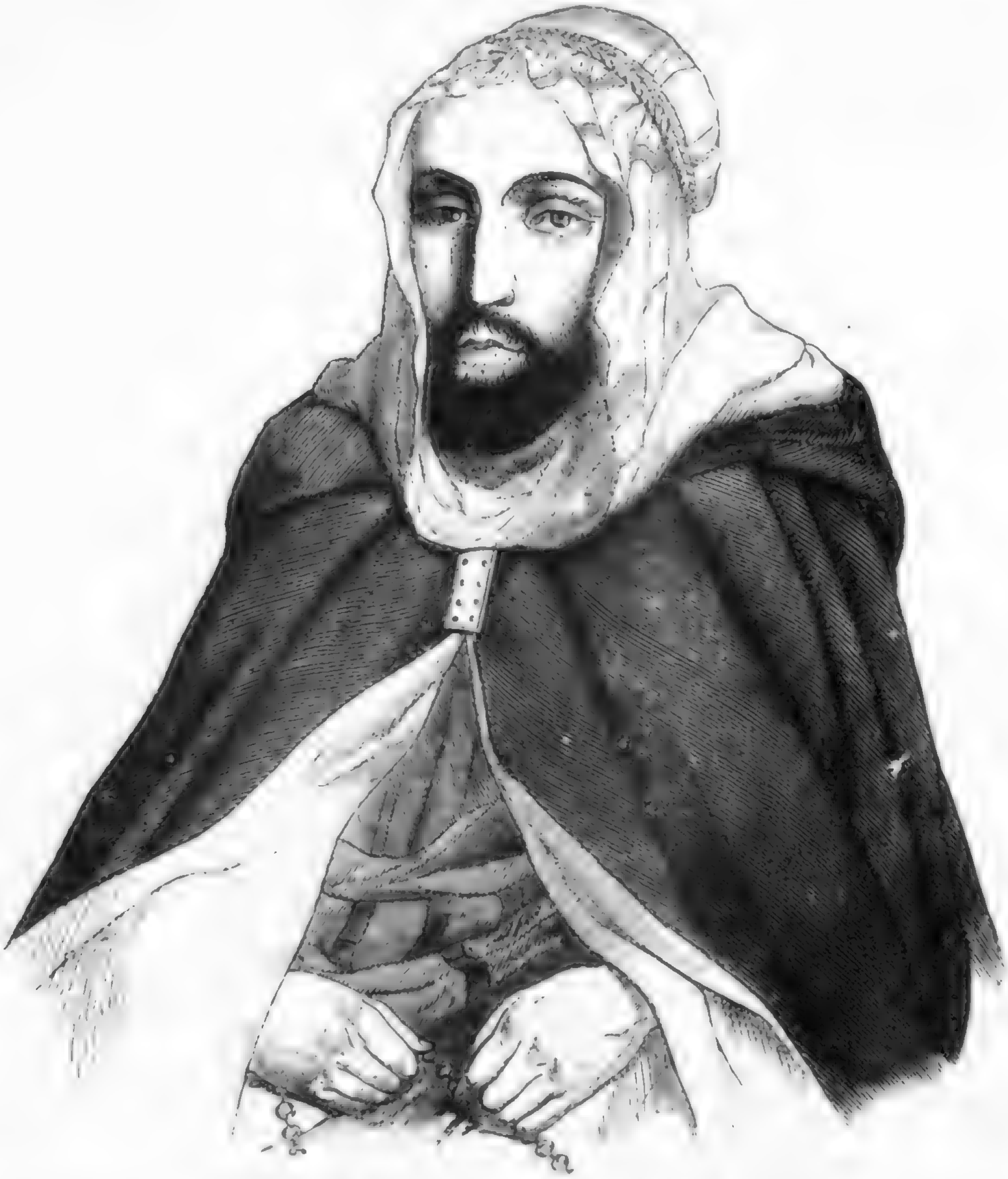
Here, after the incorporation of this verse in his code, the imposture assumed its true character in the eyes of all men. Taking up arms at first for his own defense against persecution, he afterward used them for the establishment of his religion, which at last worked its way only through fire and sword into the fairest portions of Asia, Africa and Europe. Fortunately, it never came to America—if we except that fragment specially imported by the late Brigham Young and the Latter-Day Saints of Salt Lake City. Your true-blue Mussulman, who is eager to defend the divine character of his religion, is sorely puzzled to-day by the damning proof that it owed its progress and establishment almost exclusively to the sword, having brought war and hatred instead of peace and good-will in its wake.

Despite the spread of the new faith there remained in Mecca a clique of malcontents who cherished a personal grudge against its founder; and at length they formed a conspiracy to kill him. Mohammed, being forewarned of their intentions, took time by the forelock, and gave out that it was revealed to him by the Angel Gabriel that he should retire to Medina, in order to build there a great temple for the worship of his religion. With this object in view he miraculously escaped thither, and hence dated the first year of his hegira, or flight. After erecting the temple, he set out to conquer with armies not only his native city, but all Arabia and the outside world. After repeated successes over his enemies, in the eleventh year of his hegira, he died on the 8th of June, 632 A.D., at Medina, where he was buried under a splendid tomb. He expressed the greatest satisfaction on his deathbed that he had lived long enough to see the new faith firmly established; truly his whole career had been a continuous run of luck. Under the Caliphate of his immediate successor,

XUM

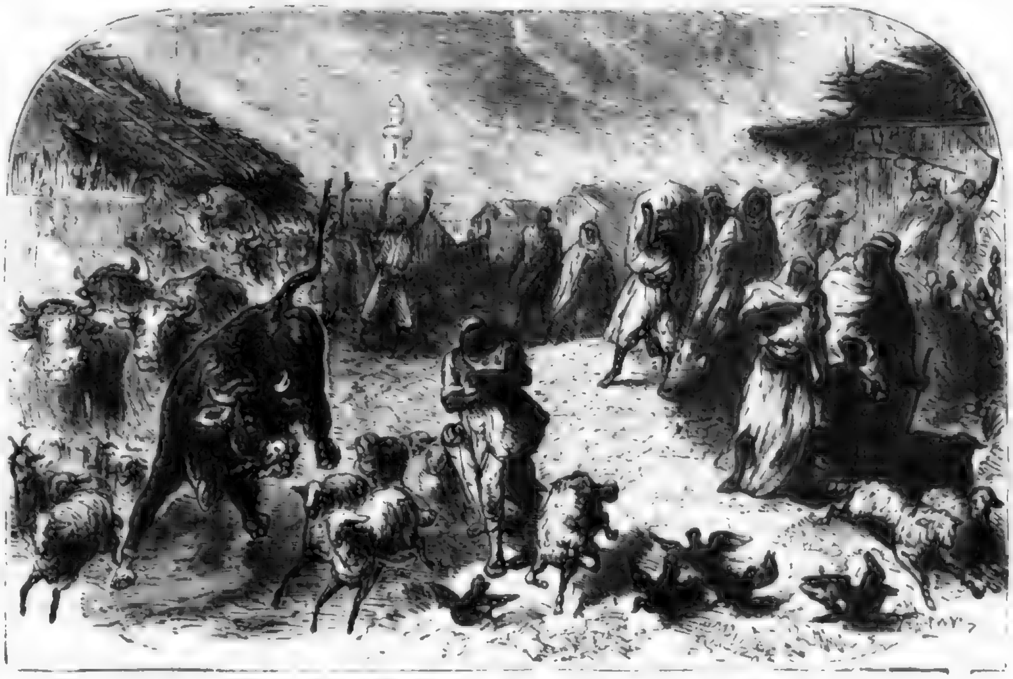
Abu Bekr, the Arabs, united in one creed and under one prince, found themselves in a condition of making those conquests which extended Mohammedanism over so large a part of the world.

The teachings of its founder are recorded in the Koran, which signifies in Arabic "The Reading"—namely, that which ought to be read. Its chapters, as claimed, were revealed to the Prophet, some at Mecca, some at Medina; they imitate the Scriptural manner and phrases, but, on the whole, constitute a very unsuccessful plagiarism, and a very silly kind of "reading." The style is concise unto obscurity, enlivened with florid, sententious expressions. As faithful believers hold, it was from eternity written on a preserved table by God's throne, and only a transcript or copy of it was sent down to the lowest heaven, whence Gabriel revealed it to Mohammed in parcels, or page by page, as it were, during the course of twenty-three years, as the exigency of affairs required. However, the consolation was awarded him of being able to see the whole once a year, the said copy being bound in silk, and adorned with gold and precious stones of Paradise; in the last year of his life he was granted the favor of seeing it twice.



ABD-EL-KADER, LEADER OF THE FIRST HOLY WAR IN ALGERIA.

Upon his death, his revelations were left in some disorder, and they were arranged in the present method by his successor, Abu Bekr, who was really the compiler, therefore, of the Koran. Its fundamental doctrine is summed up in these words: "There is no God but the true God, and Mohammed is his Prophet." Fatalism and polygamy are two of its main tenets. It inculcates a resurrection and a judgment day, the greatest sign thereof being held to be the sun's rising in the West, where some imagine it originally did. It locates Paradise in the seventh heaven, where beautiful black-eyed maidens, called Houris, and many other delights, will be awarded the faithful, and to the faithful only. Into this Paradise it is held that women will not be admitted on the same footing as men are, because their places will be supplied by the aforesaid Houris; nevertheless, good women will go into a separate place of happiness, where they will enjoy all sorts of delights, but whether one of those delights will be the society of agreeable young men specially created for them, to complete the economy of the system, is nowhere found decided in the Koran. One circumstance relating to these beatified females, conformable to what he had asserted of the men, he acquainted his followers with. In the answer given to an old woman who, upon desiring him to intercede with God that she might be admitted into Paradise, was told that no old woman would enter that place, which set her a-crying, he explained by saying that God would there make her young again. The good news was too much for her, and she fainted.

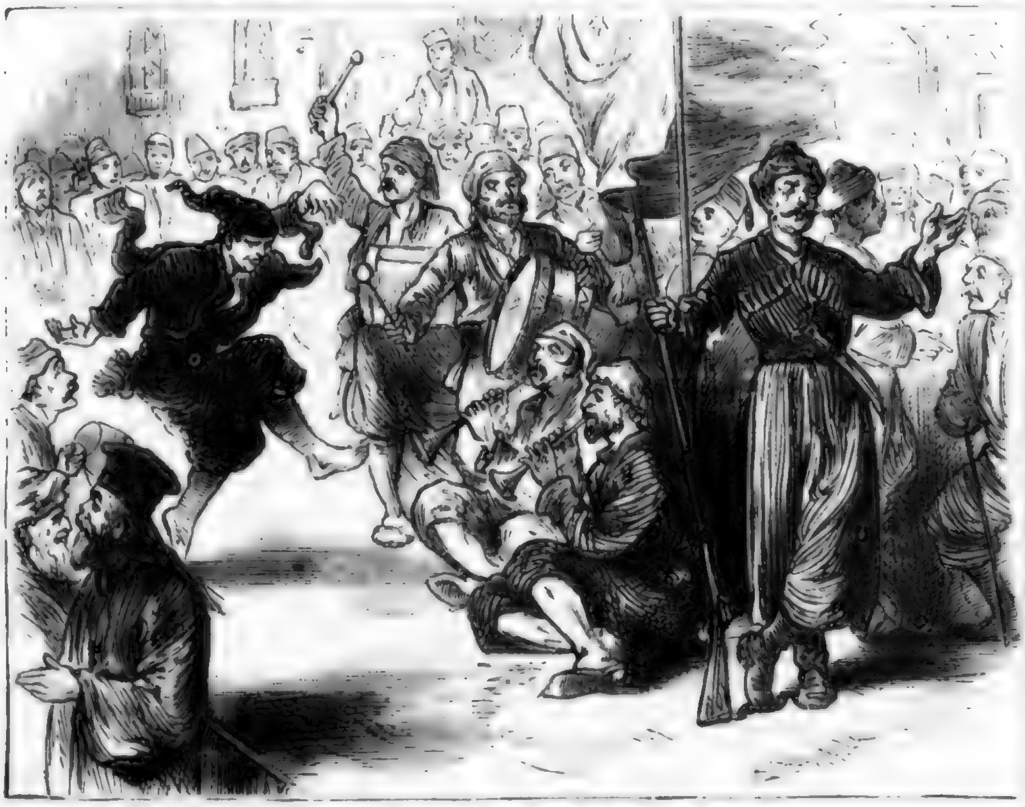


SCENE DURING THE RECENT HOLY WAR IN ALGIERS.

The pilgrimage to Mecca is so necessary a point in the practice of the Mohammedan religion that, according to a saying of Mohammed, he who dies without performing it might as well die a Jew or a Christian; and the same is expressly commanded in the Koran. Every Mussulman, therefore, must once in his life make the pilgrimage. Those who accomplish it acquire the title of *hadji* (pilgrims) and the privilege of wearing the red turban. In the early period of Islamism the Caliphs and subordinate princes went in great pomp, having a host of attendants, and scattering magnificent presents on the way. Now, as for centuries past, such examples are unknown. But most Mussulmans have, nevertheless, an earnest desire to make this religious journey, and, while awaiting the opportunity, they communicate with those who accomplish it, and charge them with bringing back souvenirs from the holy places which they propose to visit later in life. Each year numerous caravans depart from Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Egypt, Syria and the extreme Orient, at a time so as to be able, at the same period of the year, to meet each other at Mecca. The itineracy has been fixed for centuries, together with a list of the provisions required and of the resting-places on the way.

Every pilgrim caravan receives marks of respect from the population on the way; but the zeal manifested for its reception springs not alone from the religious spirit. The pilgrims combine business with pleasure, and are not strangers to commercial speculations, and the numerous classes of the Mussulman world met are also occupied in promoting their material interests. Most of these people go and return with small quantities of merchandise, which they dispose of, and whose profits cover their expenses and compensate them for their fatigue.

The day when the caravans pass any given point is known in advance, and traders come from afar to meet them, bringing provisions and taking in exchange merchandise. When the pilgrims encamp in the desert, the exchanges are made with each other. The caravan is under the authority of a sheik, or elder, assisted by a kadi, who maintains order and decides all differences arising. Pious travelers, flocking from so many countries, arrive in Arabia in three principal groups: first, those from the West, or North Africa; second, those from the Orient; and third, those from Bagdad and the neighboring regions. These three groups go on the very day of their arrival at Mecca to Mount Arafat, from whose consecrated summit an Iman offers with a loud voice a prayer, to which the pilgrims listen with bare heads and feet.



CALLING PEOPLE TO ARMS FOR A HOLY WAR.

According to a tradition, the number of believers present at this solemnity must be on each occasion eighty thousand. If it were more, God would reduce it by a scourge; if less, the angels would complete it. Then they go to worship before the black stone of the holy "Kaaba," which is the temple believed to have been built, or at least founded, by Abraham. The black stone, which was from time immemorial the object of idolatry on the part of the Arabs, prior to Mohammed, was let down by God himself perpendicular under the original which is in heaven, according to Mussulman tradition; it was perfectly white during the innocence of Adam, and became black only at his fall. It was upon this stone that Abraham is believed to have rested while superintending the construction of the "Kaaba," in which labor the angels took a share.

The sanctuary of the "Kaaba" is erected in the middle of the vestibule of the great mosque at Mecca, and is of a square form, surrounded with a black vail raised in festoons from point to point. Pilgrims make the tour around it seven times with naked feet and with special tunic when they have had the good fortune to perform their ablutions in the sacred fountain of Zemzem, into which every believer must throw a pebble and religiously partake of its waters.

In short, pilgrims at Mecca spend fifteen days going through with the ceremonies, and then set out for Medina to complete their pilgrimage by visiting the tomb of the Prophet. The mosque at Mecca is called the "Dwelling of God," and that of Medina, which contains the tomb, the "House of the Prophet." The two cities are inseparable in the veneration of believers, and are frequently called the two Meccas.

Great numbers of pilgrims go by steamer, the way by sea being the more expeditious and less painful; but still a majority, who have not the means of paying their passage, take the land route, which is therefore considered as more meritorious, according to the doctrine of compensations. Many make the pilgrimage a second time; and there are those who repeat it several times, and their renown for holiness becomes so much the greater, with some exceptions which have given point to a malicious Arab proverb of ancient date: "If your neighbor has made the pilgrimage to Mecca once, suspect him; if twice, be on your guard; and if three times, give him a wide berth."

Mussulmans are bound on every occasion to make their profession of faith in God and in Mohammed as his prophet. The mere passive adoption of this creed is not enough; every Islamite is bound to impose it on infidels, who must also adopt it or suffer the prescribed penalties. This armed proselytism is called "The Holy War." It has been the prevailing rule for the extension of Islamism. "Fight," says the Koran, "until all worship be that of the one God."

In various passages the injunction of warring against infidels is declared to be of high merit in the sight of God, those slain while fighting in defense of the faith being reckoned martyrs and promised immediate admission into Paradise. Hence this duty is greatly magnified by the Mohammedan divines, who call the sword the key of heaven and hell, and persuade their people that the last drop of blood spilt "in the way of God" is most acceptable unto Him, and that the defending the territories of the Moslems for one night is more meritorious than a fast of two months. On the other hand, desertion, or refusal to serve in these holy wars, or to contribute toward carrying them on, if a man has ability, is accounted a most heinous crime, as declared in the Koran.

Once proclaimed by the Iman, the "Holy War" becomes obligatory on all. Riches and life must be ready as a sacrifice for the cause of God. "Paradise lies in the shadow of swords" is a favorite Mussulman saying. Yet before beginning the war, infidels must be summoned to be converted to Islamism. If the summons be rejected, then they may be punished by death or by the infliction of a special tribute. Once all infidels in Mussulman countries were subjected to this trying ordeal. The Prophet declared that the Holy War should last until the day of judgment; there might be a truce, never a peace, and hence the institution of "Mohammedan Holy War" is a permanent one, never ceasing for an instant, and equally as incumbent on all believers in it now and in the future as in the past.

Practically, the civilized world is enjoying a truce, and the turbaned gentry are liable to come up to the scratch again at any moment which may be convenient to them—and it is for this reason that the French officials are keeping a weather eye open for the renewal of the Holy War business in Algeria and Tunis.

Thus the world is considered as divided into two great hostile factions—believers on one side and infidels on the other. These last, who, as we have seen, are the *perpetual* objects of the Holy War, until they are converted or submit to the tribute, have no right to govern themselves, or even to live. Government belongs by right to Islamism, which tolerates the independence and even the existence of infidels only while awaiting a favorable occasion to impose upon them the alternative of the tribute or death. When the faith was in its infancy, the opposers thereof taken in battle were doomed to death, without mercy; but this was judged too severe when it was past the danger of subversion at the hands of its enemies. Hence in declaring war against an infidel people, the latter are given three offers—viz., either to embrace Mohammedanism, in which case they become not only secure in their persons, families and fortunes, but entitled to all the privileges of other Moslems; or to submit and pay tribute, by doing which they are allowed to profess their own religion, provided it be not gross idolatry or against the moral law; or else to decide by the sword; in which last case, if the Mohammedans prevail, the women and children which are captured become absolute slaves, and the men taken in the battle may either be slain, unless they turn Turk, or be otherwise disposed of at the pleasure of the prince.

From the Moslem standpoint it has always been well understood that Islam—which is the true name of their faith, and means absolute resignation to God—is the sole religion of right and by law, and that consequently the rule of the world has been from all time promised to it. Unbelievers in it are taxed not only with infidelity, but with ingratitude and bad faith for resisting and willfully taking sides against the truth; they do not merely err in opinion, but place themselves in a state of malicious and open rebellion, of insolent and abominable impiety. The mission of Mohammed having been duly announced and disregarded by the said unbelievers, it is held to be only proper that they should be made to suffer therefor, even unto utter destruction both here and hereafter. And it has not been from any lack of pious, fanatical zeal that this stern decree as laid down in the Koran has not been carried out to the very letter. The truce of the "Holy War" has existed and still exists only becaue Islamism found itself considerably the weaker party in the fight.

During three centuries after the death of Mohammed, Arabia was under the Caliphs, his successors. Each of them strove, by all the means in their power, to extend the faith, and their triumphs in various directions were easy. North, East and West bowed before their battle flags. The terror of those flags swept over Egypt, Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria and Morocco in Africa, and over Arabia, Syria, Palestine and Persia in Asia. When the leader of the Mussulman arms reached the extreme west on the Atlantic, he entered its waters on horseback, calling on the God of Mohammed to witness that he stopped in his victorious march only where land failed him. This heyday of success was long continued, especially under the Caliphs of Bagdad, when the centre of gravity of Mohammedanism was shifted thither.

The terrible destruction of the Eastern churches by the sudden spreading of the new creed inspired a horror throughout Christendom. Jerusalem was closely held by Mussulman arms; though one of the Caliphs had graciously sent the keys of the Holy Sepulchre to Charlemange, to hold and to keep as his own, the seeming deference to a Christian ruler was annulled by his immediate successor. In short, Islam was triumphant everywhere in the East.

About the year 1095 A.D., a monk, who afterward became renowned as Peter the Hermit, visited Jerusalem, where he was subjected to such taunts and insults that he returned to Europe with the firm resolve to preach a crusade for the delivery of the Holy Sepulchre from the despicable hands into which it had fallen. He so earnestly besought and stirred up the princes and peoples of Christendom that in the very next year, or in 1096, A.D., he was enabled to march forth from France at the head of the first band of Crusaders toward the Holy Land. His movement was the origin of the wars of the Crusades, which continued, with intermissions, during the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, until the Christian aim was at length carried, and the Holy Sepulchre liberated. The wars of the Crusades have been chronicled in many huge tomes; the one which is still enduring is the celebrated poem of Tasso, entitled "Jerusalem Delivered." The Mussulmans found often, to their cost, during the Crusades, that they had no monopoly in carrying on the Holy War business, and that it was a game at which somebody else besides the turbaned followers of Mohammed could play.

However, upon the withdrawal of the Christian forces, the Orient again fell under the control of the Caliphs, and they have held it ever since. Having been attacked at home by Christians, the Mussulmans made up their minds to turn the tables, and carry the Holy War into Christendom—this was to be their revenge. From their base at the Strait of Gibraltar they found it comparatively easy to pass over and occupy Spain, and, to tell the truth, the Moorish traces they left on that unfortunate peninsula are still distinctly visible at this late day. From the eastern side, the organized forces of the Turks were availed of by Islamism to bear its banners even as far as under the walls of Vienna, which capital they besieged and came within an ace of taking, it having been saved from such disgrace only through Polish instrumentality and gallantry.

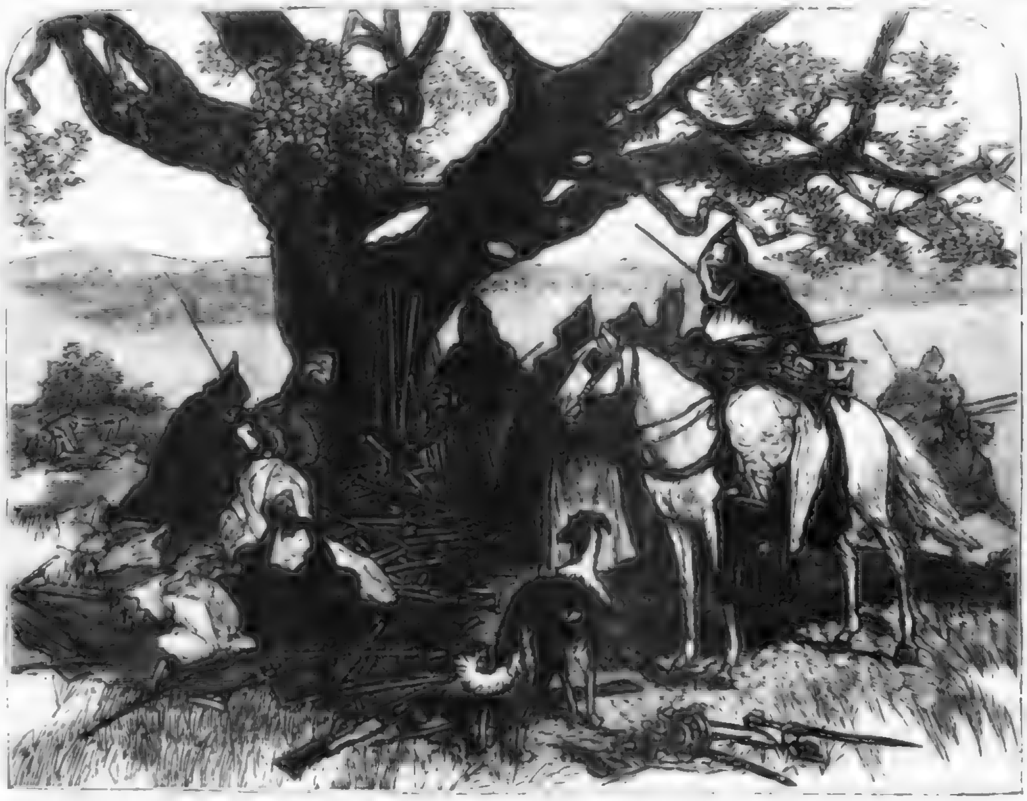
Although Islamism was compelled by the verdict of battle to withdraw from its invasion of civilized Europe, the foothold secured in European Turkey was from that day to this the base of its operations in behalf of the Holy War idea. Whenever the Turks could get a chance, they hoisted the green flag of the Prophet against Venice and other Italian principalities, as well as against the larger powers of Europe; and from Barbary, as North Africa under Saracenic rule has always been termed, the spirit of Mohammed emerged in the guise of piracy, attacking the infidel shipping on the Mediterranean, and swooping down even on the coasts of Spain, France and Italy, to carry off their inhabitants and make slaves of them.

In the conflicts between Turkey and Russia during the present century, the Turks were animated with the spirit of the Holy War idea, though precluded by circumstances from carrying it out to the very letter. During the Crimean campaign England and France would not have permitted their ally, the Sultan, to avail himself of his high privilege to raise the Prophet's flag. That campaign was followed by an insurrection against Russia of the Circassian tribes, under the leadership of the notorious Schiamyl, who, for his part, was thoroughly imbued with the vindictiveness of Islamism. He held the Russian soldiery at bay in the Caucasus for years, and was only captured after his forces had been used up; as compensation for his bravery, the Czar treated him with the greatest consideration as long as he lived. The campaign between Czar and Sultan, in 1877, again brought forth the topic of a Holy War; but, though this time the Sultan found himself sorely pressed, and at the same time untrammeled by a Christian ally, he dared not, in the face of civilization, invoke the spiritual potentiality of the faithful under the guise of a Holy War. At one time, however, during that campaign, when Russian troops were under the walls of Constantinople, a Holy War pressure was very near being applied against them, from the fact of England's interference and the intervention on the scene of the royal Mussulman army of India. The largest part of the Sultan's spiritual subjects are among the inhabitants of that country, and the royal troops which were brought by order of the English Government over to the Mediterranean were of the Mussulman persuasion. If England had taken an active part in the hostilities, it is very likely that her Mussulman soldiery would not only have fought for her diplomacy, but at the same time, and more particularly, to advance the true spirit and interests of their religion—and it is very doubtful whether the English cabinet would have entertained the slightest objection to their doing so.

In the belligerency with the French invaders in North Africa the Mussulman forces, spiritual and material, are more conveniently and freely placed. Practically, the Holy War spirit will be carried out as far as the French generals will allow. Having taken possession of Algeria, it was almost a necessary sequence that the French should, sooner or later, get control over Tunis. The expedition of St. Louis was a historical reminder to them that the flag of France had before floated in the regency, though not undefied by the Saracens. That monarch was unfortunate in his efforts to liberate the Christians captured by the Arabs; he died on Tunisian soil a short while after putting foot on it, and was not able to rout the Arabs in battle. His task was more successfully fulfilled later on by Charles V. of Spain; but even his success was only temporary, and soon the whole of Barbary relapsed into the possession of the Arabs. Yet Tunis, the ancient Carthage, has again and again been coveted by both France and Italy. It is the finest position of North Africa. Commercial preponderance and control of the Mediterranean, by means of its tenure, have long been its attraction for the Powers which have disputed with each other for its possession or for its neutralization.

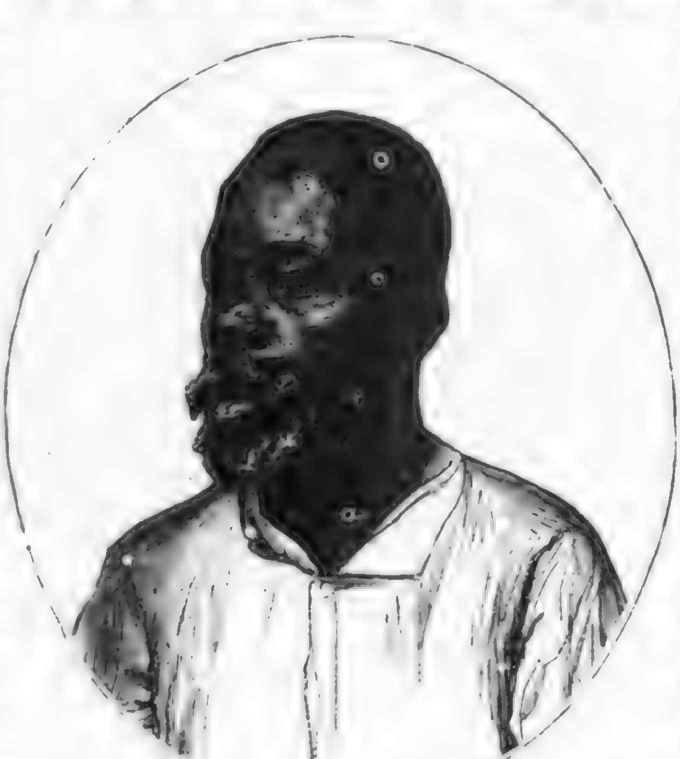
Tunis, or, rather, Carthage, was the first episcopal see after the introduction into North Africa of Christianity, which nowhere more than there was flourishing for several centuries after its propagation. From Egypt to Tangiers, from the desert to the coast, throughout this territory where to-day the Koran reigns, the Gospel reigned until the sixth century. The courage of the many martyrs of the African Church, the number and activity of its bishops, the science, zeal and eloquence of its learned men are still subjects of admiration. The celebrated father of the Church, St. Augustine, was born on Tunisian soil. The Church flourished like a green bay-tree until the Arabs came to paralyze and uproot it.

From that date Tunis has remained under the Islam faith and power. The Beys, its chief rulers, are a legacy from the Turkish domination; and, indeed, the province is nominally at law under the Government of the Sultan. At the opening of this century Tunis was a nest of pirates, whose career was only ended by the French capture of



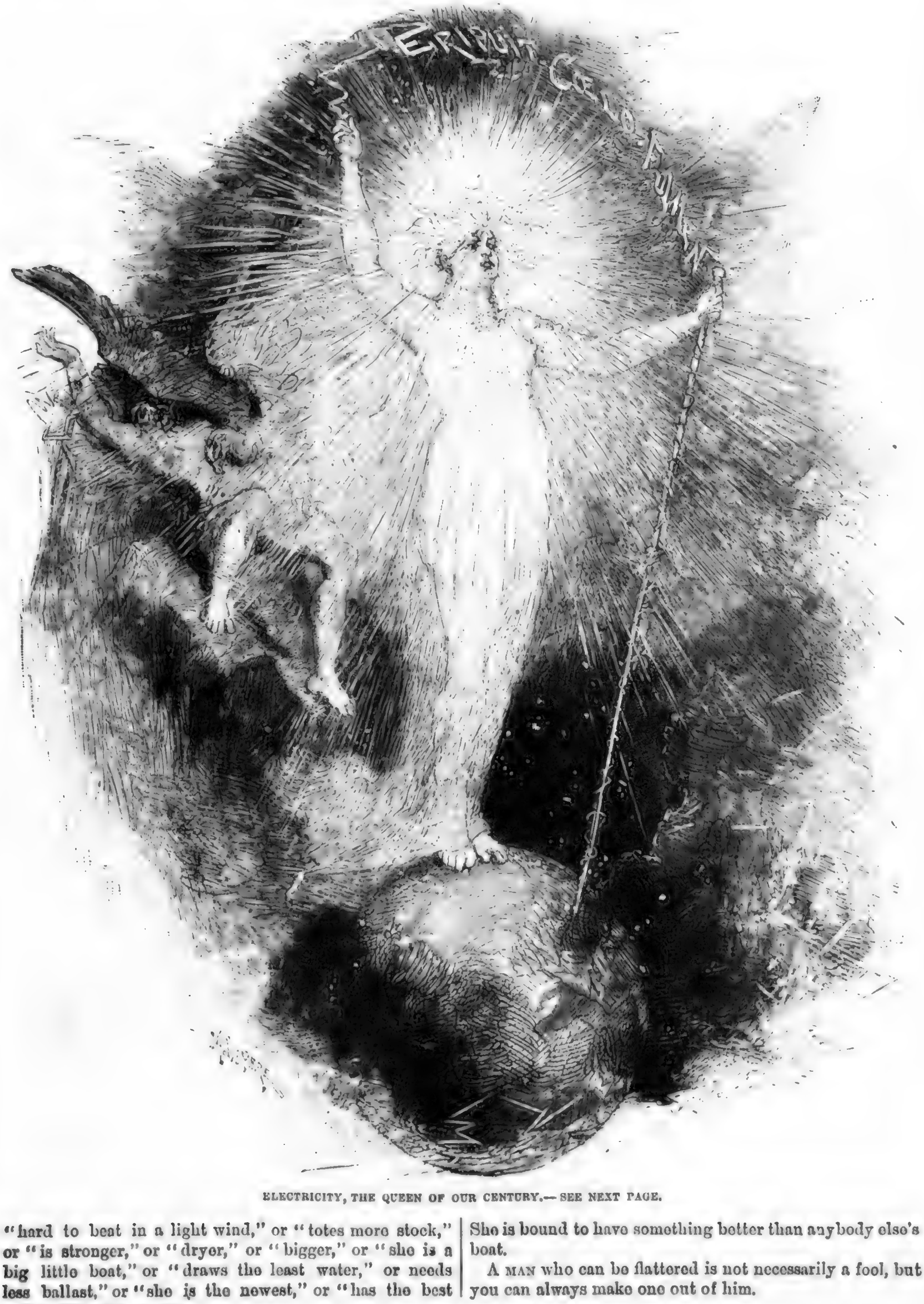
SURRENDER OF FANATICAL INSURGENTS.

Algiers. The latter, as well as Tunis and Tripoli, influenced by the Holy War spirit and the desire of plunder, had previously assumed to exercise a kind of maritime supremacy over the Mediterranean, and imposed burdens upon all the Christian Powers whose vengeance they did not immediately fear. Not only the ships of nations that refused to pay tribute were pursued and captured, but frequent descents were made upon their coasts, and the inhabitants were carried off and compelled to serve as slaves, subjected to the most cruel hardships and indignities. To this day all along the northern coasts of Italy are to be seen towers or lookouts perched high on the mountain slopes, still remaining as relics of the times when the inhabitants kept watchers in them to give the alarm upon the approach of the barbarous corsairs. This piracy was a very profitable business, and was, of course, increased by the very panic which prevailed on the innocent coasts. Among other depredations committed by the corsairs were attacks on commercial vessels bearing the American flag. In 1801 the United States began war against Tripoli; it was only ended in 1805, after much good had been accomplished for civilization. Nevertheless, the corsairs remained on the high seas, but in diminished numbers, and were only effectually banished from it by the brave and praiseworthy course of France, in 1830, in taking the Saracen bull by the horns on his own soil. France has been shaking that mad animal ever since in Algeria, and now she has taken a fresh hold, and will have to struggle with him in Tunisia. May the fullest success attend her efforts and blows, which, in behalf of all mankind, are really aimed for the overthrow of "Mohammedan Holy War."



BOU AMEMA, LEADER OF THE PRESENT HOLY WAR IN ALGERIA.

QUEER COUNTRYMEN OF OURS.—The people of the Hatteras region are of an amphibious nature, and live so much in water that most of them, I am sure, are web-footed. They live mainly on fish, clams, oysters, crabs, terrapins and wild fowls. When they leave home they go into a boat, and whether they go to court or go courting, or to trade, or to mill, or to a funeral, they always go by sail. Their corn-mills are run by sails, and some of them pump their water with windmills. They don't go up-stairs, but "go aloft"; and when these wonderful countrymen of ours take it in their heads to go to bed, they "turn in"; when they are suffering from any kind of sickness they are "under the weather," and when in robust health they are "hung up and bilge free." They speak of a trim-built sweetheart as "clipper-built." If she is a little stout they say she is "broad at the beam," or she is "wide across the transom." Many of them have ship's cabin-doors in their houses that slide on grooves, and to their buildings they give a coating of tar instead of painting them. The "old woman" blows a conch-shell when dinner is ready, and they measure time by "bells." Their babies are not rocked in cradles, but swung in hammocks. They chew black pigtail tobacco, and drink a wild tea called "Yeopon." As if this were not enough, they manure their land with sea-grass and bury their potatoes in the sand-hills. When they want the doctor they hang a red flag against a hillside as a signal of distress. If he don't come, because the "wind ain't fair," they take a dram of whisky and copperas, soak their feet in sea-water, "turn in," and trust to luck. If they die they will be buried on the top of a sand-ridge; and when you see several sailboats on the water in solemn procession, so to say, and with a flag at half-mast, you are looking at a funeral. Every man is captain of some kind of a boat, and "she" is always better than any other boat in some way. "She is hard to beat in a gale of wind," or "before the wind," or beating to windward," or "with the wind on the beam," or "she can sail closer to the wind," or "will carry sail longest," or "hard to beat in a light wind," or "totes more stock," or "is stronger," or "dryer," or "bigger," or "she is a big little boat," or "draws the least water," or needs less ballast," or "she is the newest," or "has the best timbers," or "steers the best," or "she is a lucky boat," or "stands up better," or "she is best for fishing," etc. Perhaps "she comes about better than any other boat." She is bound to have something better than anybody else's boat.



ELECTRICITY, THE QUEEN OF OUR CENTURY.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

A MAN who can be flattered is not necessarily a fool, but you can always make one out of him.

LEILA.

SHE reclined where softened sunbeams
Gleamed dim through the musk-laden air;
They crept to her feet to kiss them,
They glanced through her dusk silken hair,
Close pressed to the gilded lattice,
Where she listened entranced and mute:
For what to her heart was dearer
Than the sound of her lover's lute?

Oh, Leila - rosebud of maidens!
Bend down from your golden bower,
More sweet than the opening petals
Of the fragrant pomegranate flower;
More fair than the bloom of the lotos,
Reflected from crystalline streams;
More pure than the dove's white plumage,
Or the pale stars' silvery beams.

I dream of your rosy fingers,
Of your eyes that shames the gazelle's,
Of your lips more fair and honeyed
Than the crimson-hued cactus bells;
I hear your pattering footsteps
When the zephyrs breathe through the trees.
I see the beat of your bosom
In the throb of the moon-lit seas.

Oh! fly to me, Leila, waiting
In the white marbled court below;
I have lingered so long to greet you,
Where the glistening fountains flow,
And the roses lose their perfume
And they droop and die at my feet:
For how can they live without you?
Hasten to them, my rose-queen sweet.

ELECTICITY, THE QUEEN OF OUR CENTURY.

BY ARTHUR V. ABBOTT.

THE past decade has witnessed the most rapid advance in electrical science that the world has ever seen. All the practical applications have, in fact, developed during about fifty years, for prior to 1830 electricity was a subject of philosophic study only. And down to 1871 there were but two practical uses important—the telegraph and electro-plating. Since then discoveries and inventions in this field have come in swarms, until now one is surprised if each day's paper does not announce some electrical novelty. Electricity is, indeed, the Queen of our Century.

During the Fall of 1881 there have gathered at Paris the foremost representatives of science and art from all lands, bringing to this most brilliant exhibition which the world has ever seen whatever applications of electricity the various nations have produced, each visitor being eager to observe and study what his competitors have put forth. In this Exhibition Hall are displayed the results and tokens of ten years' progress.

To gain some idea of the general scene, the reader should imagine a vast *palais*, or hall, arranged somewhat as was the Crystal Palace of old times, or Main Hall at Philadelphia, or like a mechanics' fair—an exhibition of products of every variety; all, however, having electricity as their motive power and central point of interest. The views given display the scene better than many words of description. As one enters the great hall he finds half the space occupied with the French exhibits; the other half with those from other nations; among these the articles from the United States are conspicuous both for number and novelty. Gold medals awarded to Brush, Maxim and Edison (five to Edison), indicate that American inventors "held their own" in the great competition. Exhibits from England, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, Spain, Italy, fill large spaces.

Among the more prominent objects in the grand display are an engine of one thousand horse-power from which the necessary force is supplied to the electric lights; the electric lighting system itself, which floods the hall and brings every object distinct to view; a splendid model of a French lighthouse holding an electric light; a balloon, or "flying-machine," fitted with a propeller worked by electricity. In galleries above are arranged numerous rooms convenient for various exhibits; here are, for instance, a representative dining-room, drawing-room, antechamber, kitchen, bathroom, each furnished with every convenience appropriate to its domestic uses which electricity can promote, such as electric bells, signals, police and cab-calls, instantaneous lights, and contrivances for turning a sewing-machine, knife-grinding wheel, or what you please of the kind, by electricity. By way of annex is the Salle des Auditions. This room communicates by telephonic contrivances with one of the chief opera houses in Paris, and evening visitors may hear the opera or the play by electricity.

Pages might be given of description of the various exhibits as they stand arranged in the hall and side-rooms, with incidents of the exhibition during its course. But what is here written cannot reach the reader until, perhaps, the exhibition shall be closed. He will, then, feel more interested in knowing results. What has the exhibition revealed of the recent progress of electrical science? What has it shown of new, fresh achievement? What novelties were displayed which practical men should lay hold of and bring into use in everyday affairs? These will be the reader's questions.

The sudden progress which has developed what was seen in the exhibition was due not to the discovery of any new principle in electrical science, but to the improved mechanical adaptation of principles previously known—especially to the substitution of the economical and convenient dynamo-electric machine for the expensive and troublesome galvanic battery.

The magneto-electric machine of the present day, commonly called, for brevity's sake, the "dynamo," is founded on two laws developed theoretically many years ago by Faraday and Arago, as follows: If a piece of insulated wire be coiled around a rod of iron, and an electric current be allowed to pass through the wire, the iron will be a magnet as long as the current flows; conversely, if the wire-covered rod be moved to and fro near a magnet so as to be influenced by its magnetism, currents of electricity will be produced in the wire while the motion is continued. The reason is obscure. This effect is called "magnetic induction."

In the construction of the usual machine for producing electricity by aid of this principle, the rod, with its covering of wire, is bent into a ring and mounted between the poles of a magnet, so that it may be easily and rapidly rotated by steam-power or otherwise. In its revolutions each part of the iron is brought in succession underneath the magnet poles, which, under the operation of this mysterious "induction," causes currents of electricity to flow through the wire covering. These are collected and carried to their destination by an ingenious device called a "commutator." The ring is called an "armature." The numerous machines in use for producing electricity—a dozen of which, varying greatly in form and construction, were in the exhibition—are all founded on this general idea.

How superior this method is to the old-fashioned battery only practical workers in electricity will realize. Yet an idea may be gained from a mention of the giant dynamo-electric machine recently built by Mr. Edison, which stood prominent in one corner of the exhibition—a machine requiring one hundred and fifty horse-power to turn its massive armature, and trusted to supply electricity to a thousand of the little incandescent lamps throughout the building. The economical, expeditious, convenient means embodied in these machines of producing electricity in quantity is the foundation of recent successes in applying the new force to practical uses.

Let us now review the more prominent exhibits in the department of electric lighting. How to avoid the flickering or unsteadiness so often noticed is the prominent question of the day. Many years have passed since Sir Humphrey Davy showed that if the poles of the battery were tipped with bits of charcoal, and these were touched together for an instant, then separated a little, the electricity, in crossing the gap, would heat the charcoal points till they would glow with an intense white light. But the charcoal was speedily consumed. The substitution of a very hard coke, called gas-carbon, which would bear the heat better, enabled experimenters to keep the light burning for some length of time. But these points of carbon are consumed, though slowly. They must be pushed toward each other exactly as fast as they burn; if too fast they will touch, if too slow, the space between them enlarges; in either case the light is extinguished. It is largely because this movement of the points toward each other has not yet been made perfectly uniform and steady—precisely equal at every moment to the slow consumption—that the electric light flickers.

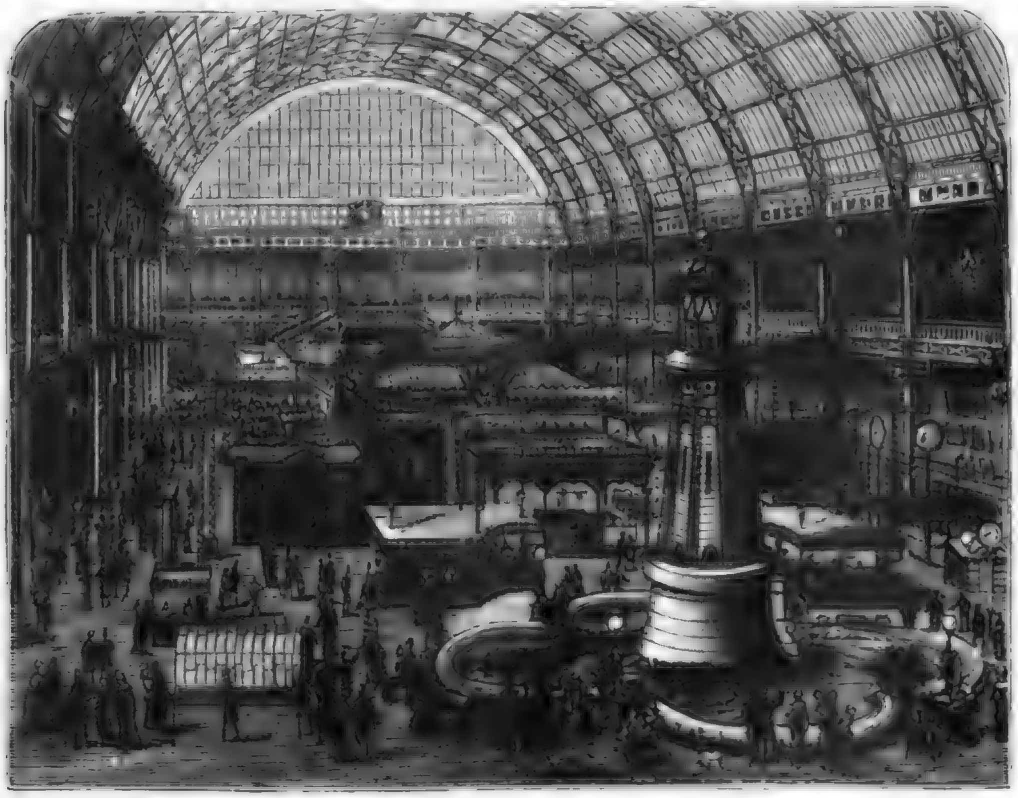
The exhibition contained many ingenious devices seeking to remove this difficulty. Prominent are the lamps of Maxim, Wallace and Brush, of America, and those of Siemen, Faucault, Gramme, Serrin, and other foreign makers. More noteworthy still, perhaps, are the systems recently introduced by Reynier and Werdermann. In some forms of the lamps which permit the carbon to burn, but seek to replace it at the same spot as rapidly as it is consumed, the current is allowed to pass through a rod, and from the end of the rod to the surface of a block of carbon. A difficulty with this device is that as the rod always rests on the same part of the carbon block, any impurities in the materials employed produce a pile of ashes at that spot, which impedes the current. In Reynier's lamp this defect is obviated by making the lower block a vertical disk, on the edge of which the lower end of the conducting rod rests. This disk is mounted on an axis, and as the rod wears away and descends, its descent causes the disk to rotate slightly, and thus it steadily presents a fresh surface toward the descending rod. Yet the most recent models of Reynier's lamp do not contain the rotating disk, but a simple block of carbon; the reason being that carbon can now be made of so superior quality as to leave but very little ash. From this form of Reynier's lamp Werdermann's differs chiefly in having its carbon block above, and the rod arranged to ascend toward it.

Analogous to lamps of this class is the famous Jablochkoff candle, in which the two rods of carbon are placed side by side, separated by a strip of glass to insulate them. This construction keeps the electricity always at the top of the combination; as it plays back and forth there the intense heat melts the glass, and thus fresh carbon is exposed as needed. But the light is unsteady, and the little candle is consumed within two or three hours.

In contrast with all lamps of this class—in which light is obtained by the passage of the current of electricity between two points of carbon—are those which employ what is called the incandescent system. In these the current is forced through a thin strip of carbon, a bit of platinum wire, or some other infusible substance, which is a poor conductor. The current raises the intermediate substance to a white heat, and causes it to give a pure light not liable to the cause of flickering above described. This is the method of the lamps of Swan, Edison, and of Maxim's incandescent lamp, which are constructed very much alike, and is known as the incandescent method. In such a lamp there is a small glass vessel, pear-shaped, and usually not larger than a good-sized pear. Inside this is a hair-like strip of carbon, made by calcining some compactest vegetable fibre in an iron mold, and supported upon two platinum wires hermetically sealed into the glass. In lamps of this construction the utmost care is needful to exhaust perfectly all air, for oxygen is a deadly foe to the incandescent carbon, greedily attacking the glowing filament and soon destroying it. The exhibition contained the choicest examples of lighting by points, and of the incandescent method, but did not establish either as superior. Each has its merits under particular circumstances.

Turn we now to the inventions in which electricity is used as a mechanical power. The dynamo machine, like a "good rule," will work both ways. If, instead of supplying power to the pulley, and obtaining through the magnets and the armature currents of electricity, the operator supplies a current of electricity to the machine, through the knobs which in the other use give out electricity, the action is reversed, power is developed, the wheel begins to revolve with great velocity and force, and, by placing a belt on the pulley, this force may be used to run a mill, saw wood, drive a car, or do like work. Thus, by supplying power the dynamo may be used as a source of electricity, or by supplying electricity it may be made a source of power. Hence the possibility of the electric railway.

During the exhibition a car was run from the Place de la Concorde into the Exhibition Building. The general method of construction is that at some convenient station on the line a number of steam engines are located with dynamos to correspond. These dynamos are busy developing electricity, which is conveyed by some suitable conductor to the car. A dynamo in each car receives the electricity and reconverts it into power, which is used in propelling the driving-wheels of the car. This invention is due to Messrs. Siemen & Halcke, of Berlin. A car of about the size of the street-cars in American cities—holding say twenty persons—may be driven in this way advantageously. Such a road is in operation in Berlin; one has been commenced between Portrush, Ireland, and Giant's Causeway, and some efforts have been made to introduce the system into Philadelphia. The idea is so recent that no one can tell to what extent it may be developed. There is no present prospect that electricity will ever supersede steam in the business of drawing heavy trains at high speed over long distances, but the electrical car seems to be just the thing for use in city streets, either on surface or elevated roads, where short trains or single cars running frequently are needed, and freedom from dust, smoke and noise is very desirable. And what is thus

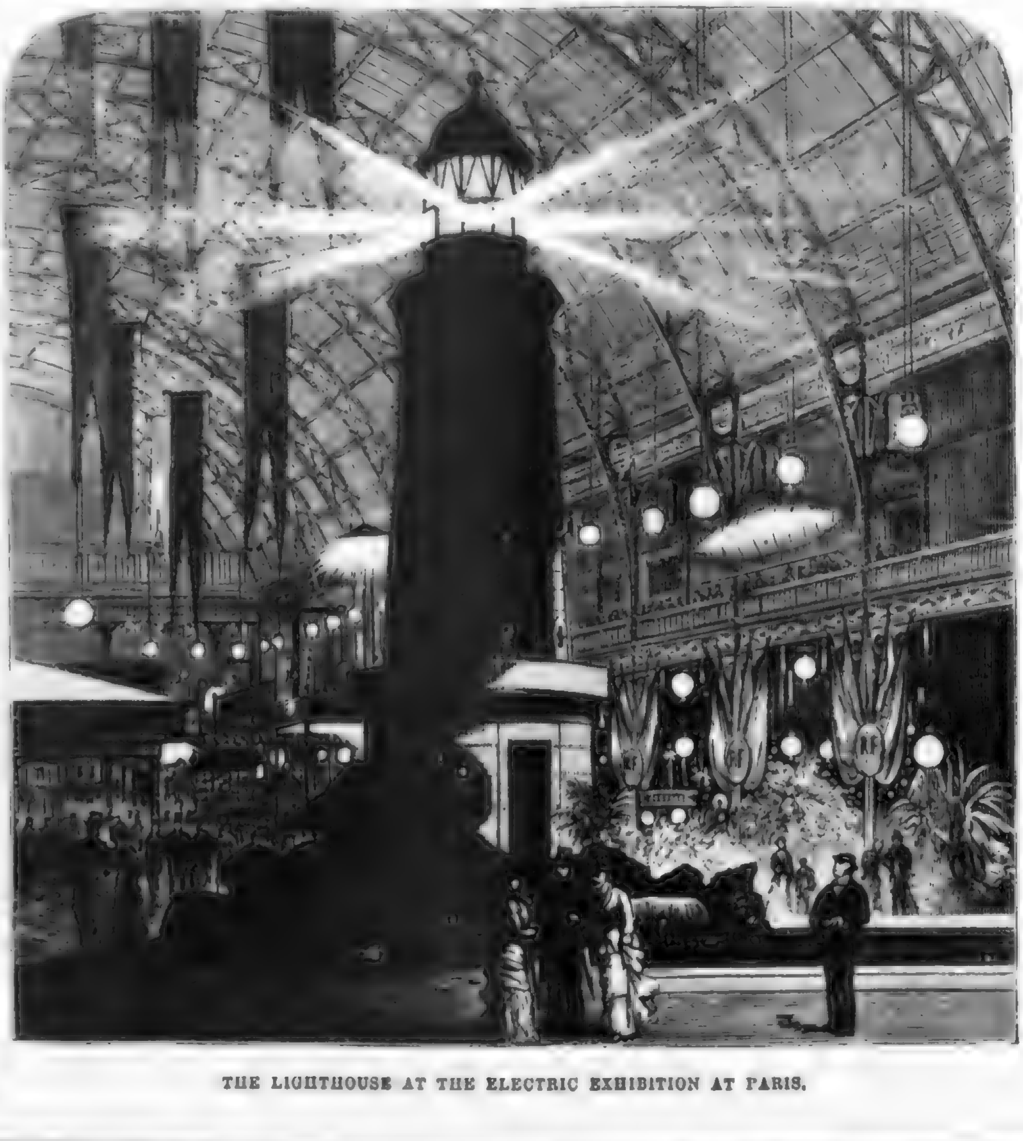


GENERAL VIEW OF THE ELECTRIC EXPOSITION AT PARIS.

practicable on the railroad track is likewise possible in navigation. A small boat—a pleasure yacht, a boat for a park pond, a light ferryboat—may be propelled by electricity. Such boats were contributed to the exhibition, and one was kept plying upon the river Seine.

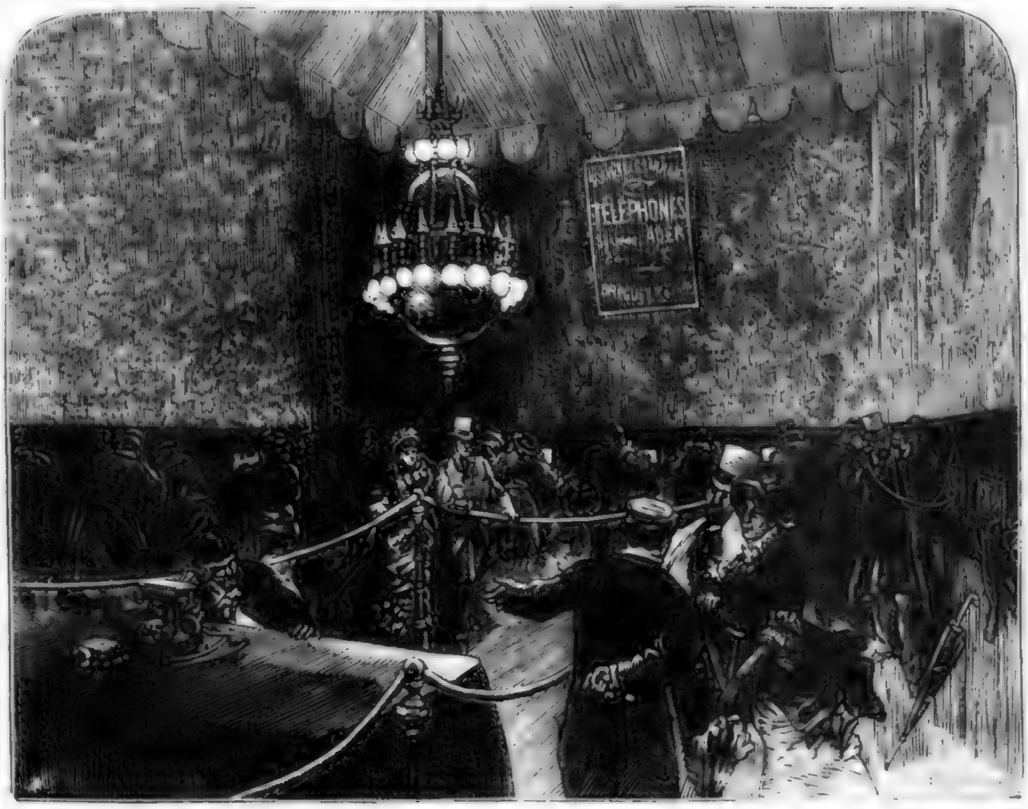
In one corner, standing in connection with a dynamo machine, were a number of small black jars, specimens of the now famous Faure accumulator, which, invented only a few months ago, promises to be one of the most valuable acquisitions of the age. It has long been known that the action of the galvanic battery might, in possibility, be reversed, so that by forcing electricity backward into the battery, the zinc consumed by the acid in the process of generating electricity might be recovered.

Only during 1880 was this possibility reduced to use. M. Faure's battery is made by placing in a cup containing diluted sulphuric acid a series of alternate strips of sheet lead and flannel, thickly coated with a paint composed of red lead—the oxide of lead. These strips may be of any convenient size or shape, and may be even rolled together, provided the pieces of metal do not touch ; the use of the flannel is to keep them apart. After the plates are immersed in the acid, if half of them be connected to one pole of a large battery or other source of electricity, and the other half to the other pole, the current flowing into the cell or cup produces a remarkable change in the red lead. From the read led on one-half of the plates the oxygen is driven off, the metallic lead being left. The red lead upon the other half absorbs more oxygen, and becomes what is known as peroxide of lead. When all the red lead has thus been changed, the cell is said to be fully charged. If now the sheets of lead be joined—by a wire, for instance—a current of electricity will be generated, and this will continue until the metallic lead and the peroxide have been changed back to red lead. The battery is then exhausted. It may, however, be recharged, and then used again indefinitely. This invention promises to become a very valuable means of storing power to be carried from place to place. The apparatus is clean, free from acids and fumes, portable, and does not require repairs. The materials used are cheap. The current supplied is steady while it lasts, and exceedingly well adapted for electric lighting and other



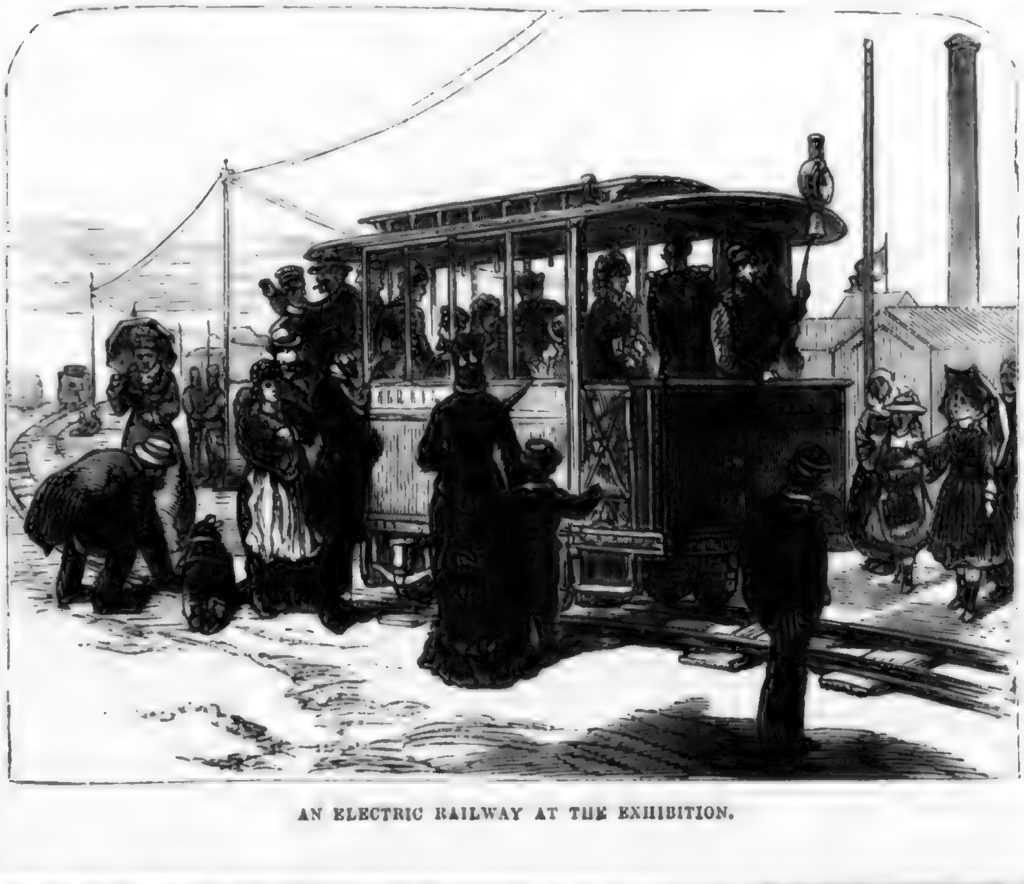
THE LIGHTHOUSE AT THE ELECTRIC EXHIBITION AT PARIS.

practical work. The invention opens a possibility that wherever great reservoirs of natural power exist, as at Niagara Falls, or where strong tides run through a narrow channel, this power may be used in storing Faure cells, and the cells may then be transported over the country, to be used at pleasure in the workshops and dwellings of the land.



ENJOYING OPERA BY TELEPHONE AT THE ELECTRIC EXHIBITION, PARIS.

The various devices connected with the telephone were exhibited in great number. Many readers have some general acquaintance with the rival methods of Bell and Edison. The chief novelty in this department presented at the exhibition is understood to have been Dolbear's telephone, sent from the United States. The receiver has no magnet, but has two parallel metallic plates near together and insulated from each other. One of them is connected with the line wire, and the other with the return wire. These two wires are connected with the terminals of the secondary coil of a small Ruhmkorff, located at the sending station. The voice of the speaker produces variations in the primary current, on the usual plan of varying the resistance in the circuit of a local battery by variations of pressure. The instrument exhibited was very effective, reproducing even a whisper with increased power. This form of the telephone is also claimed to be free from the disturbance experienced in other forms when they are used in the neighborhood of wires whose currents may affect them. A portable form of receiver, standing on a tripod, which may be moved about in a room, was exhibited.


AN ELECTRIC RAILWAY AT THE EXHIBITION.

Two very curious and valuable improvements in telegraphy were exhibited. The most useful is the system already employed by the American Rapid Telegraph Company to increase the rapidity of communications. Instead of sending the message by a hand-key in the ordinary way, the dots and dashes, which in the Morse alphabet represent the letters of words, are punched in a strip of brown paper. This strip, in telegraphing, is drawn between a metal roller and a point forming a part of the telegraphic circuit. While the unbroken paper is moving under the point it keeps the point and roller separate, and no electricity passes. The moment a puncture representing a dot or dash reaches the point, the point drops into the puncture and touches the roller, making a connection, and a flash of electricity passes to the receiving-station, and there actuates an electric magnet, which, by means of a machine similar to the ordinary Morse receiver, makes a corresponding pencil dot or dash on a paper strip. As any number of punching-machines may be employed at the sending-station in preparing strips, the number of words which may be sent over the single wire is limited only by the speed at which the paper can be drawn between the roller and the point. The claim is made that 60,000 words per hour can be transmitted.

The other telegraphic novelty was a device for transmitting fac-similes — for reproducing the signature upon a check, for instance. To accomplish this the signature is written in an ink which is a conductor. The method may be used in transmitting any autograph matter, or a picture, or the like.

A very curious little device, invented by M. Maigret for lighting and extinguishing a lamp, was shown. The lamp is supported on a small stand in which is concealed an electro-magnet. The armature of this magnet carries two slender arms supporting a spiral of platinum wire. When the current is sent through the magnet it draws the armature to itself, and brings the spiral of platinum down on top of the lamp-wick, and at the same time the wire becomes red-hot from the current and ignites the oil. There is a little bellows, also actuated by the magnet, which at pleasure may be made to send a puff of air through a small tube so directed as to impinge on the wick and extinguish the flame.

But the number and variety of lesser novelties such as this exceed possibility of description in an article. The list of improvements shown in the photophone, chronograph, electric alarm compass, fire-alarm, annunciator, the electric brake for railroads, the electric propeller and rudder, for balloons, and other conveniences for civilized life, embraces many hundreds of objects. The reader may imagine almost anything in the line of apparatus, implement, tool or toy, and may believe that it has been or soon will be realized through electricity.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Celluloid is made by dissolving pyroxyline (or gun-cotton) in camphor, instead of ether or alcohol. To prepare it for treatment with the camphor it is first ground in water. After the water has drained off it is placed under pressure in a perforated vessel, and almost converted into a solid body, which, however, still contains enough moisture to prevent spontaneous ignition in the subsequent operations. This mass is now intimately mixed with camphor by grinding them together in the water. One part of camphor, by weight, is employed to two parts of pyroxyline, but other proportions can be employed with good results. The desired pigments and other substances are added along with the camphor. After they have all been very thoroughly mixed, the mass is subjected to a very heavy pressure, which removes all the moisture, and also brings the camphor into more close contact with the pyroxyline to aid it in dissolving the latter. The dried and pressed mass is now put into a vessel of the form in which it is desired to have the celluloid. In the top of this vessel is a piston or plunger, so that it can be subjected to the action of a hydraulic press. While under pressure it is heated by steam or otherwise to from 140° up to 265° F., according to the quantity of the mixture. It is kept at this temperature and under this pressure until the camphor has dissolved all the pyroxyline. The temperature increases the solvent power, while the pressure keeps the ingredients in intimate contact. The result is a solid mass, perfectly homogeneous throughout. Artificial ivory is prepared from 100 parts of ivory-dust, 100 of pyroxyline, and 50 of camphor. The pyroxyline is ground wet, then pressed until only enough water remains in it to prevent ignition. It is then mixed with the ivory-dust and camphor, and pressed between absorbing cushions until all the moisture is extracted. Then 50 parts of nitrite of ethyl are added. The mixture is then left for several hours in a closed vessel, until the nitrite is equally distributed throughout the mass. It is next subjected to heavy pressure in heated cylinders, as before described, and rolled between hot rollers. The product thus obtained has the appearance of natural ivory, is free from streaks and spots, is not attacked by moisture, and while hot can be pressed into any shape.

The European Vice-Consul at Tchesme telegraphed to Constantinople on August 27th that Tchesme and Chio were, on the night of the 26th, visited by an earthquake still more terrible than that of the 3d of April. The destruction of property, he says, is considerable, and the inhabitants are in despair. Contemporaneously with the shocks of earthquake felt at Chio and Tchesme, the earth at Zante is reported to have suddenly given out intense heat, accompanied by a strong breeze from the east, causing much alarm. These phenomena, however, subsided immediately. On September 24th the entire island was enveloped in smoke, clouds from the west-southwest obscuring the sea from noon until dusk. Masses of calcined leaves also fell throughout the island.

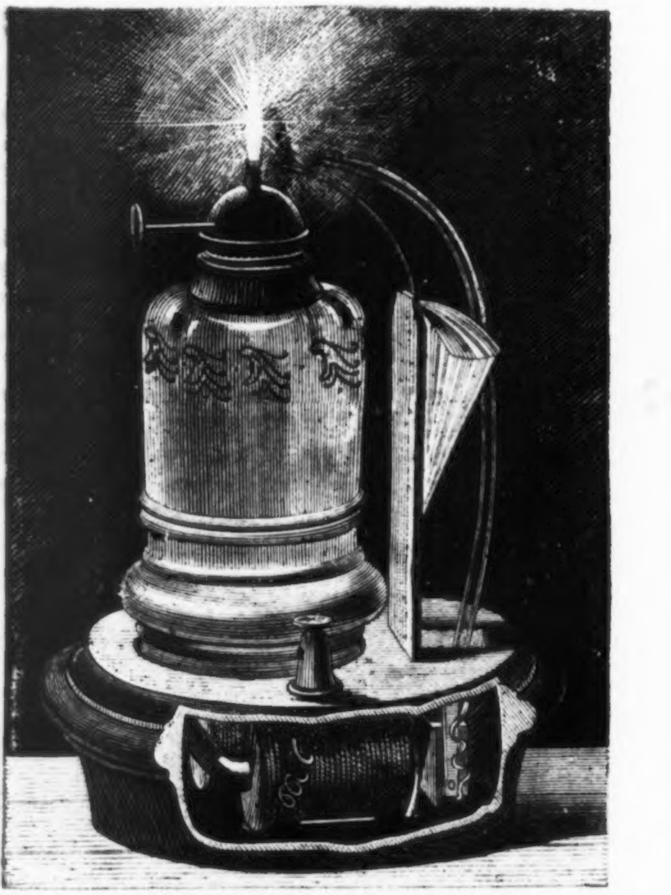
Prof. Hutchinson, in his lectures on the Laws of Heredity ("*Medical Press and Circular*"), mentions a very interesting fact ascertained in Berlin. Among Catholics, who prohibit consanguineous marriages, the proportion of deaf mutes is 1 in 3,000; among Protestants, who view such marriages as permissible, the ratio is 1 in 2,000; while amongst Jews, who encourage intermarriage with blood-relations, the deaf mutes are as 1 in 400.

Fish Mortality in the Gulf of Mexico.—The fishing interest of Key West is an important one, supplying thousands with the means of subsistence. The fishermen state that a volcanic spring exists in the Gulf, the waters from which are of a high temperature. The polluted waters are of a red brick-color; their influence is seen for a distance of two hundred miles. A scant supply of sea water from the Gulf of Mexico sent to Washington was examined by Mr. F. M. Endlich, of the Smithsonian Institution. That in which the fish died (A) contained a large quantity of algæ and infusoria, and the pure water (B) had none. They gave the following analysis:

	A.	B.
Spec. grav.	1·024	1·0 2
Solids per cent.	4·0780	4·1095
Ferric compounds per cent.	0·1106	0·0724
Injurious organic matters	ratio=3	=2

Even on spectroscopic analysis Mr. Endlich could not find in A any mineral constituent which could noxiously affect the fish, and he thinks that death must be caused by parasitic algæ, while Surgeon Glazier agrees with the prevalent opinion that the catastrophe is due to salt water being impregnated with gases discharged from volcanic or geyser-like springs. During November last the waters of Tampa, Sarasota and Charlotte Harbor were covered with thousands of dead fish, and the stench was quite overpowering.

Electric Lamplighter and Extinguisher.—An electrician has invented a very ingenious apparatus which threatens, to no little extent, to do away with matches. By means of it, when you enter your hall at night, you can light a lamp by pulling a cord, and, curiously enough, can extinguish it by pulling the same knob or tassel. The apparatus consists of a kerosene or other lamp on a stand, in the base of which is an electro-magnet, the armature supporting two little copper rods with a little coil of platinum at the end. From this the cord extends. Pulling the cord sends a current through the apparatus; the electro-magnet attracts the armature and brings the spiral over the wick; this gets red hot and lights the lamp. When you no longer pull, the electro-magnet releases the armature, the spiral draws back, leaving the lamp lighted. On a second pull the armature is again attracted, but the copper rods press a little bellows, the nozzle of which bears directly on the flame of the lamp, and thus extinguishes it.



Some curious astronomical calculations have been presented by Mr. C. B. Warring before the Poughkeepsie Society of Natural Science, a few of which possess general interest. If we suppose the distance between the earth and the sun (about ninety-two and one-third millions of miles) to be reduced to a dozen rods or more, the size of the two globes to be reduced in the same proportion, the distance from the earth to the nearest fixed star would still be, on the same scale, about two thousand miles, and to the more distant ones it would not be less than eighteen millions of miles. From those more distant stars the light must travel for sixty centuries before it reaches us, and yet light travels so fast that it would circle round the earth more than seven times in a single second of time. If the sun could be reduced, in imagination, to 1-100 of an inch in diameter, the earth would then be of microscopic size, about 1-10,000 of an inch, but the distance between it and the nearest star would be not less than three miles. If the sun were a hollow sphere, and the earth were placed at its centre, with the moon revolving around it in its established orbit, there would still be a distance of 200,000 miles from the lunar orbit to the surface of the solar sphere. If these relations of size and distance are inconceivable, the forces which compel the planets to move in their elliptical orbits are quite as much beyond our comprehension. A bar of steel three inches square will sustain a weight of 540 tons, but a bar having a section of 144 square inches would sustain 8,640 tons, which, upon a railroad, would require 864 cars to support it, and 23 locomotives to transport it. To deflect the moon from a straight course in its present orbit, or what is the same thing, to retain it in its present course, would require the united strength of not less than eight steel bars, each one hundred miles square, or more accurately, a single bar whose section is 87,500 square miles—more than large enough to cover the States of New York and Ohio together. If this force were represented by a web of steel wires, each one-quarter of an inch in diameter, stretched from the earth to the moon, they would be distributed over our earth on the moon side only six inches apart, and if a similar web were stretched from the earth to the sun, the force exerted between these two bodies would require the wires to cover one side of the earth as close together as blades of grass upon a lawn.

RUNNING MILLS BY ELECTRICITY.—Electricity has been put to many uses, and one of the most ingenious applications of it is to the middlings-purifier, in place of the air-blast. Frictional electricity is employed, the middlings passing under hard rubber rollers electrified by friction against a sheepkin cushion. The bran is attracted to the roller, and is swept off by brushes, the middlings passing through the bolts in the order of their fineness. The machine, which has been in practical use at a large mill for a year past, is said to be economical of power, and works without the dust and waste involved in any process of purification by air. It is quite within the range of probability that some day great flouring mills will have their machinery run by electrical engines, converting the power of water-wheels at a distance, be lighted by electric lamps, and have their middlings purified by another kind of electricity.

A SIMPLE process of nickel-plating by boiling has been described by Dr. Kaiser. A bath of pure granulated tin tartar and water is prepared, and after being heated to the boiling point, has added to it a small quantity of pure red-hot nickel oxide. A portion of the nickel will soon dissolve and give a green color to the liquid over the grains of tin. Articles of copper or brass plunged into this bath acquire in a few minutes a bright metallic coating of almost pure nickel. If a little carbonate or tartarate of cobalt is added to the bath, a bluish shade, either light or dark, may be given to the coating, which becomes very brilliant when it is properly polished with chalk or dry sawdust.

THIS is how M. Picart accounts for the tails of comets: A comet consisting of gaseous matter and luminous ether appears at a distance from the sun in spheroidal form, the luminous ether thus being visible. But when the sun is approached the luminous ether of the centre of our planetary system repels that of the comet, which then takes on a luminous tail.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

THE marriage tie is often ty-rannical.

WHEN hens get in your garden it is safe to shoot at 'em on the spot.

AN exchange says: "The butchers of Baltimore are very handsome." That is when they are dressed to kill.

"THE funniest part of a dog's tail is the wag," and the only funny thing about the erysipelas is the humor.

A DUBIOUS COMPLIMENT.—A village paper says: "Our brass band was out in full force on Saturday evening, and played several pieces as, we are glad to believe, only they could play them."

LIFE IN THE MARKET.—"Isn't that a beautiful color?" said the fish-dealer, as he cut into a large salmon. "Yes," said Flotsam; "I suppose he is blushing at the extravagant price he is getting for himself."

STUPID DONKEY.—"Yes, sir," said Mr. Gallagher, "it was funny enough to make a donkey laugh. I laughed till I cried." And then, as he saw a smile go round the room, he grew red in the face and went away mad.

STUFFING.—*Mike* (to Patrick): "Did yez ever see a flying-fish, Pat?" *Patrick* (with a look of wonder): "I've seen illustrations of 'em, but never an original." *Mike* (earnestly): "Oh, I've seen wan alive, but it was stuffed."

SAVORY REPLY.—A man who was excessively addicted to tobacco, asked his wife at the opera a conundrum. "My dear," said he, "what part of the performance do I resemble?" "The overchewer," she sweetly replied.

SOME people are very hard to convince. "Why, I thought you were dead," said a gentleman to a neighbor. "Well, you see, the report was false," was the rejoinder. "I don't know about that," continued the man of obstinacy. "The person who told me never yet deceived me, and I can't say as much for you."

IT is sometimes pretty hard to decide which gives us more pleasure—to hear ourselves praised or to hear our neighbor run down.

A MARRIED man has his most acute sense of the meaning of the word "failure" when he first attempts to sing his teething baby to sleep.

STRANGE.—It is considered a wrong thing for a husband to strike his wife, but perfectly right for a wife to collar and cuff her husband.

WE have the statement that an old Shanghai hen in Reading has been setting four weeks on a carpenter's hammer. She declares that she will hatch if it takes all Winter.

THE Binghampton *Republican* learns that an old lady in Geneva feeds her daughter on fish because of the phosphorus, that article being an essential ingredient in match-making.

HERE is the account of the shortest courtship on record. "Rachel, the Lord has sent me to marry thee," said the suitor. "The Lord's will be done," was the submissive reply.

A YOUNG lady in Indiana was suddenly kissed at a party, and was so greatly shocked and mortified that she became insane. This ought to put an end to kissing, but it is to be feared that it will not.

WHENEVER you find a house with the motto "Welcome!" hung up so high that it catches every eye, you needn't be surprised at a cold dinner, and a hint that keeping a boarding-house doesn't pay in these times.

THE woman who leaves church with a sense of inability to describe the dress of her neighbor in the next pew, does it with a deep feeling of sensibility that somehow or other she has been remiss in her duty.

THE Cleveland *Herald* having published some verses entitled, "Why do I Sing?" and written by a young woman, the Chicago *Tribune* rejoins that it is probably because her father paid five hundred dollars to a music-teacher for spoiling a good stocking-darner.

BROWN asked a young lady lately at a party to favor the company with a song; she made all the usual excuses—cold, out of practice, hadn't her notes, etc., and said, "I can't sing, anyway." "I know you can't," said Brown, and led another young lady to the piano.

A COUNTRYMAN who had never heard of a bicycle came to hear General Weaver one day, and when he beheld a youth whirling along on one of those airy vehicles, he broke out into soliloquy thus: "Golly, ain't that queer! Who'd ever 'spect to see a man ridin' a hoopskirt."

"MAMMA, is it wicked to whistle on Sunday?" "Yes; Sunday is to be kept holy, my boy." "Is it very, very wicked?" "Very," answered the pious mother. The lad rested from his inquiries, as if deeply pondering the information he had received, and then, glancing up, said, in a half-sorrowful tone, "Mamma, I guess quails don't go to heaven."

A NEW HAMPSHIRE woman has preserved a part of her wedding-cake for forty-nine years. Wedding-cake is famed for making girls dream of their future husbands, and it is believed that the maiden who ate this particular piece of cake now would have a vision in which she would figure as a female Mormon with seventeen husbands. That cake has accumulated power with age.

THE black crickets of B—— have snakes in their stomachs eight to fifteen inches long, according to the experiments lately made by snakeologist Barton, a few evenings since, before an awe-stricken company in one of the saloons. Some unprincipled cuss has been saying about the town that Professor Barton "had 'em," and the balance of the company "had 'em," but the cricket actually "had 'em," at least.

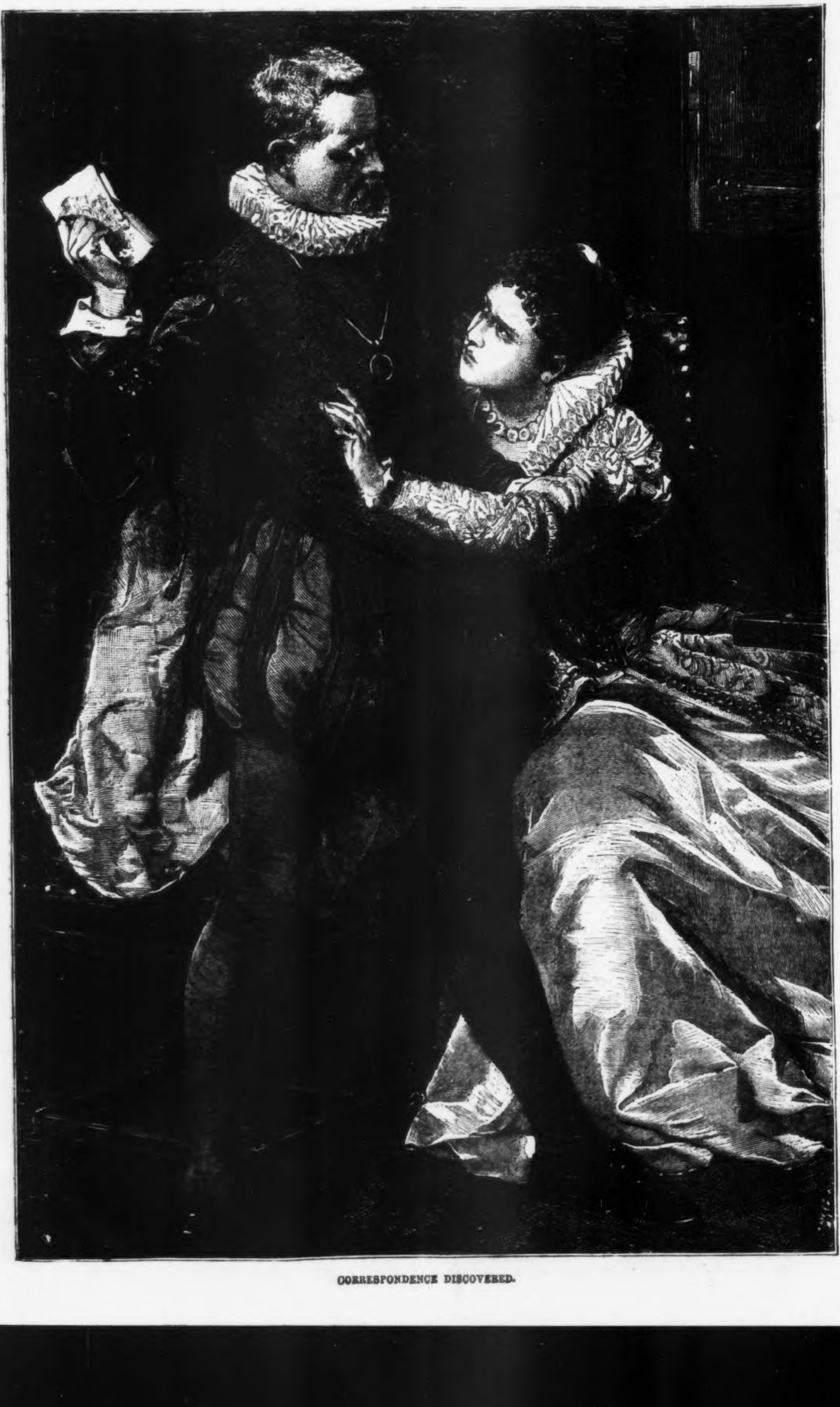
A DARKY came to a Galveston justice of the peace and asked him for a warrant for the arrest of Jim Webster. "What's he done?" "He stole my chickens. Dar's de fedders in his yard." "How do you know those feathers belonged to your chickens?" "I kin prove it by Colonel Jones, but I doesn't like to have him brung into court, 'cause he is modest-like." "What's the matter with Colonel Jones?" "Nothing, boss; but, to tell the troof, eber since I stole his chickens I loses all confidence in de man as soon as he looks me squar' in de face."

GOOD BABIES.

'Tis a jolly day from East to West,
For children thrive and mothers rest,
The darling girls all named Victoria,
And with the boys, they have CASTORIA.
Here is a fact, there is no maybe,
A mother's milk can't save the baby,
While sweet CASTORIA digests their food,
Gives them health and makes them good.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL has invented a machine by which the crackling of the flames in the sun can be heard. It will now be possible to satisfactorily determine whether Mars is inhabited. With the professor's machine a woman in Mars might be heard calling her fourteen-year-old son down to breakfast half an hour before school-time. The instrument might not be sensitive enough to convey the sound of her first call, because she doesn't elevate her voice very altitudinously, but the fourteenth shriek for "John Henr-r-e-e!" would nearly knock the safety valve off it.

XUM



CORRESPONDENCE DISCOVERED.

XUM

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